

## **The Magnetic Fields**

# **"When the Open Road Is Closing In"**

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Time, measured in dotted yellow lines has passed you  
by

And I never said, an honest thing to you in all my life  
Hard times go slowly and the good times never come  
The world is a motor inn in the Iowa highway slum

When the open road is closing in  
And you can't say where it ends and you begin  
When every truck stop dive's you another five years off  
your life

When the open road is closing in  
And the dotted yellow lines begin to spin  
When the sky begins to fall on everything you like at all  
You won't be coming home again

Ciao, you keep on drowning in the roads between the  
towns  
Now I have been closing all the shutters in the house  
Well, I know, you'll be back when every tree is turning  
brown  
You'll find, the house is empty and the swing set's  
fallen down

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