Desperation Road

Michael Martin Murphey

Driving West out on I-40
On my way to taste some California wine
A broke down family flagged me down
Near the Arizona lineTheir whole world was in a pickup
I guess it couldn't pull the load
It was just our vacation
But to them it was desperation roadThe lines on their faces
Told the story of the places that they'd been
Now their home is a highway
That never seems to endEmpty dreams and empty pockets
Sure can make a heavy load
To some of us it's just a highway
But to others it's desperation roadTheir eyes had a sadness
From another place in time
A silent reminder that the grapes of wrath
Still make bitter wineAnd it sure makes you wonder
'Bout all the seeds our country sows
Which of us will be the next
To travel down desperation roadI helped them start their pickup
And watched them as they faded out of sight
Guess the last thing I remember
Is the faces of the children in my lightsThat night in a motel room
I have a dream that made my blood run cold
I saw my own wife and family
Standing out on desperation roadAnd their eyes had a sadness
From another place in time
A silent reminder that the grapes of wrath
Still make bitter wineAnd it sure makes you wonder
'Bout all the seeds our country sows
Which of us will be the next
To travel down desperation roadCould be your own wife and family
Standing out on desperation road

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