Magnetic Fields "When The Open Road Is Closing In"

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Time, measured in dotted
Yellow lines has passed you by
And I never said an honest thing to you
In all my life
Hard times go slowly
And the good times never come
The world is a motor inn in the lowa highway slum
When the open road is closing in
And you can't say where it ends and you begin

When every truckstop dive's you another five years off your life

When the open road is closing in And the dotted yellow lines begin to spin When the sky begins to fall on Everything you like at all

You won't be coming home again

Ciao, you keep on drowning in the roads

Ciao, you keep on drowning in the roads between the towns

Now I have been closing all the shutters in the house Well, I know you'll be back When every tree is turning brown You'll find the house is empty And the swingset's fallen down

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