

Without My Lady There

Michael Martin Murphey

High in the cascade mountains
On a green rainy windy ridge
Waiting uptight at the toll gate
Crossing the Golden Gate Bridge
In the glittering Hollywood midnight
Full of nowhere millionaires
What would I have done without my lady there?

Cold shifty eyes and french fries
Stuck in a tourist trap
Waiting alone at the gas pump
In a town that ain't on the map
In the space race faces of Houston
Which looked out of work and scared
What would I have done without my lady there?

We stood at the window overlooking the

City of nightmares and cried
And wondered how anyone desperate for money
Could live such a life
The on-ramps and off-ramps and staggering
Street tramps and legions of the damned
Crying sister and brother, hang onto each other
The computers are jammed

Business in New York City
High in a cold hotel
Wondering if there's a heaven
We've already been sent to Hell
It might be alright to live there
But visiting is just nowhere
What would I have done without my lady there?