

# L.A. Freeway

Guy Clark

Pack up all your dishes  
Make note of all good wishes  
And say goodbye to the landlord for me  
That son of bitch has always bored me  
Throw out the L.A. papers  
And that mouldy box of Vanilla Wafers  
Adios, to all this concrete  
Gonna get me some dirt road back streets  
I can just get off of this L.A. freeway  
Without gettin' killed or caught  
I'll be down the road in a cloud of smoke  
To some land I ain't bought, bought, bought  
And it's, here's to you old Skinny Dennis  
The only one I think I will miss  
I can hear that old bass singin'  
Sweet and low like a gift you're bringin'  
Play it for me one more time, now  
Got to give it all you we can now  
I believe every thing you're sayin'  
And just to keep on, keep on playin'  
I can just get off of this L.A. freeway  
Without gettin' killed or caught  
I'll be down the road in a cloud of smoke  
To some land I ain't bought, bought, bought  
And you put the pink card in the mailbox  
Leave the key in the front door lock  
They'll find it likely as not  
I'm sure there's somethin' we have forgot  
Oh, Susanna, don't you cry, baby  
Love's a gift that truly handmade  
We got somethin' to believe in  
Don't you think, it's time we're leavin'?  
I can just get off of this L.A. freeway  
Without gettin' killed or caught  
I'll be down the road in a cloud of smoke  
To some land I ain't bought, bought, bought  
If I can just get off of this L.A. freeway  
Without gettin' killed or caught  
Down the road in a cloud of smoke  
To some land I ain't bought  
So pack up all your dishes  
Make note of all good wishes  
And say goodbye to the landlord for me  
That son of bitch has always bored me

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