

Greg MacPherson

"401"

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People stretched out over kilometres of vinyl with lives to match. In fear, in love. Caffeine and the road. It's colder than usual up the 401. Map? The car pool parking lots are empty and the pace of the street slows down. Slow, the colour of the day. Last in a long line opened up and left to blow away. Sound bounces of the windows in the skyline down the stairs to the train, to the concrete. The decision that was given works out, the car opens up and the dream spills out. The dream... processed and frozen, sifted and boiled, (all eyes on the minute hand) shipped out in the flat bed truck that pulled out and passed me in the far right lane. The dream...

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