

## **In the Highway Night**

Working on the night shift  
In a toll booth on the road  
An outpost on the Turnpike  
One summer 25 years ago

Listen to the play-by-play  
On the radio  
The 9th inning's over  
Chatter of talk shows

There's a spirit before the morning light  
Kinship in the highway night

Conquered East of Eden  
And the Grapes of Wrath  
Tom Joad and his family  
On that weary path

Within the starry quiet  
Like David tending sheep  
When time moves slowly  
And the whole wide world's asleep

There's a spirit before the morning light  
Kinship in the highway night

Families roll through  
Weary from the road  
Kids deep in their pillows  
Dad pays the toll

Around about 2 o'clock  
The dancers heading home  
They're sweet and they're kind  
Company when I'm alone

There's a spirit before the morning light  
Kinship in the highway night

Truckers break the silence  
Pull up in their rigs  
Some are hauling oil  
Some are hauling pigs

They come from Oklahoma  
They come from Arkansas  
They come from Ontario  
They come from Omaha

There's a spirit before the morning light  
Kinship in the highway night

There's a woman walking  
Now she's sitting on the curb  
She plies her trade at night  
I go and check on her

"Hi. Hello. How are you ...  
Are you alright?"  
"Just waiting on a ride ...  
Do you have a light?"

There's a spirit before the morning light  
Kinship in the highway night