

# Modest Mouse, Interstate 8

Spent 18 hours waiting stoned for space  
I spent the same 18 hours in the same damn place  
I'm on a road shaped like a figure 8  
I'm going nowhere, but I'm guaranteed to be late  
You go out like a riptide  
You know that ball has no sides  
You're an angel with an amber halo  
Black hair and the devil's pitchfork  
Wind-up anger with the endless view of  
The ground's colorful patchwork  
How have you been? [x2]  
How have you? [x2]  
I drove around for hours, I drove around for days  
I drove around for months and years and never went no place  
We're on a pass, we're on pass  
I stopped for gas, but where could place be  
To pay for gas to drive around  
Around the Interstate 8  
You go out like a riptide  
You know that ball has no sides  
You're an angel with an amber halo  
Black hair and the devil's pitchfork  
Wind-up anger with the endless view of  
The ground's colorful patchwork  
How have you been? [x2]  
How have you? [x2]