

Grand Archives

"Sleepdriving"

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Snow fell thick and small
It buried a starlit fog
You remembered it all
I'm sleepdriving away

Metal and mold, bourbon and clove
Mirrors and smoke, yesterday's clothes
I'm sleepdriving away

Eyes through your window, I stare out
And some, someday we'll be too old

Cold will ache with making you jaw
You're only as old as you say that we are
I'm sleepdriving away

The trunk of the car filled with all that we own
This old Pontiac's starting to feel like a boat
I'm sleepdriving away

Eyes through your window I stare out
And some, someday we'll be too old

It's nearly dawn, your motel home
The shades were drawn to hide the storm
Without a sound, TV glow
The blankets tied around our throats

Swirling round, the light above
Outside the crows were waking up
It's nearly dawn
Motel home was nearly gone
No sleep at all

Outside, those crows
In life, oh noes

Frozen roads and run
Sleepdriving away

