

## **We Are The Union**

### **"One Million Motors"**

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It is miles upon miles for a traveling man  
Bittersweet smiles  
reminders that you understand  
but shaking nerves still come unwound  
in messages sorites of coming back around  
these barren hungry tires  
grip the earth  
as where we are  
becomes where we were  
when destination slams into location  
night after night  
you know the taste of dirt  
it is miles upon miles for a calling  
closer to home  
with every word I sing  
Anxiety and relief still contend in messages  
stories of coming home to a best friend  
leaving feels a lot like falling  
like a million motors running  
in my stomach  
it kills me to say all  
these late night phone calls  
are the most I can offer when the train pulls up  
leaving feels a lot like falling  
like cyanide and cyclones  
leaving fells a lot like falling  
but I'm always on my way home

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