Bruce Springsteen, Haighway 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 thed ead, 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