

# The New Lee Highway

David Bromberg

All through Northern Oregon  
Always at my side  
Sleeping in those narrow beds  
And then we'd ride  
Drinking in those dirty bars  
Keeping out of sight  
Sleeping in that cold back seat  
And then we'd ride  
You know that God damned road seemed like it went forever  
Exhausted fumes made our eyes turn red and swell  
With our clothes stuck to the seats and to our bodies  
It was a stinking summer trip through southern hell  
Eating carbonated crap  
Churning up inside  
Gas oil service station jocs  
And then we'd ride  
(fiddles solo)  
Silence in the front seat  
Trying not to start to fight  
Quiet in the back seat  
And then we'd ride  
You know you can to hate these little one horse towns  
With the movie houses all closed down  
No where to go from here but up and down the road  
And nothing over there but the same god damned town  
Another sour coffee cup  
One more piece of cardboard pie  
Buy a tooth brush and change clothes  
And then we'd ride