## To the Open Spaces

## Maria McKee

Faded moon like a sleepy whore, we belong Faded shoe pedal to the floor, we belong Wind, dry as a bone Where there's a phone somebody's alone Where there's light, somebody's drivin' Goin' nowhere, yeah but we're arrivin'

Rollin' along sun-kissed and crazy
Oh to be young, drivin' with my baby
Rollin' along

Faded sky made up like mother, we belong
Did she cry, I don't remember, she is gone
Sweet desert air
Sweet in my nostril, sweet in my hair
Sweet on you, goin' where we will go
Even if we never get tomorrow

Rollin' along sun-kissed and crazy
Oh to be young, drivin' with my baby
Rollin' along

We belong to the open spaces We belong where hope puts a little sadness on our faces

By the bone, by the starlight, burn the map Engine drones, it's a hayride, it's a gas Fly catching wing Burn the car, burn everything Got my feet, got my thumb Gonna beat, beat everyone

Rollin' along sun-kissed and crazy
Oh to be young, drivin' with my baby
Rollin' along

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