## Modest Mouse, Trucker's Atlas

I'm going to Colorado to unload my head I'm going to New York City and that's in New York, friends I'm going to Arizona sex on the rocks all warm and red and we bled and the writing in stall said " we write our maps in the stalls" I'm going up to Alaska I'm going to get off scott-fucking-free and we all did This truckers atlas roads the ways the freeways and highways don't know The buzz from the bird on my dash Road locomotive phone I don't feel and it feels great I sold my atlas by the freight stairs I do lines and I crossed roads I crossed the lines of all the great state roads I'm going up going over to Montana You got yourself a trucker's atlas You knew you were all hot, well Maybe you'll go and blow a gasket Start at the northwest corner Go down through California beeline you might drive three days and three nights to the tip of Florida Do you speak the lingo? Oh No. No no How far does your road? Oh no, you don't know I'm going to Colorado to unload my head I'm going to New York City and that's in New York, friends I'm going up to Alaska I'm going to get off scott-fucking-free And we all did And the writing in the salt says We ride on out to the stars I'm going to Arizona Sex on the rocks all warm and red And we all bled This truckers atlas roads the ways the freeways and highways don't know The buzz from the bird on my dash Road locomotive phone This truckers atlas roads the ways the freeways and highways don't know The buzz from the bird on my dash Road locomotive phone I don't feel and it feels great I sold my atlas by the freight stairs I do lines and I crossed roads I crossed the lines of all the great state roads I'm going up going over to Montana You got yourself a trucker's atlas You knew you were all hot, well

Maybe you'll go and blow a gasket Start at the northwest corner Go down through California beeline you might drive three days and three nights to the tip of Florida