

John Mellencamp, Ghost Towns Along The Highway

(John Mellencamp)

Ghost towns along the highway
Guess no one wants to live around here any more
Ghost towns along the highway
Listen to the wind blow through the
Cracks on the boarded-up doors

But our love keeps on moving
To the nearest faraway place
I guess no one believes in
Ghost towns along the highway
Ghost towns along the main highway

Perhaps it's the crossroads of another time
Maybe it's too lonely out here
But I can hear the voices of misery cryin'
Some day these highways will all disappear

But our love keeps on moving
And the wind keeps blowin' us around
I guess no one believes in
Ghost towns along the highway
Ghost towns along the main highway

Ghost towns along the highway
So many people used to call this place home
Ghost towns along the highway
I guess folks they're just bound to roam

But our love keeps on moving
To the nearest faraway place
I guess no one believes in
Ghost towns along the highway
Ghost towns along the main highway