

Saltash Luck

Banner Pilot

Man I wonder - you spent the summer south
Riding bikes instead of punching time clocks.
If voices said go to Colorado - it's such a scenic place to end
a story.

You'd been waking up to shit;
Stood in the background watching.
Couldn't tell what was in your head;
You didn't say 'cause you don't like talking, no.

You, idling and counting steps left to go.
You got your radio; more the days go by, more the static drones
.

Stuck waiting for a couple words to bleed through.
I remember you couldn't get inside.
It's a long way home.

If I'm out your way I'll stop someday; think
I heard someone say out West on 55.
Ask why, ask what for.
I blame it on your Saltash luck,
Your twenties, and North Dakota.