

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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