

I've chased this blue moon down all night,
Have I been gaining any ground?
Your picture's stapled to my dash.
I'm done killing time in gray ghost towns.
I'm heading south in search of life;
The blinding turns, the twisting knives,
Now I'm just driving straight on.

I'll scrape the freezing rain off this window pane;
A couple states from sane, eyes aching, drift awaken.
Until the ice bleeds blue, until the green shoots through.
Until I get to you, I'll brace for your screen door.

Gravity struck, I rolled downhill.
Seen depths I've never seen before.
It's hard to warm against concrete;
You can't wrap your arms around a floor.
So now I beat a fast retreat back to SLP and your street;
Can you just hold on?

Living reckless and naive;
It's always so easy to leave but then it's hard to get back.
I closed my eyes and I looked at you,
Counted up all of my mistakes,
Choked some more muddy coffee back,
And did my best just to stay awake.

If I could just stay awake,
Don't know why I left you.