

Yawn awake
Familiar surroundings
All hotel rooms are pretty much the same
Although the room number might change
Catch a glimpse of everything within the lighter's flame

There's always a window, but so changes the view
Affording a clue to the answer that's owing
Where we might be and where we might be going

There's no fixed address but the van, white as a suburb
Catch a reflection in store windows
As we're headed in any direction
So press your head against the window
look outside at emptiness

Tell a joke, or take a piss
Take a picture at every mile
Lock the door and start the engine Quince it's gonna be a while
Tell a joke, take a piss
Take a picture at every mile
Start the van, close the door, Quince I think it's gonna be a while

The climates flay themselves
Undress themselves at the side of the road
Commute at the union between failure and hope

Weave a highway line to stitch a skirt out on the land
Twist and turn, and tell a story like the palm of your hand
Ponder awe and wonder, keep watching the skies
Wonder awe, and ponder in the blink of an eye

The climates flay themselves
Undress themselves at the side of the road
Commute at the union between failure and hope

Turn our weakness into
Turn our blindness into
Turn our questions into answers as obvious
Turn our weakness into might, oh
Turn our blindness into sight
Turn our questions into answers just as obvious
As moonlight in the darkest, darkest night