

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