

# Lucy, the Junk Dealer's Daughter

Tom Paxton

Close to the noise of the highway  
Under the light from the stars  
Lucy and Howard were lovers  
Amid hundreds of rusted out cars  
The moon on the Chevrolet graveyard  
Turned the piles of junk into gold  
For Lucy the junk dealer's daughter  
And Howard from the Highway Patrol  
Surrounded by mountains of metal  
Twenty-four cars to a stack  
Lucy and Howard were lovers  
In the wreck of a gold Cadillac  
Oh never a rendezvous sweeter  
A tale of more purity told  
Than of Lucy the junk dealer's daughter  
And Howard from the Highway Patrol  
Lucy and Howard got married  
Moved to the good side of town  
They felt as the weeks drifted by them  
The pace of their love slowing down  
They seemed to be growing indifferent  
Their passionate love had grown cold  
For Lucy the junk dealer's daughter  
For Howard from the Highway Patrol  
Then Howard got off work one midnight  
His mood was decidedly black  
But when he pulled into his driveway  
There was a wrecked Cadillac  
And every sweet evening thereafter  
Out to the driveway they stole  
Lucy the junk dealer's daughter  
And Howard from the Highway Patrol