

Blues for 66

Michael Martin Murphey

I'm headed for Springfield, Tulsa, Oklahoma City
Amarillo, Albuquerque, and Winslow
Passing Studebakers, Thunderbirds
Navajos and grazing herds
Ashfork and Seligman and Ludlow

We'll hit Pasadena she'll be looking pretty
Maybe she'll become one of those Hollywood chicks
We'll be feeling just like movie stars
Cruising Sunset Strip in hotrod cars
Singing the blues for 66

I'm so thankful, so thankful for this mother road
Got's to drive it till I find my mother lode

Put me in a postcard of an Arizona sunset
With a jackalope or some fur-bearing trout
Gonna live out on the open road
On burgers and pie ala mode
So long I-40 this guys buggin' out

Evening shadows at the hoppin' 66 Diner
Tucumcari always seemed pretty nice to me
Roswell's got the UFOs
Scientists in Los Alamos
I'd rather cruise with dinosaurs and chiefs

I'm so thankful, so thankful for this mother road
Got's to drive it till I find my mother lode
Here I go

Like a G.I. dude hitchhiking home for Christmas
Like the James Dean and the Marlon Brando flicks
Got a leather jacket warm cafe
Don't want to come back anyway
I got the blues for 66

Give me the mother road the swinging beat
Out on America's main street
I got the blues for 66