Johnny Cash

San Quentin

What ya got?

Quit my job, flipped off the boss, took my name off the payroll
Screw you, man
Picked up my cell, rang my baby's bell, said, "I'm three miles from home."
I said, "Sugar, why don't you put on that sun dress I like so much?
Wait out by the road; I'm comin' to pick you up."

[Chorus:]
(Whoa)
Throw your suitcase in the back
(Whoa)
Done gassed up the Pontiac
(Whoa)
Blastin' out to Johnny Cash
Headin' for the highway
Baby, we ain't ever comin' back

It's four hundred and sixty-seven miles to the outskirts of Las Vegas
What do you say we go get married by a preacher man who looks like Elvis?
Yeah, mama
Sugar, don't you worry 'bout tellin' your mama goodbye
We'll send her a souvenir postcard from the wild side

[Chorus x 2]

Suey
(Whoa)
(Whoa)
(Whoa)
Hear that train a-comin', rollin' 'round the bend
(Whoa)
The man in black gonna rock your ass again
(Whoa)
(Whoa)
(Whoa)

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