

## 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