

Going to Colorado
To unload my head
Going to New York City
That's in New York, friends
I'm going to Arizona
Sex on the rocks all warm and red
And we all bled

Going up to Alaska
Gonna get off scot-fucking-free
And we all did

This truckers atlas roads the ways
The freeways and highways don't know
The buzz from the bird on the dash
Road locomotive phone
I don't feel and it feels great
I sold my atlas by the freight stairs
I do lines and I crossed roads
I crossed the lines of all the great state roads

Going up over to Montana
Got yourself a trucker's atlas
You knew you were all hot
Maybe you'll go and blow a gasket
Start at the northwest corner
Go down through California
Beeline you might drive three days
Three nights to the tip of Florida

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