

Highway

Ferron

the moon's on full
fm
full moon

the speaker in the sky
she's loud and wise

and the highway I'm on
is shimmering

the signs shudder
there's one more strand of light
one last wisp of the wand
before night

the highway I'm on
is shimmering

the streets are bare
everyone's tuned to the glare
it's just me, street
wind and hair

the highway I'm on
is shimmering

I'm writing with my hand covering the light
so my friend can still see when she drives
turns are fast
changes too
I still have a patch over my eye
over you

the highway I'm on
is shimmering

long live the Sparkly Queen
she came from the east
and rests in the west
like me

the trees are like claws
coming by
they're Ozark stark
black on blue
I still have the aftertaste of you

the highway I'm on
is shimmering

there's something about these streets
how they fuel us