

Georgie on the Freeways

Tom Paxton

The summer sun was beating down,
Oh pity would it show
George Chester's office air conditioner
Would no longer go.
As pools of sweat rolled off his brow
He had one reverie.
He saw himself with his wife and kids
In his cottage by the sea.

He paid for his car at the parking lot
Which gave the poor man chills.
The attendant laughed and walked away
Thumbing a roll of bills.
He started his engine with trembling hands
At the end of a long, hard day.
And placing himself in the hands of God
He drove to the long freeway.

The traffic stretched far as the eye can see
As bumper to bumper they sped.
They drove at supernatural speeds
Which filled his heart with dread.
Sometimes they stopped for an hour or more
And a thousand horns would blow.
George Chester's eyes rolled back in his head
And his poor brain started to go.

He came at last to the turnpike gate
And he laid his money down.
He took the first turn to the right
And he followed the curve around
He took each bend of the clover leaf,
He followed every sign,
And when he came back to the same toll gate
He gave them another dime.

His hands were tight on the steering wheel,
His lips and throat were dry.
He swore by all that he held dear
He'd make it through or die.
He took the first turn to the right
The clover leaf to go through.
He was quite sure of his success
Till the toll gate rose in view.

And now they say when the moon is full
And the clover leaf is still,
The sound of an engine can be heard
Laboring up the hill.
A dime drops in the toll machine
In the cool of a summer's night.
And eternally that poor car
Takes the first turn to the right.