Asleep At The Wheel

Something for Kate

Some highway at night.

When I'm not driving the car.

I drift among the headlights, my mind somewhere else now.

I drive off the end of the earth, and every light on your street.

Comes back to me.In a few more days, I won't let them get away.

'Cause this is how we come and go, with ghosts for memories and memories for ghosts.

And no-one sees, anything. I drive under the billboards, a sight to make my eyes sore.

And wooden birds fly over, every bright blue corner.

Yeah they're goin' nowhere.In a few more days, I'll be out of your way.

'Cause this is how I come and go, with ghosts for memories and memories for ghosts.

But no-one says, anythin'.It don't mean anything.

No-one says anythin'.

Yeah. 'Cause this is how I come and go, with ghosts for memories and memories for ghosts.

But no-one says no-one.

Where did everybody go?

And would anybody tell me if there's something I should know?

But no-one says, anything.

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