

Hair blowing in the hot wind  
Time hanging from a clothespin  
There's no sorrow that the sun's not gonna heal  
I smell the leather of your new car  
Drive through the desert after nightfall  
Sleep on the shoulder, keep the stars all to ourselves

The kind of love that makes my back hurt  
Wearin' nothing but a T-shirt  
She's turning over on a mattress made of air  
I close my eyes and see a staircase  
Leading upwards into blank space  
All of creation makes a sound too soft to hear

So I remain between her legs  
Sheltered from all my fears  
While bikers glide by highway shrines  
Where pilgrims disappear

I know that trouble's been your good friend  
Kept you company on the weekends  
Kept you company even once your mind was made  
You said, it's over and it's finished  
Now a headache's all you're left with  
We're no different, I've got debts I'd like to pay

We should move to Sausalito  
Living's easy on a house boat  
Let the ocean rock us back and forth to sleep  
And in the morning when the sunrise  
Look in the water, see the blue sky  
As if heaven has been laid there at our feet

So we remain between these waves  
Sheltered for all our years  
While bikers glide by highway shrines  
Where pilgrims disappear  
Where time takes icebergs  
Where fields burn westward  
Where pilgrims disappear