

## Sun Kil Moon

### "Trucker's Atlas"

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I'm going to Colorado  
To unload my head  
I'm going to New York city  
And that's in New York, friends  
I'm going to Arizona  
Sex on the rocks all warm and red  
And we bled  
I'm going up to Alaska  
I'm going to get off scot-fucking-free  
And we all did  
This truckers atlas roads the ways  
The free-ways and highways don't know  
The buzz from the bird on my dash  
Road locomotive phone  
I don't feel and it feels great  
I sold my atlas by the freight stairs  
I do lines and I crossed roads  
I crossed the lines of all the great state roads  
I'm going up  
Going over to Montana  
You got yourself a truckers atlas  
You knew you were all hot, well  
Maybe you'll go and blow a gasket  
Start at the Northwest corner  
Go down through California  
Beeline you might drive three days  
And three nights to the tip of Florida  
I'm going to Colorado  
To unload my head  
I'm going to New York city  
And that's in New York, friends  
I'm going up to Alaska  
I'm going to get off scot-fucking-free  
And we all did  
Going over to Montana  
You got yourself a truckers atlas  
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Start at the Northwest corner  
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And three nights to the tip of Florida

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