

HIGHWAY 29

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

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',
I was runnin' then I was flyin'

AUTOSTRADA 29

Le infilai la scarpa, calzava una settima misura perfetta
Le dissi "Non si può fumare nel negozio, signora."
"

Lei accavallò le gambe e poi
scambiammo poche parole, e avremmo dovuto fermarci lì
lei mi diede un numero di telefono, io lo misi in tasca
la mia mano si infilò su per la gonna, ogni cosa mi uscì di mente
in quella piccola bettola sulla Highway 29

Era una piccola banca di paese, fu un casino avevo una pistola, conosci il resto
soldi sulle travi del pavimento, la camicia coperta di sangue
e lei piangeva, lei e io prendemmo il sud sulla Highway 29

In un motel in mezzo al deserto, l'aria era calda e pulita
dormii il sonno dei morti, non sognai
mi svegliai la mattina mi lavai la faccia nel lavandino
Partimmo per la Sierra Madre oltre il confine.
Il sole d'inverno spiccava fra gli alberi neri
mi dissi che era tutto per qualcosa in lei
ma andando avanti capii che era per qualcosa in me
qualcosa che si preparava da molto tempo
e qualcosa che era con me adesso
sulla Highway 29

La strada era piena di vetri rotti e di benzina
Lei non diceva niente, era solo un sogno
il vento entrava senza far rumore attraverso il parabrezza
Tutto quello ch potevo vedere era neve e cielo e pini
chiusi gli occhi e stavo correndo,
Stavo correndo e poi volavo