

Asphalt Highway

I figured you'd be leaving by the morning
That's the way it always seems to go
So when you gave me half an hour warning you were coming
I checked to see the liquor wasn't low
This time it's gonna be a different story
I will not waste a minute on a cry
You'll be on that asphalt highway
And I'll be on the way to getting high

C Em
Am F G
Dm G
F G C
C Em
C C7 F Dm
F Dm C Dm
C G C

I know just what you're thinking when you come in off the road
And start raving about my home cooked meals
And it turns my head around til I remember that your true love
Has a CB and eighteen wheels
I been on the waiting end for so long now
I forget to ask myself the reason why
You're on that asphalt highway
And I'm on the way to getting high

I wish I had a dime for every time you said that this would be
The last time you'd walk out that door
I know you cannot help it when you hear the highway calling you
But darling I can't take it any more

Em Am
Dm C G
Am Em
F C G

So this will be the last time you come courting
With a grin and a faded rose
The next time that you feel a little sporting coming on you
You're gonna find my back door closed
And I'll be in the middle of a sad late movie
With a quart of Rock n Rye
And you can take your asphalt highway
And I'll be on the way to getting by

C G Am
F Dm C Dm
C G C...Am F C

*An early attempt at a country tune, along the same lines as Waylon Jennings's
"Good Hearted Woman" but with a different outcome. I always thought
Linda Ronstadt would have done it justice.*