

# 61 Highway

## Mississippi Fred McDowell

Lord, that 61 Highway is the longest road I know  
Lord, that 61 Highway may be the longest road I know  
She run from New York City, down the Gulf of MexicoLord, it's some poor sand down, Greyhound buses don't run  
Lord, it's some poor sand down, Greyhound buses don't run  
Just go to work with me baby, look down Highway 61I said, "Please, please see somebody for me"  
I said, "Please, please see somebody for me"  
If you see my baby, tell her she's alright with meI'm gonna buy me a pony can, pay for fox-trot and run  
I'm gonna buy me a pony can, pay for fox-trot and run  
Lord, when you see me comin', pretty Mama, I'll be on Highway 61I started school one Monday mornin', Lord,  
I throwed my books away  
I started school one Monday mornin', baby, I throwed my books away  
I wrote a note to my teacher, Lord, I'm gonna try 61 todayLord, if I have to die, baby, fo' you think my time have come  
Lord, if I have to die, baby now, fo' you think my time have come  
I want you to bury my body, out on Highway 61Lord, it's amazin', baby, Lord, don't want you to have no fun  
It's amazin', baby, don't want you to have no fun  
Just come down to my little cabin, out on Highway 61

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