

1, 2, 3, 4

Arlo knows the freeways like he knew his family's farm  
All the paths and routes it'll take you from where you are to where you're going  
And he could drive 10,000 miles and never have to turn around  
Black beauties in the glove box for when he was feeling down

He carries around his wife in a Tupperware on the seat  
And he'd swear he could see her ghost flicker when he flips on the high beams  
When the driving gets too quiet he'd sing her the songs that used to make her dance  
A little blaze in the morning to chase away the night time's trance

So is this all you have for me  
So tell you it's not what I pictured when I was 17  
And I keep on trying but I just can't believe  
This is all you have for me

He used to own some cornfields up in old Illinois  
Development screw-  
like cancerous tumours and the government bled him dry  
He held on just long enough to watch his son grow up  
Bank called they took it all left him with nothing but his luck

So he pulls up to the neon glow of an old six motel  
He stayed here about 100 nights but he never sleeps well  
As the static on the TV lulls him off to sleep  
Swears he could hear her voice whisper between the chatter in his dreams

Is this all you have for me  
I tell you it's not what I pictured when I was 17  
And I keep on trying but I just can't believe  
This is all you have for me

I keep on trying but I just can't believe  
This is all you have for me