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## 66

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Grandma said she remembered a road, a feel, and a taste ready to unfold.  
 You listen, she said, they sold 'em kicks on the Mother Road 'til it got sick  
 of seein' fellers gettin' kicked to the curb. It was hell for them.  
 See, Mother was a paled face man with a gun in his hand sayin' blackie can't you read?  
 And it's a road for those to escape from the Bowl, a sad time indeed.  
 They rode out West singin' I ain't got no home in this world anymore.  
 And that's the feelin' that you just ignore, it's too much for you.  
 So, you rode the road singin' I ain't got no home, and in the wind I roam!  
 Well, that's what I did,  
 and trust me, if you wish to see ghosts, come, get your fix on sixty-six.

Grandma said, the road was worn by the trucks and troops 'til it crumbled away.  
 And it was there for the lost when they returned deaf from a genocidal rage,  
 And there when peace was outside the door, but blood was inside the walls.  
 It was there for the country folk, old West, mountains and city breeze.  
 And when you visit its grave today, it's not a road;  
 it's just people and places, all gone now.  
 With remnants of time and old cultural sorrow,

it's for you when you're lost and you're losing every battle.  
 and soon you'll be chasing nothing but your shadow.  
 For you, when the wind blows east, and you're never pleased,  
 You'll see silhouette hallucinations because you lost all  
 sense of time and space and  
 which way is this and where are you going?  
 You're lost in the vast and you're slowly fading to a shadow of the past and  
 the grave is waiting for the same thing we all are;  
 to be churned in the cauldron of progress;  
 to be made asphalt for road;  
 to be chopped into food for the living;  
 to be philosophized by the obese brains of an intellectual.  
 And the same could be said for the road itself.  
 out in the desert, you're there, you're observing  
 and now you've truly faded and- you ain't worth savin' -and the rain starts and the road  
 melts away and it's just you in a cave with faces in your mind and they're gone  
 and you're gone and  
 in the wind you roam and-  
 well, if you wish to see ghosts, come get your fix on sixty-six.