## 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