

On a Highway

Animal Collective

I'm on a highway
I take a mental picture
Of the place that I live
Now it's living in me

On a highway
Thinking of the one who
I left alone and hoping
I don't know how I'm coping

On a highway
I let the bad things taunt me
Why do they want to haunt me?
I don't know how they find me

On a highway
I'll watch the singing driver
Only speak with fingers
He mouths the words he should say

On a highway
Two pretty lady passengers
Their toes against the window
Are tapping to the tunes they

Are on a highway
And though they aren't moving
They move by conversation
I pretend to know what they say

On a highway
Can't say how long it's been today
I wake against the window
That's caked in cold saliva

On a highway
And when they call me lucky
For all the places I stay
It's hard for me to not say

I can't wait
To find home

On a highway
Hypnotized by sunstroke
As passing by some deer bones
Flowers for the dead grow

On a highway
There are some workers pissing
It starts my bladder itching
Can I wait for the exit?

On a highway
The median's green forever
I'll let some hash relax me
Get lost in human pleasure

On a highway
I'm sick from too much reading
Jealous of Noah's dreaming
Can't help my brain from thinking

I can't wait
To find home