

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