Melissa Etheridge, Kansas City

I've got my old man's Delta '88
The windows cracked I'm on the interstate
Just a hundred miles to go on half a tank of gasoline
Lucky charms and Tic-Tacs and mom's amphetamines

A hundred miles to go to Kansas City February makes me kinda crazy A hundred miles to go to Kansas City Will you still be callin' me your baby

I met a man in a diner outside of Hays He said marriage brought him there It was divorce that made him stay I drove straight through to Junction City I thought I'd call you in Topeka But I didn't want the pity

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Feels like I been thrown into the slammer With the back end of a hammer Drawn over my strings Living became needing My crying became bleeding And now I am only dreaming

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