

Steve T and the Rough Edges

"Whole Lot Of Nothing"

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There's a whole lot of nothing,
Out here " in between us,
Silent oceans deep with sand,
Rolling waves of grey,
The tires and I are moaning to the concrete like a lover,
Northbound '64

There's a whole lot of empty,
Out here " in between us,
One less Airstream cowboy camp,
A ghost that we give up,
The FM exhales static " while the DJ plays our song,
From 1964

This can't be the middle of nowhere,
Though we've travelled so far,
I can see the middle of nowhere,
Through the hole in your heart,
the hole in your heart.

There's a whole lot of sunrise,
East of this horizon,
These endless waves of sand,
Are rolling by like years,
Can love breathe in this great ocean " smile and
ferry us in silence?
Out on '64

This can't be the middle of nowhere,
Sacred high road through the dust,
I can see the middle of nowhere,
Rising up in front of us,
in front of us

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