

Interstate 8

Iron Horse

Spent 18 hours
Waitin' stoned for space
I spent the same 18 hours
In the same damn place I'm on a road
Shaped like a figure 8
I'm goin' nowhere
But I'm guaranteed to be late You go out like a riptide
You know a ball has no sides
You're an angel with an amber halo
Black hair and the Devil's pitchfork Wind-up anger with the endless view of
The ground's colorful patchwork
How have you been? How have you been?
How have you? How have you? I drove around for hours
I drove around for days
I drove around for months
And years and never went no place We're on a pass, we're on a pass
I stopped for gas, but where could place be
To pay for gas to drive around
Around the Interstate 8 You go out like a riptide
You know a ball has no sides
You're an angel with an amber halo
Black hair and the Devil's pitchfork Wind-up anger with the endless view of
The ground's colorful patchwork
How have you been? How have you been?
How have you? How have you?

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