

Conor Oberst, Moab

I used up your compassion
So I've come to make a trade
You can hate me but just love me in return
And if I know where to find you
I'll stay out of your way
I won't come beg to borrow all the happiness you've earned
I'll just slide back down to the bottom
While you make your place in the hills

There's nothing that the road cannot heal
There's nothing that the road cannot heal
Washed under the blacktop
Gone beneath my wheels
There's nothing that the road cannot heal

They say the sun won't burn forever
But that's a science too exact
I can prove it, watch we're crossing the state line
See those headlights coming towards us
That's someone going back
To a town they said they'd never, yeah, they swore it all their lives
But you can't break out of a circle
That you never knew you were in

There's nothing that the road cannot heal
There's nothing that the road cannot heal
Washed under the blacktop
Gone beneath my wheels
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Some would spend their precious time
Trying to decorate their lives
Taking measurements for some new look they want
So from one to ten
Ten's exactly what I am
Zero being everything I'm not

Tell me what you like
Is it less than five
Is it less than five

There's nothing that the road cannot heal
There's nothing that the road cannot heal
When I make it to Moab
I'll get my canteen filled
There's nothing that the road cannot heal
Washed under the blacktop
Gone beneath my wheels
There's nothing that the road cannot heal