

Driving back from Calabasas
Grass roots are all I know
Wait for moonlight to dance with the hills
Leave your hotel for the ocean sill

Come and purchase all the riches
You can find and hold our homes
I will love you no matter the time
We will swing from carousel lights

Take what you need from the words I leave
From the windowsill and blue concrete
If the roads weren't long in the southern states
We would stretch our legs in Oregon gray

Radio and highway lines
Are all I have to keep the pace
Don't you worry we will find a way
To stretch tomorrow into today

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When the neon lights will frame our fog
We will leave it all, we will leave it all
If the sun won't set in the road ahead
I will leave this car and drive instead