

When the Open Road Is Closing In

The Magnetic Fields

Time - measured in dotted yellow lines that pass you by
and I never said an honest thing to you in all my life
hard times go slowly and the good times never come
the world is a motor and in a mile I'll be stuck
when the open road is closing in
and you can't say where it ends and you begin
when every truckstop dive's another five years off your
life
when the open road is closing in
and the dotted yellow lines begin to spin
and the sky begins to fall on every thing you like at all
you won't be coming home again

Ciao - you keep on grounding in the roads between the
towns
now I have been closing all the shutters in the house
I know you'll be back when every tree is turning brown
you'll find the house is empty and the swingset fallen
down
when the open road is closing in
and you can't say where it ends and you begin
when every truckstop dive's another five years off your
life
when the open road is closing in
and the dotted yellow lines begin to spin
and the sky begins to fall on every thing you like at all
you won't be coming home again