

## **Banner Pilot** **"Milemarking"**

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I've chased this blue moon down all night,  
Have I been gaining any ground?  
Your picture's stapled to my dash.  
I'm done killing time in gray ghost towns.  
I'm heading south in search of life;  
The blinding turns, the twisting knives,  
Now I'm just driving straight on.

I'll scrape the freezing rain off this window pane;  
A couple states from sane, eyes aching, drift awoken.  
Until the ice bleeds blue, until the green shoots  
through.  
Until I get to you, I'll brace for your screen door.

Gravity struck, I rolled downhill.

Seen depths I've never seen before.  
It's hard to warm against concrete;  
You can't wrap your arms around a floor.  
So now I beat a fast retreat back to SLP and your street;  
Can you just hold on?

Living reckless and naive;  
It's always so easy to leave but then it's hard to get  
back.  
I closed my eyes and I looked at you,  
Counted up all of my mistakes,  
Choked some more muddy coffee back,  
And did my best just to stay awake.

If I could just stay awake,  
Don't know why I left you.

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