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 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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