

Interstate 8

Modest Mouse

Spent 18 hours waiting stoned for space
I spent the same 18 hours in the same damn place
I'm on a road shaped like a figure 8
I'm going nowhere, but I'm guaranteed to be late

You go out like a riptide
You know that ball has no sides
You're an angel with an amber halo
Black hair and the devil's pitchfork
Wind-up anger with the endless view of
The ground's colorful patchwork
How have you been?
How have you been?
How have you?
How have you?

I drove around for hours, I drove around for days
I drove around for months and years and never went no place
We're on a pass, we're on pass
I stopped for gas, but where could place be
To pay for gas to drive around
Around the Interstate 8

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