

I Had My Hopes Up High

Wade Bowen

Well I left my home out on the great high planes
Headed for some new terrains
Standin' on the highway with my coffee cup
Wonderin' who's gonna pick me up

[R:]
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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And the next ride I got was with a man in trouble
Beard on his face was all and a stubble
Runnin' from the law, he was goin' 99
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 sin
I don't know why I did it but I lost control
I said, "Hey, papa would you save my soul?"

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Well I finally got a ride on a carnival train
Nearly blew away in a hurricane
I got to thinkin' 'bout the preacher down in Louisiana
Now I'm sittin' on the Delta siftin' sand

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