

The Thing

Cobson

I was driving, doing nothing on the shores of great Salt Lake
When they put it on the air, I put it in the hammer lane
I soon forgot myself and I forgot about the brake I forgot about all laws and I forgot about the rain
They were talking on the Nine and all across the Amy band
Across the road, they were turning around and headed south with me It got so crowded on the road, I started
driving in the sand
My head was feeling scared but my heart was feeling free
The desert turned to mud, it seems that everybody heard Everybody was remembering to forget they had the
chills
Then I heard the voices on a broadcast from up on the bird
They were getting interviewed by some good man whose name was Bill I'm almost there to Vegas, where
they're puttin' on a show
They've come so far, I've lived this long
At least I must just go and say, "Hello"

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