

L.A. FREEWAY

(as performed by Jerry Jeff Walker)

C F

Pack up all your dishes, make note of all good wishes

C G

Say goodbye to the landlord for me, Sons of bitches always bore me

C F

Throw out those L.A. papers, moldy box of vanilla wafers

C G

Adios to all this concrete, gonna get me some dirt road back street...

F G C F

If I can just get off of that L.A. freeway without getting killed or caught

C C(b) Am7 Dm7 G

Down the road in a cloud of smoke for some land that I ain't bought...

F G C F

If I can just get off of that L.A. freeway without getting killed or caught

C C(b) Am7 Dm7 G

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)