Gas Giants

Bob Hate

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I was born in the shadow of a highway
and I grew up in the back of my daddyâ€™s car
I fell in love with the Nevada roadside
lying, sleeping, while my daddy drove

Itâ€™s just six hours from the desert to the ocean
Itâ€™s a two day drive back to where my daddyâ€™s found
He always looked to me like storm clouds forming
I always looked to him like rain was coming down

Four wheels
Two lives
One more last ride

Bury me in the grass darling
Bury me somewhere where my friends cannot see
Bury me in a gas giant
With my hands upon the wheel

On every highway that I ever wandered
Are the burned out shells of miles gone by
Weeds growing up through metal, just to remind us
That we all run out of gas sometime

Four wheels
Two lives
One more last ride

Bury me in the grass darling
Bury me somewhere where I cannot see
Bury me in a gas giant
With my hands upon the wheel

He taught me how to drive in that silver Pontiac
It stalled a couple of times close to home
Till I finally learned the secret of highway driving
â€œJust point it, son, and keep goingâ€•

Bury me in the grass darling
Bury me somewhere where my daddy cannot see
Bury me in a gas giant
With my hands upon the wheel

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Lyrics submitted by wt pfefferle.

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