

L.A. Freeway

Guy Clark

Pack up all your dishes
Make note of all good wishes
And say goodbye to the landlord for me
That son of bitch has always bored me
Throw out the L.A. papers
And that mouldy box of Vanilla Wafers
Adios, to all this concrete
Gonna get me some dirt road back streets
I can just get off of this L.A. freeway
Without gettin' killed or caught
I'll be down the road in a cloud of smoke
To some land I ain't bought, bought, bought
And it's, here's to you old Skinny Dennis
The only one I think I will miss
I can hear that old bass singin'
Sweet and low like a gift you're bringin'
Play it for me one more time, now
Got to give it all you we can now
I believe every thing you're sayin'
And just to keep on, keep on playin'
I can just get off of this L.A. freeway
Without gettin' killed or caught
I'll be down the road in a cloud of smoke
To some land I ain't bought, bought, bought
And you put the pink card in the mailbox
Leave the key in the front door lock
They'll find it likely as not
I'm sure there's somethin' we have forgot
Oh, Susanna, don't you cry, baby
Love's a gift that truly handmade
We got somethin' to believe in
Don't you think, it's time we're leavin'?
I can just get off of this L.A. freeway
Without gettin' killed or caught
I'll be down the road in a cloud of smoke
To some land I ain't bought, bought, bought
If I can just get off of this L.A. freeway
Without gettin' killed or caught
Down the road in a cloud of smoke
To some land I ain't bought
So pack up all your dishes
Make note of all good wishes
And say goodbye to the landlord for me
That son of bitch has always bored me

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>