

# Guy Clark, L.A. Freeway

Pack up all your dishes.  
Make note of all good wishes.  
Say goodbye to the landlord for me.  
That son of a bitch has always bored me.  
Throw out them LA papers  
And that moldy box of vanilla wafers.  
Adios to all this concrete.  
Gonna get me some dirt road back street

Chorus

If I can just get off of this LA freeway  
Without getting killed or caught  
I'd be down that road in a cloud of smoke  
For some land that I ain't bought bought bought

Here's to you old skinny Dennis  
Only one I think I will miss  
I can hear that old bass singing  
Sweet and low like a gift you're bringin'  
Play it for me just one more time now  
Got to give it all we can now  
I beleive everything your saying  
Just keep on, keep on playing

Chorus

And you put the pink card in the mailbox  
Leave the key in the old front door lock  
They will find it likely as not  
I'm sure there's somethin' we have forgot  
Oh Susanna, don't you cry, babe  
Love's a gift that's surely handmade  
We've got something to believe in  
Dontcha' think it's time we're leavin'

Chorus

Repeat 1/2 of verse 1