

# Our Lady Of The Highways

John Wesley Harding

I'm here in Philadelphia  
She got caught down in DC  
It's a wretched night, it's raining  
But she's coming up to meet me  
There's nothing I can do  
By the time she gets halfway  
She'll be tired of 95  
The spray off those trucks sucks  
I hope she gets through alive

Our Lady of the Highways  
Keep my baby straight tonight  
Guide her safely down the road  
Keep her always in the light  
Let the sad moon looking down on me  
Shine bright as she comes here  
'Til Our Lady of the Highways  
May appear

Sometimes the weather's worst  
When you have some place to be  
Like the time we drove to Boston  
In the snow from New York City  
Frozen to the bone  
And we saw the planes fly high above  
On metal wings and prayers  
And tried to find some radio  
Hoping one day we would be there

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And I guess she always gets here  
Heaven knows just how she does  
And that statue of our Lady  
Is crying tears of love

Now I'm in San Francisco  
A town too hard for love  
She's driving from Seattle  
800 miles above me  
Why are we apart?  
So please don't let the fog roll

Heavy on that Highway 5  
I want her here so soon  
But I want her here alive

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