

U.S. 41

Tom Petty

My daddy came a marchin'
Over the hill at dawn
Had to make that wage, man
That's how we got along

My daddy's life was workin'
Workin' all day long
Put food on the table
And the children sang a song
Yes, the children sang a song

My grandad's name was pulpwood
Wore a coat of green
Took a wife in '31
Drove the big machine

My daddy load the lumber
Put it on the truck
Used to see him walkin' home on U.S. 41
That's right, U.S. 41

All my life's been workin'
Out the door and gone
Got to make that overtime
Keep us movin' on

Need a drink of water
To get out of the sun
Burnin' up to make that wage on U.S. 41
That's right, U.S. 41

The boss man owns the business
Keeps it goin' strong
Be blowin' like a hurricane and
Work like nothin's wrong

We got to keep on movin'
'Til the bell gone ring
Fill her up with kerosene
And let that lady sing
Whoa now, let that lady sing

His given name was Lucky
His wife's name Annie Brown
Run outside the law
And they chased him right on down

Lucky faced the lawman
The captain drew his gun
They put him with a sling blade
On U.S. 41
That's right, U.S. 41