

# L.a. Freeway

Guy Clark

Pack up all the dishes  
Make a note of all good wishes  
Say goodbye to the landlord for me  
All you know he always bored me And throw out all those L.A. papers  
The moldy box of Vanilla Wafers  
Adios to all this concrete  
Gonna get me some dirt road back streets Now here's to you old Skinny Dennis  
The only one I think I will miss  
I can hear those bass notes ringin'  
As sweet and low like a gift your bringin' So play it for me one more time now  
You got to give it all you can now  
Well I believe every word you're sayin'  
Just to keep it on keepin' on, keep on playin' Well I can just get off of this L.A. freeway  
Without getting killed or caught  
Down the road in a cloud of smoke  
To some land that, baby, we ain't bought  
If I can just get off this L.A. freeway Leave the key card in the mailbox  
Leave the key in that old front lock  
They can find it likely as not  
There must be somethin' we have forgot Oh, Susanna don't you cry babe  
Love's a gift and truly handmade  
We got somethin' to believe in  
Texas is callin', baby, it's time we were leavin' Well I can just get off of this L.A. freeway  
Without getting killed or caught  
Down the road in a cloud of smoke  
To some land that, baby, we ain't bought If I can just get off this L.A. freeway  
Without getting killed or caught  
They can never gonna to catch me  
Put down the rod to somewhere we found it I can just get off of this L.A. freeway  
Hey Texas is callin', callin' me home

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