

## L.A. Freeway

Steve Earle

Pack up all your dishes  
Make note of all good wishes  
Say goodbye to the landlord for me  
That son of a bitch has always bored me  
Throw out them LA papers  
And that moldy box of vanilla wafers  
Adios to all this concrete  
Gonna get me some dirt road back street

If I can just get off of this LA freeway  
Without getting killed or caught  
I'd be down that road in a cloud of smoke  
To some land I ain't bought bought bought

Here's to you old skinny Dennis  
Only one I think I will miss  
I can hear that old bass singing  
Sweet and low like a gift you're bringing  
Play it for me just one more time now  
Got to give it all we can now  
I believe every word you're saying  
Just keep on, keep on playing

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I'd be down that 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 old front door lock  
They will find it likely as not  
I'm sure there's something we have forgot  
Oh Susanna, don't you cry, babe  
Love's a gift that's surely handmade  
We've got something to believe in  
Don't you think it's time we're leaving

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