When The Open Road Is Closing In

The Magnetic Fields

Time, measured in dotted yellow lines has passed you by
And I never said, an honest thing to you in all my life
Hard times go slowly and the good times never come
The world is a motor inn in the Iowa highway slum
When the open road is closing in
And you can't say where it ends and you begin
When every truck stop dive's you another five years off your life
When the open road is closing in

And the dotted yellow lines begin to spin
When the sky begins to fall on everything you like at all
You won't be coming home again
Ciao, you keep on drowning in the roads between the towns
Now I have been closing all the shutters in the house
Well, I know, you'll be back when every tree is turning brown
You'll find, the house is empty and the swing set's fallen down

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