

# U.S. 41

Tom Petty

My daddy came a marchin'  
Over the hill at dawn  
Had to make that wage, man  
That's how we got along

My daddy's life was workin'  
Workin' all day long  
Put food on the table  
And the children sang a song  
Yes, the children sang a song

My grandad's name was pulpwood  
Wore a coat of green  
Took a wife in '31  
Drove the big machine

My daddy load the lumber  
Put it on the truck  
Used to see him walkin' home on U.S. 41  
That's right, U.S. 41

All my life's been workin'  
Out the door and gone  
Got to make that overtime  
Keep us movin' on

Need a drink of water  
To get out of the sun  
Burnin' up to make that wage on U.S. 41  
That's right, U.S. 41

The boss man owns the business  
Keeps it goin' strong  
Be blowin' like a hurricane and  
Work like nothin's wrong

We got to keep on movin'  
'Til the bell gone ring  
Fill her up with kerosene  
And let that lady sing  
Whoa now, let that lady sing

His given name was Lucky  
His wife's name Annie Brown  
Run outside the law  
And they chased him right on down

Lucky faced the lawman  
The captain drew his gun  
They put him with a sling blade  
On U.S. 41  
That's right, U.S. 41