

Sleep

Billy Woods

Rode through the pass, four in the Pathfinder
Driving fast, the mountains behind us
Trees mash in the grinder
Secret compartment, fine china
Catch a Fire, Night find us
Black Hills, wide awake pills
Each a turn at the wheel
Two sleep, one picks CDs, ride to the beat
Hug the road to Noreaga's Driver's Seat
Switch at 3
Stretch, air crisp, breath steaming, piss, slept dreamless, dri-
fting
Open country, squat prisons
Cities of the Plain hum in the distance
One thousand miles from Christmas
Watching the speed limit on the road to perdition
Bad coffee, gasoline
Hard stares from men in muddy jeans on tailgates
Shared nicotine
Back on the road, feels like snail's pace
Questioning the fail-safe
Day breaks miserly
Gray slate pressing down great weight
There is only one road, the one you made

And they say they say they say they say they say they say
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