

87 Southbound

Hank Williams III

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Well, I caught you with him
On those damp satin sheets
So I packed my things
And then I hit the streets87 southbound
To San Antone
It's getting late out
I ain't got no homeThe pavement's burning at 92
I don't need to hear no more excuses
That I don't love youLord, the sun keeps beating me down
And it's hotter than hell
And if I'm lucky I'll catch a ride
But you can never tellI'd rather be here with the bugs and flies
Than back there hearing your alibis
Heard all that, I'm gonna hear you say
I'm gonna take my pride and go the other way87 southbound
To San Antone
It's getting late out
I'm forty miles from homeThe rain keeps falling
Like the tears in my eyes
I'm just trying to wash away
The hurt from all your liesLightning streaks
Across the evening sky
And if I'm lucky I'll make it big
Or lay right down and dieI know when the morning comes
I'm gonna be a walking son of a gun
And afternoon comes rolling around
I'll have ten more miles and one more town87 southbound
To San Antone
It's getting late out
I ain't got no homeThe pavement's burning
At a hundred and two
I don't need to hear no more excuses

That I don't love you I don't need to hear no more excuses

That I don't love you

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