

Nowhere, Texas

City and Colour

Down in Nowhere, Texas
Along the highway forty-five
There's ghostly stretch of road
Where it's hard to stay alive
South, towards Galveston
Young girl stayed disappeared
Where the desert sands turn into the wasteland
The air is thick with the scent of fear
Hunting in the killing fields
Small-town country boys do their worst
No one knows how far it goes
It seems that the bayou has become a world of hurt
Collete's body was discovered
In November of nineteen seventy-one
Then one after another
Victims were found beneath the desert sun
Still no convictions
Handed down for these violent crimes
Will this highway's history remain a mystery?
Or will the truth arrive over time?
Hunting in the killing fields
Small-town country boys do their worst
No one knows how far it goes
It seems that the bayou has become a world of hurt
And the devil was there, the devil was there
The devil was there, the devil was there

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