

One lone green mesquite
In a rusty red field
Five foot high dying weds
Growing out of a rusted Coupe de Ville

Post office just a one room shack
Bathhouse in the back
Barbed wire fence strung with several
Catfish heads dried and black

Chorus
Three more miles, three more miles
Three more miles
Tuscola

Purple clouds so soft and bruised
Lay on salmon colored skies
The evening's warm, the air is calm
It could be a twister on the rise

Windmill stands still like a flower
Silhouetted by the setting sun
The only movement around for miles
The lazy nod of an oil pump

Old man he watches me
Slowly rolling by
He ain't sure that I'm where I'm supposed to be
Trying to get back to a time in my life

Chorus