

Refreshments, The "Interstate"

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Well the fact of the matter
There ain't no facts involved
To take it further
Doesn't matter
Well out here on the border
Ants drag bones 'cross the hot dry ground
And over there at the trailer park
They got a million souls in the lost and found

Well I should have known better
Lead thoughts and lost horizons
And to take it further
It don't get any better
Well out here on the border
Ain't nobody asking questions
And No I don't need a miracle
But I could use a push in the right direction

A handgun and a bottle of Boone's
and a '69 Ford and a new pair of shoes
Left from Boise Idaho 95
And So he crossed the state line
He was just in time to fall
Asleep at the wheel

And that's the fact of the matter
Never was no facts involved
And to take it further
It never really matters
Well out here on the border
Ants drag bones across the hot dry ground
And over there at the trailer park
They got a million souls in the lost and found

A handgun and a bottle of Boone's
And a '69 Ford and a new pair of shoes
Left from Boise Idaho 95
So I was just in time to miss
The 5:00 o'clock news
The velvet black Interstate was something to feel
Spent \$5.99 on a stone cold meal

Another a bottle of wine
I was feelin' just fine
And when I crossed the state line
I was just in time
To fall asleep at the wheel

(repeat)

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