

# Stan Ridgway, Down The Coast Highway

He took a drive down the coast highway  
Blowin' where the air was fresh and clean  
He had a plan that said I'll do it my way  
Rollin' from the desert to the sea

Hit twenty-one years old up in prison  
Just a little night job with a stolen key  
Two years liftin' weights and pumpin' iron there in his cell  
He came out lookin' just like Mohammed Ali

He drove around tailgating trucks and busses  
Whistling some new Michael Jackson tune  
He thought back on his momma and what she told him long ago  
Do it right son, please, don't do it wrong

He's goin' home  
Gonna buy some stuff down at the pier  
He's all alone  
He's got a radio, a gun, and some japanese beer  
And on the highway he saw the big cars in line  
And he thought, behind every fortune... there's got to be a crime

He took a drive down the coast highway  
Blowin' where the air was fresh and clean  
He had a plan that said I'll do it my way  
But he could not plan for what he couldn't see

He's goin' home  
All alone  
And he stopped at a couple of markets and drug stores along the way  
He'd just walk up and down the aisle and smilefunny that way

The last place he drove into had to be my place  
They said he'd run out of gas anyway  
And as he walked up to the counter with a blue steel gun in his hand  
I took out my long rifle and I blew him away  
I blew him away