

Gavin Castleton, 90 East

After a show one night I drove five hours to the next town, all dark highway in front of me. My head I was bearing down on the road with two fists up high on the wheel, bitching out everyone in my head. I started thinking I'd be a driver for life. I would learn to steer in my sleep. All the fuel pumps in all the If my thoughts had been typed out, they would have read like the minutes of a turrets convention. Nobody I had all my captors profiled and mapped out. Nobody could surprise me. Everything anyone did this This was 90 East and we were far from home. It was the most dangerous way to travel after a show I searched the cel phone for long distance relief. What's the number for the dysfunctional band hotel Sometimes what is actually an attempt to spread the grief thin will appear to be an effort to bring a My girl's good about it. She let's me complain and retell the same frustrations manifesting in differe