

Brian Vander Ark "Mileage"

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Right turn,
The neighborhood
Is pretty quiet for a weekday.
Left turn,
The same one way
To work almost everyday.

Pass by the high school,
A memory rerun
When I was seventeen
Couldn't wait for twenty-one.
I pass by the church
Where I married you
When you were twenty-one
And I was twenty-two.

A stop sign,
A chance to clear my mind
Before the workday.
Then a right turn
Is where I catch
Another glimpse of the highway.

So I speed pass the building,
I always wanted to
Since I was twenty-one,
Almost twenty-two.
If I'd had the nerve,
I'd have quit there before
You turned twenty-three
And couldn't take me anymore.

The well known
Sits in a cloud of dust
Of on this weekday.
My cell phone
Is in about a million pieces
On the highway.

Speed down the highway,
Rack up the miles.
One hundred twenty-one,

A hundred twenty-two.
Roll down the window,
Roll out the miles.
One hundred twenty-three,
A hundred twenty-four.
And straight down the highway,
The road offers no guarantees.
(One thousand twenty-one,
One thousand twenty-two.)
Drive through the morning,
Drive into the sun,
And I'm free.
(One thousand twenty-three,
One thousand twenty-four)

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