

Lace

Dijon

Everything that happened was a blur
I flip through a map inside a gas station
I see where I am and where we were
We blew 15 hundred on the way just tryna make it
When we finally got to Hollywood
We stayed 11 days in that place right off of Wilcox
You were saying we would catch a break
But you were tired, I could see it on your face
And you were scared, I could see it on your face
Our fingers laced up
I missed the way the winter tastes
I miss that wooden staircase we raced up

I heard a screech on the 101, I rubber neck
And watch 'em wreck, some rotten things suppressed and bottled up
A half-image flashes of us laughin' piss-drunk
Then a half-image flashes of us fightin' piss-drunk
Lightning hit the stump in a stretch of white heat
Barreling through Omaha, floatin' tumbleweed
Startles me awake, the car starts to shake
I glanced at your hair-tie around my handbrake

I was a brilliant speck of light across a lonely landscape
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Now are you okay?
Sometimes you holler in your sleep
You say your whole head feels like a faucet when it leaks
You say your whole head feels like a white noise machine
You say your whole head feels like a colony of bees

I was lured out by a light
And I couldn't tell what time it was
I was afraid of it
But I was compelled towards it
And it pulled me in