

# Drive By Truckers, 72 (This Highway's Mean)

Don't know why they even bother putting this highway on the map  
Everybody that's ever been on it knows exactly where they're at  
Hells on both ends of it  
And no where's in between  
This highway's mean

Seems like it's always hot down here, no matter when you come  
It's the kind of heat that holds you like a mama holds her son  
Tight when he tries to walk, even tighter if he runs  
It's a mean old dusty highway  
But it's the only one that'll get you there  
That'll get you there

Mean old highway  
Stuck to the ground in Mississippi  
It's the one'll set me free  
It's the same one that I see  
Being ripped up off the ground and wrapped around me  
Don't let it fool you this highway's mean

I don't need a map to tell me where I am today  
This feeling that I have has always led the way  
Down here, you're running from a broken heart  
Or to a heart that you have to break on this mean old highway