

87 Southbound

Wayne Hancock

I caught you with him
On them damp, slick, sticky, satin sheets
Then I packed my things and then I hit the streets

87 southbound, to San Anton'
You got your baby, I got no home
The pavements burnin', at a hundred and two
I don't need to hear no more excuses, but I don't need
you
Lord the sun keeps beatin' me down, and it's hotter'n
hell
And if I'm a lucky I'll catch a ride, but you can't
never tell
I'd rather be here with the bugs and flies, then back
there hearin' your alibis
I heard all that I'm gonna hear you say, I gonna take
my pride and go the other way

87 southbound, to San Anton'
It's getting late out, I'm forty miles from home
The rain keeps a fallin', like the tears of my eyes
Just tryin' to wash away the hurt from all your lies
(yeah daddy)
And lightnin' streaks across the evenin' sky
And if I'm a lucky (it'll make you?) laid right down
and die
I know when the morning comes, I'll still be a walking
son-of-a-gun
When afternoon comes rolls around, I'll have ten more
miles and one more town

No I don't need to hear no more excuses, but I don't
love you