

Pride of Cucamonga

Grateful Dead

Out on the edge of an empty highway
Howling at the blood on the moon
Big diesel Mack truck rolling down my way
I can't hit that border too soon Running hard out of Muskrat Flats
It was sixty days or double life
Hail on my back like a shotgun blast
High wind chimes in the night Oh oh, the pride of Cucamonga
Oh oh, bitter olives in the sun
Oh oh, I had me some lovin'
And I done some time Since I came down from Oregon
There's a lesson or two I've learned
By standing in the road alone
Standing watching the fires burn The northern sky it stinks with greed
You could smell it for miles around
The good ole boys in the Greystone Hotel
Sitting doing that git on down Oh oh, the pride of Cucamonga
Oh oh, silver apples in the sun
Oh oh, I had me some lovin'
And I done some time I see your silver shining town
But I know I can't go there
Your streets run deep with poisoned wine
Your doorways crawl with fear So I think I'll drift for ol' where it's at
Where the weed grows green and fine
And wrap myself around a bush of that bright
Whoa, on Oaxaca vine Yes, it's me, I'm the pride of Cucamonga
I can see golden forests in the sun
Oh oh, I had me some lovin'
And I done some time
And I done some time
And I done some time

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