



## Track 5

From the CD "First"  
© 2004 Jim Chaps,  
Jim Chaps Publishing BMI

Cattle-driving, rawhide, yeee-haaaaa! This song is purely about anticipating a great time. Written with my brother Dave while we drove -- whoever rode shotgun strummed the guitar -- on our way to a fishing trip. Some folks like to square dance or line dance to this one. It's a song that everyone can make some noise to ... clap, whistle, stomp, shout "heaaah" or something else. Highway 23 really is a beautiful piece of roadway along the northeast coastline of Michigan's lower peninsula. Lutz Bakery is no longer there, but for years was a landmark. Swing your pardner.

## Highway 23

© 1980 Jim Chaps  
and David Phillip Chappo

We set off to catch some steelhead,  
We got directions from a man whose neck was red.  
Showed us the way to get to Thunder Bay,  
Said you'll get your limit, almost every day.

Drove past that Indian Museum, where it  
Costs you five-and-a-half, just to park.  
Ain't no place I'd rather be than with my little brother Davey,  
Cruisin' in that green Dart Swinger up Highway 23.

### CHORUS:

Look at the birch trees lining the highway,  
See how the sunlight filters on through,  
Just beyond Lake Huron glitters like silver.  
There's a feeling of joy that will come over you.

Off from Saginaw, north of Standish,  
Tawas and Au Gres, beckon us to fish.  
Stopped in Lutz Bakery and got us some breakfast,  
Me and Davey off Highway 23.

### CHORUS:

Look at the birch trees lining the highway,  
See how the sunlight filters on through,  
Just beyond Lake Huron glitters like silver.  
There's a feeling of joy that will come over you.

Out across the Singing Bridge, headin' toward Alpena  
Maybe Rogers City along the way,  
Ain't no place I'd rather be than with my little brother Davey,  
Cruisin' in that green Dart Swinger up Highway 23.

### CHORUS