

## 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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