

# Heatmiser, Blue Highway

wide awake at 4 in the morning  
killing time on the blue highway  
dragged in the day like a body  
buried the night under where I'd layed  
on all the sides, the frost bites, a shadow creeping up on me

oh yeah, it's like the club in my hand  
it's my favourite brand  
and you've touched everyone  
oh yeah, it's like the back of your hand  
on the tip of my tongue  
and it's starting to get fun

kids say I didn't see it coming  
busy just plucking your burrs  
I take long walks 'cos they're numbing  
only wanna speak in code  
on all sides, the frost bites, a shadow creeping up on me

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cut me up like a jigsaw, whole reflection cracked apart  
like the lines on my hand or the map of a broken heart

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