

# 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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