

# The Matches, Destination: Nowhere Near

The world is moving everywhere but here,  
so load the van. Destination: Nowhere Near  
I wanna be on the road again  
I wanna be on the road again  
I wanna be on the road again, yeah

We'd been on the road  
for several weeks, now  
and it drove you crazy  
Got to get back out of this old town now  
where my parents hate me  
1, 2, 3 And I am alone  
2, 2, 3 by the telephone  
3, 2, 3 and my friends ain't home tonight

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I sit in my room and play  
a punk rock song on my folk guitar  
Remember when the van broke down  
and our shit wouldn't fit in a borrowed car  
1, 2, 3 We were just eighteen  
2, 2, 3 With a madman dream  
3, 2, 3 And now it seems we're still insane  
(still down in Oakland playin')

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so load the van. Destination: Nowhere Near  
I wanna be on the road again  
I wanna be on the road again  
I wanna be on the road again, yeah  
Destination: Nowhere Near  
Right now