

## Scenes From Highways 1981-2009

La Dispute

I let the car drift some  
Eye your uncomfortable pose in profile  
The postures of long drives  
That endless cycling of your numb and near sleeping parts

And you lean much harder than you need when the road curves  
Swerve through traffic and the cracks in the ground  
Every gesture you require of a drive like this night  
When you fight now you just head out of town

I let the wheel go over center lines  
Inside a place without time, a loop through history  
Eye you in periphery now prone in the passenger seat  
It's a mystery the ways you can sleep

I want to leave here for where nobody goes  
I want to breathe in the air of all those sprawling ancient spaces on earth  
You said we're so scared of alone and I knew what you meant  
You want to go where it glows all those places where your watch doesn't work

You were riding those nights on the highway always hiding out inside a songwriter's dream there  
Like a scene from a song, "Born to Run," or maybe "Running on Empty"  
Ones where they would leave

Certain nights when you'd fight you couldn't stick around  
So you'd head out of town  
Just hit the highway and drive  
Certain nights when you'd fight it was fine  
But it shook you when the baby would cry

Why did you always turn around in the end?  
To hear the shattering of glass on the door again?  
So loud the baby couldn't sleep anymore?  
What didn't you find that you were looking for?

Your mother called a hardware  
Set you up an interview  
An answer to an ad  
The bosses' daughter still remembers dinner where her father said  
He wouldn't stick his neck out for trouble again  
But they did then  
And those days you'd wake up and just decide you wouldn't show  
He'd show up at your door  
Nights you'd skip town  
He'd follow you out  
Pretty soon you started falling for their daughter  
And she fell for you

Drive roll every window down  
Let the desert enter heavy and primitive in  
Drift till rumble strips sound  
Time moves so slow but I know that you meant what you said  
You want to go where it's frozen  
All those places where the highways don't reach

You want to go where it glows

Somewhere that time is irrelevant  
You want to go where it glows  
Somewhere the spaces are infinite

You want to go where it glows  
Somewhere you don't feel the hours pass by  
You identified the flowers on the road  
I rolled the windows down and shut off the radio

Did you ever think you'd end up here  
All those late nights you spent driving alone?  
You were riding to hide or you were looking for a brand new life  
Did you ever think you'd find one back home?

Did you even think you'd get out alive?  
Could you imagine then the love you now know?

I think history's a system of roads and there's nowhere it doesn't go

I pulled over to the side and felt no time  
Off the highway with the landscape aglow  
Still not sure what we were trying to find  
I only know we went home