

Jeff Finlin, Idaho

Theres a road its said
Thats claimed ten thousand dead
Marked in blood and bones
And crosses in the snow
The hills up there
No they havent a care
Whether you live or die
Or how fast you go
Idaho

Well the people and their plans
Were built in fryin pans
Filled with taters and ham
And big sky gold
They say above the clouds
That you can scream out loud
And it never makes a sound
If youre falling all alone
Idaho

There was nothing I could do for you
Cept crossing our love from my past
And as that border draws near
I can almost see through
The tears
As I make my way over the pass

Papa Hemingway died there
Blow-drying his hair
And the earth never blinked while he froze
So if you think you make a damn
To the grand in the plan
You better take another look at the show
They got in Idaho