

Riding through nostalgia, shaking memories by the mile  
The city lights are closing in on him  
The distance grows shorter for a while  
He wonders what dreams fill her heart

And wonders if what they had could ever be sparked  
"the roads never lead where they're supposed to go"  
That's what he tells himself before he lets it go

Out on the cold grey plain, sunken on the side of the road  
The words bleed off the page, the letter becomes well-soaked  
"no more turning backwards," he says, as he drives off in the rain  
Ventures on up through the colorades and settles under the rock

And pines, and stakes claim  
Still he wonders what what dreams fill her heart  
And wonders if what they had could ever be sparked  
The roads never lead where they're supposed to go  
They just twist 'round and 'round the flame

The eyes closing, the heart retains  
A bit of a spark before it fades away  
That's where he gets lost and drifts off alone  
And what he tells himself "better let it go"