

Fire in the Canyon

Fountains of Wayne

There's fire in the canyon
Rain on the plain
And an eerie kind of sadness
On the highway today
Was it driving together
That drove us apart
Or did we change direction
Chasing arrows and hearts

We've been wandering alone such a long time
Lose our way as we go town to town
Believe us to be born into a path straight and narrow
On every crooked road we travel down

And I'm checking out the road signs
Highway hotels
And their air-conditioned cable-ready cold padded cells
And we read them like stories
In trash magazines
We ain't really sure what it means

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Well I'll ride this motorway
For a thousand miles a day
Til the road runs out of blacktop
Or I will this world away
And each town is steeped in rain
And I know each one by name
Cause this road is wrapped around me
And I wear it like a chain

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