

## 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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