Highway 5

American Music Club

Try and try, leave a trace
And all we ever leave is a sour taste
You're half asleep when I crash through
I'm like a drop of water on the dry sand
I'm a scar across your face
I'm an itch that's driving you madHighway fiveTakes so much to make us feel like we're alive
A weary traveler at a smooth seventy-five
Make pretend the landscape ain't so dry
Do anything to maintain a lie
To the left, a beautiful california landscape
Dead ends in the sky
And to the right, beautiful mountains rise
High and dry
Another futile expression of bitterness
Another overwhelming sensation of uselessnessMake pretend that the landscape ain't so dry
Do anything to maintain a lie
Make pretend that the lover ain't so barren
Though in los angeles things like that don't matterHighway five

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