Down the Coast Highway

Stan Ridgway

He took a drive down the coast highway
Blowin' where the air was fresh and clean
He had a plan that said, "I'll do it my way"
Rollin' from the desert to the seaHit twenty-one years old, up in prison
Just a little night job with a stolen key
Two years liftin' weights and pumpin' iron there in his cell
He came out lookin' just like Mohamed AliHe drove around tailgating trucks and buses
Whistling some new Michael Jackson tune
He thought back on his momma and what she told him long ago
Do it right son, please, don't do it wrongHe's goin' home
Gonna buy some stuff down at the pier
He's all alone
He's got a radio, a gun and some Japanese beerAnd on the highway he saw
Big cars in line
And he thought, behind every fortune
There's got to be a crimeHe took a drive down the coast highway
Blowin' where the air was fresh and clean
He had a plan that said, "I'll do it my way"
But he could not plan for what he couldn't seeHe's goin' home
All aloneAnd he stopped at a couple of markets
And drug stores along the way
He'd just walk up and down the aisle and smile
Funny that wayThe last place he drove into had to be my place
They said he'd run out of gas anyway
And as he walked up to the counter
With a blue steel gun in his hand
I took out my long rifle and I blew him away
I blew him away

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