

Debora Iyall

"99"

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A dump truck stuck spinning tires in a ditch
Pumpkins ploughed under topsoil so rich
A turquoise barn, a ghost mall what is next?
A slim bottle blonde climbs a fence in a dress

99 exits between here and LA
99 reasons not to stay
99 miles to the edge of the sea
99 reasons to leave

No matter where I go I find this road is my way home
Living on the 99 it's not like being alone

Expanses of orchards and islands of oleander
Silhouette of branches and ranches once were grander
The way to get gone and the way to come home
I travel this highway like I live in my bones

Tumbleweeds rolling in industrial parks
Boarded up houses all they'll need is a spark
99 miles to the edge of the sea
99 reasons to leave

No matter where I go I find this road is my way home
Living on the 99 it's not like being alone

Living on the 99
Living on the up, living on the down
Living on the 99, rolling over the ground

It's not like being alone...

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