

# Nightmare

Al Kooper

I was sixteen years of age when I fled my family's house  
And I hitchhiked down the highway  
Tryin' to make my way down South  
It was in the dead of winter and it chilled me to the bone  
But I was sixteen years of age  
Just tryin to get a message home

It was cold and It was windy and I was two days in my flight  
And my shoes were almost wore through  
And the day was almost night  
When the only car I saw that day came rollin into view  
I just ran onto the highway for to see what I could do

I waved my arms and hollered and the car it did slow down  
And I asked the man inside to help me  
For to get to the very next town  
He nodded yes and I jumped inside  
I was thankful, safe and warm  
But the stranger kept his eyes ahead  
And drove straight into the storm

I guess I musta fell asleep but I couldn't tell how long  
When I woke up in a hurry with the feel of something wrong  
The stranger was still driving and he did not say a word  
And I asked him many questions  
But he seemed not to have heard

Then fear began to grab me and I reached out for the door  
When I almost had it open  
Well, the car began to soar  
As it angled towards the heavens  
I just tried to catch my breath  
For it was then I knew what time it was  
And the stranger's name was Death