

Hank Williams III, 87 Southbound

Well, I caught you with him
on those damp satin sheets,
So I packed my things
and then I hit the streets
87 southbound
to San Antone
It's getting late out,
I ain't got no home
The pavements burning
at ninety-two
I don't need to hear no more excuses
that I don't love you
Lord, the sun keeps beating me down
and it's hotter than hell
And if I'm lucky I'll catch a ride,
but you can never tell
I'd rather be here with the bugs and flies
than back there hearing your alibis
Heard all that I'm gonna hear you say,
I'm gonna take my pride and go the other way
87 southbound
to San Antone
It's getting late out,
I'm 40 miles from home
The rain keeps falling
like the tears in my eyes,
I'm just trying to wash away
the hurt from all your lies
Lightning streaks across the evening sky
and if I'm lucky I'll make it big
or lay right down and die
I know when the morning comes
I'm gonna be a walking son of a gun.
When afternoon comes rolling around,
I'll have ten more miles and one more town
87 southbound,
to San Antone
It's getting late out,
I ain't got no home
The pavements burning,
at a hundred and two
I don't need to hear no more excuses
that I don't love you
I don't need to hear no more excuses
that I don't love you