

Josh Woodward, Omaha

Midnight, we're crashed out in a field in Missouri
Me and you in my '82 VW in hiding
Stretched out, my frizzy hair is everywhere in tangles
You smile, and ruffle up my bangs and say to hell with it
Let's wipe the slate and release the weight
We've carried for so long
Cuz here we are beneath the stars
With no one else
Sleep tight, cuz from tonight they're never going to find us
No chains, we'll change our names and stake our claim in Omaha