Highway Cafe

Kinky Friedman

She was only a waitress in a highway caf
Poured coffee from dusk until dawn
But she was heart broken twenty four hours a day
For she longed for her trucker who'd gone"I'll make you the corned beef on rye"
She'd sing with a gleam in her eye
The headlights were burning
The big wheels were turning
Her sweetheart would come bye and byeHe'd park his great semi off Route Sixty Four
She'd blush with a sweet little sigh
For at half past eleven he'd walk in the door
And he'd order a corned beef on rye"I'll make you the corned beef on rye"
She'd sing with a gleam in her eye
The jukebox was blaring
His soft eyes were staring
The corned beef would come bye and byeAll the drivers remember that night, so they say
She'd said her farewells to them all
But when the hands on the clock reached a quarter past twelve
Her suitcase still stood in the hallAnd the hours passed by even as the trucks passed by
Out on the highway
And then two grim highway patrolmen came into the place
Shook the rain from their hats and as the poor girl
Brought them their coffee, she overheard the words that they said"Oh Curly, did you see that old diesel flattened out
Like your damn nose up by the predicament tonight?"
"Well, d'you know, he jack knifed that son of a bitch
Slicker than owl shit""[Incomprehensible] here, honey"
"Hey man, you don't suppose that he had a little ol' hog
Waiting on him down the line somewhere, do you?"
"Oh, hell, Curly, don't you know that them truckers they got
To take out a little filly at every, every caf from here to Las Cruces"Now there is a small truck stop on Route Sixty Four
If you happen to be passing by
But there's a trucker who never stops in anymore
And a waitress who wished she knew why"I'll make you the corned beef on rye"
She sings with a tear in her eye
And as her dark eyes are glistening
There's someone who's listening
In that highway caf in the sky"I'll make you the corned beef on rye"
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