

# Bruce Springsteen, Highway 29

I slipped on her shoe, she was a perfect size seven  
I said "Theres no smokin in the store maam."  
She crossed her legs and then  
We made some small talk thats where it should have stopped  
She slipped me her 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 was hot and clean  
I slept the sleep of the dead, I didnt dream  
I woke in the morning, washed my face in the sink  
We headed into the Sierra Madres cross the border line  
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 thatd 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 wasnt sayin nothin, it was just a dream  
The wind come silent through the windshield  
All I could see was snow, sky and pines  
I closed my eyes and I was runnin  
I was runnin then I was flyin