

Turnpike Divides

Thursday

There's a thousand black cars
Driving around in my blood stream
I'd have to take a thousand pills
To find out where their headlights lead.
Is it cold New York?
Is it freezing in your bed?
Because I caught a deep chill
When I went over the Hudson again.
It's alright, counting city lights,
Where the Turnpike divides,
Waving goodbye to my former life.
I don't want to be a self-medicator
But it's hard to sleep when you're born to run.
I'm sick of living life in the Garden State Trap
But all the roads are pointing home again.
Holy Cross has got a headstone all picked out for me
And my only job is to walk around until I fall down at it's feet.
Maybe home is just the place you can never escape:
From the Camden City graves to the edge of the Palisades
It's alright, counting city lights,
Where the Turnpike divides,
Waving goodbye to my former life.
I don't want to be a self-medicator
But it's hard to sleep when you're born to run.
I'm sick of living life in the Garden State Trap
But all the roads are pointing home again.
And I'll be counting the city lights
Blinking on and off tonight as life passes by
And I'm left behind, standing on the shoulder of the Jersey Turnpike.
Buildings seem to rise like coffins full of stars getting buried in the sky.
You want to laugh and dance... to be free? Well, alright--
I've been thinking about those days I wanted to sleep
And you'd wake me up just before you'd leave
And I'd fall back into a dream:
Walking in fresh city snow that you'd never seen
And I'd never leave your side.