

# Shasta

**Mat Kearney**

Baby, look how far we've come  
Casualties are littered all the way  
'Cause we got miles left to go  
To a place that I don't know  
They told me the ground was gold  
But I can't see it  
One last time through the woods  
In my old neighborhood  
It tastes so bittersweet  
I can't believe it

Hands in the cement  
Stickers on the ceiling  
Falling asleep to the werewolves  
Pop the clutch on the v-dub  
Throwing pebbles at your window  
As we roll away in the pouring rain

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