Moon Over the Interstate
by Nancy McCallion

Moon over the Interstate, rattle of the door
My mother drives a pack of junk she calls "That God damn Ford"
The wages of a mother's sin is being pulled from school again
Rent is due and home is now the road

White trash in a wagon on a Texas four lane
Suitcase and I past my only load
Oh take me, take me, take me you fool road

I've seen hope on Mama's face and I have seen hope die
Seen her try to settle in and seen her say "goodbye"
'Cause Mama she knows how to want and she knows how to grieve
And she knows how to love as well as she knows how to leave

White trash in a wagon on a Texas four lane
Suitcase and I past my only load
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For every brand new town there are a thousand brand new lights
A thousand hopes and dreams that lie and wait for you tonight
There ain't no call to shed a tear or linger on what's past
The cure ain't in a bottle it's a foot upon the gas

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