

Highway 29-crd

I slipped on her shoe, she was a perfect size seven
 I said there's no smokin' in the store ma'am
 She crossed her legs and then
 We made some small talk, that's where it should have stopped
 She slipped me a number, I put it in my pocket
 My hand slipped up her skirt, everything slipped my mind
 In that little roadhouse
 On highway 29

It was a small town bank, it was a mess
 Well I had a gun, you know the rest
 Money on the floorboards, shirt was covered in blood
 And she was cryin', her and me we headed south
 On highway 29

In a little desert motel, the air it was hot and clean
 I slept the sleep of the dead, I didn't dream
 I woke in the morning washed my face in the sink
 We headed into the Sierra Madres 'cross the borderline

The winter sun, shot through the black trees
 I told myself it was all something in her
 But as we drove I knew it was something in me
 Something had been comin' for a long long time
 And something that was here with me now
 On highway 29

| C | C/F C/G | Am7 | C/G | C |

The road was filled with broken glass and gasoline
 She wasn't sayin' nothin', it was just a dream
 The wind come silent through the windshield
 All I could see was snow and sky and pines
 I closed my eyes and I was runnin',
 Yeah, I was runnin' then I was flyin'.....

(Verse Instr.)

| F | F | C | C | Am7 | C/G | F | F |

C	F	Am7	C/G	C/F	G
-0-	-1-	-0-	-0-	-0-	-3-
-1-	-1-	-1-	-1-	-1-	-0-
-0-	-2-	-0-	-0-	-0-	-0-
-2-	-3-	-2-	-2-	-2-	-0-
-3-	-3-	-0-	-3-	-x-	-2-
-	-1-	-	-3-	-1-	-3-