

Trucker's Atlas (Live at Empty Bottle Chichago)

Modest Mouse

I'm going to Colorado to unload my head
I'm going to New York City and that's in New York, friends
I'm going to Arizona
Sex on the rocks all warm and red
And we bled And the writing in the stall said
We write our maps in the stalls
I'm going up to Alaska
I'm going to get off Scot-fucking-free
And we all did This truckers atlas roads the ways
The freeways and highways don't know
The buzz from the bird on my dash
Road locomotive phone
This truckers atlas roads the ways
The freeways and highways don't know
The buzz from the bird on my dash
Road locomotive phone I don't feel and I feel great
I sold my atlas by the freight stairs
I do lines and I crossed roads
I crossed the lines of all the great state roads I'm going up, going over to Montana
You got yourself a trucker's atlas
You knew you were all hot
Maybe you'll go and blow a gasket You start at the northwest corner
Go down through California
Beeline you might drive three days
Three nights to the tip of Florida
Do you speak the lingo?
Oh oh no
Do you speak the lingo?
No no
How far does your road go?
Oh no, you don't know I'm going to Colorado to unload my head
I'm going to New York City and that's in New York, friends
I'm going up to Alaska
I'm going to get off Scot-fucking-free
And we all did And the writing in the salt says
We ride out to the stars
I'm going to Arizona
Sex on the rocks all warm and red
And we all did This truckers atlas roads the ways

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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