

## **Little Hands Of Asphalt, The "Highway's Pull"**

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So I'm off again.  
I'm taking just one of my favourite friends. The tank is full.  
And we'll be giving in to the highway's pull.

(Oooh, oooh.)

I'll try to think things through,  
but I'll be thinking way too much of you.  
How you stick to plan  
though at times it's best to just play the hand

But I'm talking about cards  
while the past comes in on broken wings  
to crash in your backyard.  
And I'm picking every syllable apart  
in those breathless conversations  
that I've memorized by heart.

(Oooh, oooh.)

The engine screams.  
I'm drifting in and out of dreams. Soon I'll be consumed  
and you'll be back at the top of my room.

(Oooh, oooh.)

The road is stained. But any day  
now, the quiet rain will clean our path.  
And leave your name  
in solvable math.

But patience never was my trade.  
And the broken back of honesty is thoroughly cliché.  
When doubt has built a nest inside your head  
all the restlessness that sleeps between us will break the bed.  
But make no mistake!  
It's hard to think that common sense

won't pick a fight with consequence.  
When fall soon breaks, know that I won't be around no  
more  
when you find what you're not looking for in me

(Oooh.)

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