

Highway To Threadbare

A thousand miles from heartbreak and
still running strong
Signs of strangers flashing by on a highway
straight and long
Deja Vu in a love song starts tugging here
and there
The ties that bind are stretched to a string
on the highway to threadbare
Turn the damn radio off and give her a
little more gas
Stretch the tugging string to thread on a
distant mountain pass
As the miles roll by heading north into the
coming storms
Leaves are turning, my heart yearning for
a lady soft and warm
Gas, food and lodging signs, chimney smoke
tells me how alone
Freight train crys in the fading light as
the wind starts to moan
Then the lights of a bar twinkle and my
foot comes off the gas
Cafe and motel right next door, a place
for time to pass
Check my truck and all I own in a parking
lot cold and bare
Strangers eating Sunday dinner as I
think of long black hair
Sarah the waitress is friendly, blond hair
wide hips, nice ass
The black haired lady is three states away
a bitch of the upper class