

I leave as soon as it gets light outside  
Like a prisoner breaking out of jail  
And I steel down to business fifteen-five-oh-one  
Like I had a bounty hunter on my tail

And somebody stops to pick me up  
But he drops me off just down the block  
And along the highway where the empty spirits breathe  
Wild sage growing in the weeds

Walked down the soft shoulder and I count my steps  
Headed vaguely eastward sun in my eyes  
And I lose my footing and I skin my hands breaking my fall  
And I laugh to myself, and look up at the skies

And then I think I hear angels in my ears  
Like marbles being thrown against a mirror  
And along the highway where unlucky stray dogs bleed  
Wild sage growing in the weeds

And some days I don't miss my family  
And some days I do  
Some days I think I'd feel better if I tried harder  
Most days I know it's not true

I lay down right where I felt cold grass in my face  
And I hear the traffic like the rhythm of the tides  
And I stare at the scrape on the heel of my hand  
'til it doesn't sting so much and until the bloods dried

And when somebody asks if I'm ok  
I don't know what to say  
And along the highway  
From cast-off innumerable seeds  
Wild sage growing in the weeds.