

# Melissa Etheridge, Kansas City

I've got my old man's Delta '88  
The windows cracked I'm on the interstate  
Just a hundred miles to go on half a tank of gasoline  
Lucky charms and Tic-Tacs and mom's amphetamines

A hundred miles to go to Kansas City  
February makes me kinda crazy  
A hundred miles to go to Kansas City  
Will you still be callin' me your baby

I met a man in a diner outside of Hays  
He said marriage brought him there  
It was divorce that made him stay  
I drove straight through to Junction City  
I thought I'd call you in Topeka  
But I didn't want the pity

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Will you still be callin' me your baby

Feels like I been thrown into the slammer  
With the back end of a hammer  
Drawn over my strings  
Living became needing  
My crying became bleeding  
And now I am only dreaming

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