

87 Southbound

Hank Williams III

Well, I caught you with him
On those damp satin sheets
So I packed my things
And then I hit the streets

87 southbound
To San Antone
It's getting late out
I ain't got no home

The pavement's burning at 92
I don't need to hear no more excuses
That I don't love you

Lord, the sun keeps beating me down
And it's hotter than hell
And if I'm lucky I'll catch a ride
But you can never tell

I'd rather be here with the bugs and flies
Than back there hearing your alibis
Heard all that, I'm gonna hear you say
I'm gonna take my pride and go the other way

87 southbound
To San Antone
It's getting late out
I'm forty miles from home

The rain keeps falling
Like the tears in my eyes
I'm just trying to wash away
The hurt from all your lies

Lightning streaks
Across the evening sky
And if I'm lucky I'll make it big
Or lay right down and die

I know when the morning comes
I'm gonna be a walking son of a gun
And afternoon comes rolling around
I'll have ten more miles and one more town

87 southbound
To San Antone
It's getting late out
I ain't got no home

The pavement's burning
At a hundred and two
I don't need to hear no more excuses
That I don't love you

I don't need to hear no more excuses
That I don't love you
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