

Train, The Highway

Past the breakers, sliver by you never try you
On the tuffet that you never were afraid of
Anyone that was not you
In the corner, tried to warn her I, I, I
Caught in traffic in the middle of the night
In the middle of the highway

The highway
Got your hands in the dirt
Got your head in the grass
You're tryin' to hold on to some of your

Past the test now
You're runnin' outta breath no one behind you
On the subject of Religion decision deviation

Collision, provision, cold hard television
Collective bargaining and talk radio radio
Your mother your brother your sister your lover
Your Father whom art in Heaven
Got to be home by eleven if you wanna be a good girl
You got your hands in the dirt
Got your head in the HIGHWAY