

# Sun Kil Moon, Trucker's Atlas

Going to Colorado  
To unload my head  
Going to New York City  
That's in New York, friends  
I'm going to Arizona  
Sex on the rocks all warm and red  
And we all bled

Going up to Alaska  
Gonna get off scot-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 the 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

Going up over to Montana  
Got yourself a trucker's atlas  
You knew you were all hot  
Maybe you'll go and blow a gasket  
Start at the northwest corner  
Go down through California  
Beeline you might drive three days  
Three nights to the tip of Florida

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