

The Downtown Fiction

"Idaho"

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Night-long
Vigil by the picture window
Sleepy
Eyes never leave the road
Past my bedtime
Miles ago
Still haven't entered
Idaho

There is a sign
Just up the way
One hundred feet
From my front yard
And though it's dark
I make it out
It says that Idaho
Welcomes you

Everybody's passed out
They don't know
How close we are now
Idaho

Seen you
Know everything about you
Heard your
Air blowing 'cross my door
Tantalizing
Go man go
Driving my house to
Idaho

Almost there now

Play that drumroll

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