

Georgie on the Freeways
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

The Summer sun was beating down, no pity would it show.
George Chester's office air conditioner would no longer go.
As pools of sweat rolled off his brow he had one reverie.
He saw himself with his wife and kids in his cottage by the sea.

He paid for his car at the parking lot which gave the poor man chills.
The attendant laughed and walked away thumbing a roll of bills.
He started the engine with trembling hands at the end of a long, hard day.
And placing himself in the hands of God he drove to the long freeway.

The traffic stretched far as the eye could see as bumper-to-bumper they sped.
They drove at supernatural speed, which filled his heart with dread.
Sometimes they stopped for an hour or more and the thousand horns would blow.
George Chester's eyes rolled back in his head and his poor brain started to go.

He came at last to the turnpike gate and he laid his money down.
He took the first turn to the right and he followed the curve around.
He took each bend of the cloverleaf, he followed every sign.
And when he came back to the same toll-gate he gave them another dime.

His hands were tight on the steering wheel, his lips and throat were dry.
He swore by all that he held dear he'd make it through or die.
He took the first turn to the right the cloverleaf to go through.
He was quite sure of his success 'til the toll-gate hove in view.

And now they say when the Moon is full and the cloverleaf is still,
The sound of an engine can be heard laboring up the hill.
A dime drops in the toll machine in the cool of a Summer's night,
And eternally that poor car takes the first turn to the right.