

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