

Freeway Dream

Flickering past, the heat of the hood is a static hum. A cracked plastic cup in the console, dazzling maps folded into nothing. The horizon is a charcoal smudge, stretch it out further than the radio reach.

Tires singing on the grooved concrete. Lost in the interstate flare, miles are just numbers on a green satellite. We are ghosts in a sleep street, chasing the red, but we'll break glass.

Rusted guardrails leaning inwards, a billboard for a town looked out into. The odometer clicks, another thousand fingerprints frozen on the glass. The horizon is a charcoal smudge, stretch it out further than the radio reach.

Tires singing on the grooved concrete. Lost in the interstate flare, miles are just numbers on a green satellite. We are ghosts in a sleep street, chasing the red, but we'll break glass.

Static on the dial, high beams caught in the darkened tube. There is no exit tonight, just a way of a path. Miles are just numbers on a green satellite.

We are ghosts in a sleep street, chasing the red, but we'll break glass. Lost in the interstate flare, miles are just numbers on a green satellite. We are ghosts in a sleep street, chasing the red, but we'll break glass.