

# 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