

Out On The Highway

the everybodyfields

Out on the highway son be careful
Your mother sure loves you
Smell of liquor and gasoline
You knew then what you were born to do
They put Roosevelt in office
They took the farm the family had to go
We don't have to do much farming
For the corn mash, or the copper, or the oak trees

Two years ago this april
'Bout the time when he made that first run
It was just to Carolina
But I was thinking this awful thing I'd done
Back home in Kentucky it was sundown
When he slipped right through the door
And he was wide eyed and sweaty
And he said he would be ready by the mornin'

We made whiskey in the morning
We made whiskey morning, noon, and night
When you were at home it was the only sleep
Your mother got at night
She'd just sit there by the window
Crying boy oh when you comin' home
At night I see her there on her knees and in her prayers
She says oh Jesus don't leave us here alone

Sixty miles an hour after midnight
You're o'er that county line
Were patrol cars in the bushes
And they were waiting for just the right time
They turned the lights on in the curve
And the Plymouth started swerving left to right
And it sounded like a cannon
As the shotguns ripped apart the night

Let his soul rest in Kentucky
Where he won't have to be lucky anymore
I can still here him laughing
Bout the police he outrun the night before
The bullets in his door
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