

I Had My Hopes Up High

Joe Ely

Well, I left my home out on the Great High Plains
Headed for some new terrain
Standin' on the highway with my coffee cup
A wonderin' who was gonna pick me up

I had my hopes up high, I never thought
That I would ever wonder why I ever said goodbye
I had my hopes up high

Well, the first ride I got was in a dynamite truck
The driver kept tellin' me his bad luck
As we swerved around the curves, I began to shout
I said, "Hey mister would you let me out?"

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That I would ever wonder why I ever said goodbye
I had my hopes up high

And the next ride I got was with a man in trouble
The beard on his face was all in a stubble
Runnin' from the law he was goin' ninety-nine
I said, "Hey mister, you're out of your mind"

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And the next ride I got was with a preacher man
Told me that the wicked would be buried in sand
I don't know why I did it but I lost control
I said, "Ho Papa, would you save my soul?"

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And I finally got a ride on a carnival train
Nearly blew away in a hurricane
I got to thinkin' bout that preacher down in Louisianne
Now I'm sittin' on the Delta Siftin' sand

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