

Brittany Kusserow, Highway 45

Now the sun awakes,
but I can't see for morning fog.
Home I'll ride my brakes.
Autumn's here, I'm not.
Autumn's here, I'm not.
I stayed hours ago,
in blooming woods off 45,
by a winding road.
It's cold and I will hitchhike.
I am guilty this time.
Only not the way you'd think.
See, I've banished hearts so low.
And a vision just won't sink
of a single man,
looking for a place to go.
As I looked at him and said
you're no one that I know.
That itself is false,
but I can't see for mourning him.
Haven't slept at all.
I think I can outrun my sin.
Think I can outrun my sin.
He swallows pills and drinks.
I swallow my apology.
This no one that I know,
I didn't get that he is me.
This time I am guilty.