

Get Out The Map

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I'm gonna clear my head,
I'm gonna drink that sun.

The saddest sight my eyes can see
Is that big ball of orange sinking slyly down the trees.
Sittin' in a broken circle while you rest upon my knee,
This perfect moment will soon be leaving me.

Eileen calls from Spokane, the coffee's hot, the corn is high,
And that same sun that warms your heart will suck the good earth
dry.
With everything its opposite enough to keep you crying,
Or keep this old world spinning with a twinkle in its eye.

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Get out the map,
Get out the map and lay your finger anywhere down.
We'll leave the figuring to those we pass on our way out of town.

Don't drink the water, there seems to be something ailing everyone.

I'm gonna clear my head,
I'm gonna drink that sun.
I'm gonna love you good and strong while our love

is good & young.

Dori left for North Utah a few years ago
And then Tim took a job almost over on the west coast
And me I'm still trying to live half a life on the road

Seems I'm heavier by the year
(heavier by the year)

And heavier by the load
(heavier by the load)

Why do we hurtle ourselves through every inch of time and space?
I must say around some corner I can sense a resting place.
With every lesson learned a line upon your beautiful face,
We'll amuse ourselves one day with these memories we'll trace

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