

## 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