

Tim O'Brien, Forty-Nine Keep On Talkin'

I left the cold and rain behind, I drove out west to Memphis
South across the Mississippi line, I rolled my window down
Big river runnin' on my right, turtles on the banks a walkin'
Don't know how far I'm gonna get tonight, forty-nine keep on talkin'

Some roads are made for drivin' fast, and some roads are made for walkin'
Some roads are made to ease my mind, forty-nine keep on talkin'

Now me and her we called it love, what the hell did it matter
But when the pushin' came to shove, I didn't have much to say
Guess I'm better off on my own, no she won't hear me knockin'
This west bound lane gonna be my home, forty-nine keep on talkin'

Some roads are made for drivin' fast, some roads are made for walkin'
Some roads are made to ease my mind, forty-nine keep on talkin'

See the black girl with long blonde hair, up on top of the levee
What's she thinkin' 'bout standin' there, what does she see today
A dusty haze in the settin' sun, the crows on the wires watchin'
I let two miles turn into twenty-one, forty-nine keep on talkin'

Some roads are made for drivin' fast, some roads are made for walkin'
Some roads are made to ease my mind, forty-nine keep on talkin'

Some roads are made for drivin' fast, some roads are made for walkin'
It might be the road to ease my mind, forty-nine keep on talkin'