

# Dan Fogelberg, Tucson, Arizona

Tucson, arizona  
Rising in the heat like a  
Mirage  
Tony keeps his chevy  
Like a virgin locked in  
His garage  
He brings it out at midnight  
And cruises down the  
Empty boulevards  
And he prowls the  
Darkened alleys  
That snake between the city's  
Thirsty yards  
The lonely desert skies reflect  
The anger in his eyes  
And it is dawn.

His father died of drinking  
And left five children sinking  
With his mom  
His older brother bobby  
Never made it back from viet nam  
With high school well behind him  
He lives at home and works this  
Shitty job.

And he thinks his '60 chevy  
Is the only true amigo  
That he's got  
His heart is filled with sadness  
And his soul is like some  
Ugly vacant lot.

Mary estelle hanna  
Came out from louisiana  
For the sun  
A deal gone bad in dallas  
Left her burned and broke  
And on the run  
To make the rent and groceries  
She takes this job at  
\$3.15 an hour  
Serving shots of whiskey  
And tequila  
In some smoky red-neck bar  
And she dreams some day  
She'll make her way to l.a.  
And become a movie star.

Tony saw her working

He swallowed hard and asked  
Her for a date  
Mary laughed and answered  
&quot;i would but every night  
I'm working late&quot;  
He said he had some cocaine  
That she could have if she'd  
Just ride along  
She said &quot;what the hell,  
I may a well  
I haven't had no fun in  
So damn long&quot;

He picked her up at closing time  
They pulled out on the road  
And they were gone.

Tony's mom got frantic  
When she found her son had  
Not come home  
Mary's roommate panicked  
And called the sheriff from  
A public phone  
They asked her lots of questions  
She tried her best to tell  
Them what she saw.

And late that night  
They found poor Mary  
Lying in some narrow,  
Dusty draw  
And the coroner reported  
That she hadn't been  
Deceased for very long.

Two weeks on they found it  
Buried to the windshield  
In the sand  
There inside lay Tony  
With a small revolver in  
His hand  
The papers simply stated  
It must have been the  
Drugs that drove him mad  
The neighbors speculated  
What could make a good boy  
Go so bad?  
Well, it might have been  
The desert heat  
It might have been the  
Home he never had.