

## Down the Open Road

Meg & Dia

Carried my suitcase, across the highway nobody stopped.  
I don't blame them  
In my pocket, a cigarette and coupons  
I thought my future woulda been different  
I'm headed down.  
Got to Cheyenne, met an honest man eyes like honeycomb, down the streets we roamed he said,  
"You can't stay here, it's best to keep moving.  
This town is haunted, this place is jaded. It's going down."  
Woke up in a seat belt.  
Headed for the next town  
Keep foolin myself, shame can't cross state lines the truth about me,  
I don't wanna know, what the truth about me is,  
I wouldn't like what I was hearing, but don't let it get me down.