Truck Stop Drip Drop

Negativland

I found a hair in my underwear
And I wonder how it got there.The rain's drip drop at the Washington truck stop
Holding on for a thousand years or two
Raining outside it's a very nice bus ride
And I think of holding on to you.I think of your neck and the way that you smell
And the way my leg feels behind you knee
I come out of this fog and into the sun
I know that this is where I'm supposed to be...
This is where I'm supposed to be.Look up past the roof
Past the trees and the stars
Please come down here and help me
Wherever you are.I'm wishing, I'm thinking, I'm hopeful, I mean it.Look up past the very next roof
The same trees and the stars
Won't you please come down here and help me
Whatever you are.The rains drip drop at the Washington truck stop
Holding on for a thousand years or two
Raining outside it's a very nice bus ride
And I think of holding on to you.I think of your neck and the way that you smell
And the way my leg feels behind you knee
I come out of this fog and into the sun
Know that this is where I'm supposed to be...
This is where I'm supposed to be.

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