

Meg & Dia

"Down The Open Road"

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Carried my suitcase, across the highway
nobody stopped. I don't blame them

In my pocket, a cigarette and coupons
I thought my future woulda been different
I'm headed down.

Got to Cheyenne, met an honest man
eyes like honeycomb, down the streets we roamed
he said, "You can't stay here, it's best to keep moving.
This town is haunted, this place is jaded. It's going down."

Woke up in a seat belt. Headed for the next town
Keep foolin myself, shame can't cross state lines
the truth about me, I don't wanna know,
what the truth about me is, I wouldn't like what I was hearing,
but don't let it get me down.

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