

# Austin To El Paso

Ghost Mice

It's a ten-hour drive to our next show  
Across the western wasteland  
With no gigs in between  
And the gas gauge says we are empty  
But that's okay  
'Cause we don't burn gasoline  
We burn our dreams  
We burn our hopes  
This van should have died a hundred-thousand miles ago  
But it keeps going  
We've got our good-luck charms on the dashboard

I've been driving all day  
I've been driving all night  
I think I can drive for the rest of my whole life

And when I feel like I'm about to fall asleep  
I just stare at the taillights of the truck in front of me  
And I pretend that they are eyes  
And the bumper is a mouth  
Filled with red and white teeth  
And it guides me safely to the sunrise again

But if by chance I fall asleep at the wheel tonight  
And crash and die  
Construct a roadside monument  
To commemorate my life  
And honk your horn every time that you drive by

And I will be so grateful  
I will be so grateful  
Just to know that you still care  
And I will be so thankful  
Yes, I will be so thankful  
Know that somebody's still there

This road is a long and ugly road but  
This road kind of feels like my home  
I'm always aching  
To find out just exactly where it goes

Icarus made some wings and tried to fly up to the sun  
Even though everybody told him that it could not be done  
So he died, but at least he tried  
And I bet that he had fun

And you may say there's not a lot to see on this drive  
And I guess you would be right  
But you're never gonna see the stars shine this bright

And I don't know what it is we hope we'll find  
But I plan on lookin' for it all of my life  
Because I feel like something must be missing  
Something's missing

Can't you feel that empty feeling inside  
Doesn't it make you wanna get in your car

Or run your bike and ride  
Just to see what you might find out there

So I wear my tires thin  
I'll destroy the soles on my shoes  
I'll walk into the wind  
And I'll send postcards back to you  
I'll miss my dearest friends  
And I'll miss this city too  
But I'll feel bound, obligated  
To do what I have to do

'Cause the sun never really sets  
No the sun never goes down  
We're just spinning  
Around and around and around and around and around

No the sun never really sets  
No the sun never goes down  
We're just spinning  
Around and around and around and around and around  
And around and around