

Yellow Dog Song

Shawn Mullins

There is a young man
Driving an old man's car
Down the Pennsylvania Turnpike
Where the treetops meet the stars

There is a warm wind
Blowin' down the lost highway
And he don't know where he's goin'
It don't matter anyway

'Cause the dreams pass through his mind
Like the years, he'll never find

There is an old man
Night shift at the Stop-N-Go
He reads his dirty magazines
And mops the bathroom floor

He's lived a hard life
He lost a digit in the war
He keeps one hand on the shotgun
And both feet on the floor

And the old dreams fill his head
When he lays down in his bed
(Sometimes that's all you got left)

There is a pretty girl
Walking a yellow dog
Right down DeKalb Avenue
Where the Marta meets the fog

There is a wild wind
Blowin' down the old railway
And I wonder she's goin'
She walks by every day

Yeah, I wonder where she's goin'