

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
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the freeways and highways don't know
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