

# Blue Highway

Heatmiser

Wide awake at 4 in the morning  
Killing time on the blue highway  
Dragged in the day like a body  
Buried the night under where I'd laid

Under the sights, the fluorescent lights  
And your shadow creeping up on me

Oh yeah, it's like the club in my hand  
It's your favorite brand  
And you've touched everyone

Oh yeah, it's like the back of your hand  
On the tip of my tongue  
Pinched under your thumb

Can't say I didn't see it coming  
An easy chair stuck in repose  
I take long walks because they're numbing  
I only wanna speak in code

Forget the sights, the fluorescent lights  
And your shadow creeping up on me

Cut me up like a jigsaw  
Whole reflection cracked apart  
Like the lines on my hand are the map of a broken heart