

Freeway

Kurt Vile

I got a freeway in mind,
Let go of my head,
Walk down my line,
Better be sure you'll be dead,
I got a trumpet,
I know where to dump it,
I'm glad that you came,
If the sound is the same.

Sometimes my reckless ways,
Shock my self system for days,
Now i'm channelling my faze,
In an anniston haze,
But it aint gonna do me in,
I know when to dump it,
A hole in my way again,
I'll surely just jump it.

There was a kid in a tree,
Among the birds and the bees,
Between bee hive and bird nest,
And i think you know the rest,
He wanted to be free with them,
But they weren't believing,
Pecking and stinging him,
Till he wasn't breathing,
But it ain't gonna do him in,
He'll just go to heaven,
Not done just a dreamer of ten or eleven.

I've got a freeway in mind,
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Walk down my line,
Better be sure you'll be dead,
I got a trumpet,
I know where to dump it.