

L.A. Freeway

by Guy Clark



G C
Pack up all your dishes, make note of all good wishes,
G D D7
Say goodbye to the landlord for me, sons of bitches always bore me,
G C
Throw out those L.A. papers, moldy box of Vanilla Wafers,
G D D7 D7
Adios to all this concrete, gonna get me some dirt road back street.

**C
H
O
R
U
S**

C D G C
If I can just get off of that L.A. freeway without getting killed or caught,
G Em Am D
Down the road in a cloud of smoke for some land... that I ain't bought,
C D G C
If I can just get off of that L.A. freeway without getting killed or caught,
G //// Em //// Am //// D7 ////

G C
Here's to you, ol' skinny Dennis, the only one I think I will miss.
G D D7
I can hear your bassman singing, soft and low like a gift you're bringing;
G C
Play it for me one more time, now, got to give it all we can now,
G D D7 D7
I believe every word you're saying, keep on, keep on playing. **CHORUS**

G C
Put the pink slip in the mailbox, leave the key in the ol' front door lock,
G D D7
They will find it likely as not, with all the things that we have forgot;
G C
Oh, my lady, don't you cry, hey, love's a gift that's truly handmade,
G D D7 D7
We got something to believe in, don't you think it's time we're leaving. **CHORUS**

