

# John Mellencamp, Ghost Towns Along The Highway

(John Mellencamp)

Ghost towns along the highway  
Guess no one wants to live around here any more  
Ghost towns along the highway  
Listen to the wind blow through the  
Cracks on the boarded-up doors

But our love keeps on moving  
To the nearest faraway place  
I guess no one believes in  
Ghost towns along the highway  
Ghost towns along the main highway

Perhaps it's the crossroads of another time  
Maybe it's too lonely out here  
But I can hear the voices of misery cryin'  
Some day these highways will all disappear

But our love keeps on moving  
And the wind keeps blowin' us around  
I guess no one believes in  
Ghost towns along the highway  
Ghost towns along the main highway

Ghost towns along the highway  
So many people used to call this place home  
Ghost towns along the highway  
I guess folks they're just bound to roam

But our love keeps on moving  
To the nearest faraway place  
I guess no one believes in  
Ghost towns along the highway  
Ghost towns along the main highway