

L.A. Freeway

Jerry Jeff Walker

Pack up all your dishes
Make note of all good wishes
Say goodby to the landlord for me
That sum-bitch has always bored me
Throw out them old 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 that L.A. freeway
Without getting killed or caught
Down that road in a cloud of smoke
For some land that I ain't bought bought bought
If I can just get off of that L.A. freeway

Here's to you old skinny Dennis
Only one I think I will miss
I can hear your Bassman singin'
Sweet and low like a gift your bringin'
Play it for me one more time now
Got to give it all we can now
I believe everything your saying
Just keep on keep on playing

Put the pink slip in the mailbox
Leave the key in the old front door lock
They will find it likely as not
With all the things that we have forgot
Oh Susanna, now don't you cry, babe
Love's a gift that's surely handmade
We've got something to believe in
Before you know it's time we're leavin'