

## Sarah Slean "Vertigo"

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the heavens dropped a bag  
of red and white lights,  
pearls that keep the highway bright

and it feels like being born,  
night driving,  
the moon hangs a dangerous height...

terrible calm,  
terrible cold,  
this dream i have  
it's gold....

easier now,  
a place to go,  
vertigo....

and the faces drop like flies,  
their memory fades,  
into the rushing road below

and i can't take this night,  
and any night,  
they'll just try to tell me no....

terrible calm,  
terrible cold,  
this dream i have,  
it's gold....

easier now,  
a place to go,  
vertigo....

and i am full of love and consequence  
merciful, the sky of coal....  
the beauty of the cars' electirc light,  
the speed with which their destinies glow....

terrible calm,  
terrible joy,  
this dream i have,

it's gold....

easier now,  
a place to go,  
vertigo,

vertigo...

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