

# Pride Of Cucamonga

## Grateful Dead

Out on the edge of an empty highway  
Howling at the blood on the moon  
Big diesel Mack truck rolling down my way  
I can't hit that border too soon Running hard out of Muskrat Flats  
It was sixty days or double life  
Hail on my back like a shotgun blast  
High wind chimes in the night Oh oh, the pride of Cucamonga  
Oh oh, bitter olives in the sun  
Oh oh, I had me some lovin'  
And I done some time Since I came down from Oregon  
There's a lesson or two I've learned  
By standing in the road alone  
Standing watching the fires burn The northern sky it stinks with greed  
You could smell it for miles around  
The good ole boys in the Greystone Hotel  
Sitting doing that git on down Oh oh, the pride of Cucamonga  
Oh oh, silver apples in the sun  
Oh oh, I had me some lovin'  
And I done some time I see your silver shining town  
But I know I can't go there  
Your streets run deep with poisoned wine  
Your doorways crawl with fear So I think I'll drift for ol' where it's at  
Where the weed grows green and fine  
And wrap myself around a bush of that bright  
Whoa, on Oaxaca vine Yes, it's me, I'm the pride of Cucamonga  
I can see golden forests in the sun  
Oh oh, I had me some lovin'  
And I done some time  
And I done some time  
And I done some time

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