

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