

Rem "Low Desert"

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It happened fast, it's over quick
A little dust and the engine kicks
Did your hands drift down off the wheel?
A road owl hit your windshield

An eyelash or a little bit of sleep?
Time stands still
Just call it now and you're on your way

Hey, hey hey, hey

All the ashtrays, cities and the freeway drives
Broken casino and waterslide
Eighteen-wheeler, payback dice
Gravity pulls on the power line

Jet stream cuts the desert sky
This is a land could eat a man alive
Say you'd leave it all behind

Hey, hey hey, hey

There's a radio tower that's egging me on
Back to the place where you never belong
Where the people thrive on their own contempt
Whatever meaning is long gone, spent

If you had to guess or make bet
Would you place yourself inside of it?
The mountains yawn, the clouds let out a sigh

"Tricked again," let go, yeah
Hey, hey hey
Hey, hey hey
Hey

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