

# 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 streets 87 southbound  
To San Antone  
It's getting late out  
I ain't got no home The pavement's burning at 92  
I don't need to hear no more excuses  
That I don't love you Lord, 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 tell I'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 way 87 southbound  
To San Antone  
It's getting late out  
I'm forty miles from home The rain keeps falling  
Like the tears in my eyes  
I'm just trying to wash away  
The hurt from all your lies Lightning streaks  
Across the evening sky  
And if I'm lucky I'll make it big  
Or lay right down and die I 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 town 87 southbound  
To San Antone  
It's getting late out  
I ain't got no home The 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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