

Presidents of the United States of America, The

"5,500 Miles"

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5,500 miles
Across the Texas plain
Just to look at the mountains
Just to not go insane

5,500 miles
Across the Texas plain
Just to look at the ocean
Just to not go insane

I'm goin' home
I'm starting home
On a freezing eastern highway
A muddy snow bank
A broken radio

A dome of stars on a tin plate
Got Booker T on cassette tape

Tore out the amplifier to fit it in
I saw the free way buckle and bend
Carburetor struck a strong head wind
And I barreled through California

And even on a cloudy day
And the end the sun peaks through
Between the mountains and the clouds

5,500 miles
Across the Texas plain
Just to look at the mountains
Just to not go insane

5,500 miles
Across the Texas plain
Just to look at the ocean
Just to not go insane

And now I'm home
I made it home
On a little four-cylinder engine

A blue tin can
A red sleepin' bag

I wasn't alone the whole way
I had some company

The steering wheel made a print on my arm
I stopped and I checked out the farm
I saw the sun beat down hard
And I barreled through California

And even on a cloudy day
And the end the sun peaks through
Between the mountains and the clouds

I can't drive five thousand lonely miles
Five thousand, five hundred miles

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