

Two Thousand Four

Fruit Bats

In the year two thousand four
I drove out to the West Coast
In my own tour van
Trying to be a big man or something

And the furthest point from home
It felt like salvation
To the far end of the road
To the unknown

Some go to the mountain
Some find the city
Yeah, some find what they're after
'Cause sure, some know what they need
When it comes to figuring it all out
I've had enough

In the second act, out on a raft
Floating off the West Coast
I've seen each parking lot
Every garden plot in this world

To two thousand four, year of our Lord
Sometimes my mind goes
I can still hear your laugh
As we sat in the bath

Some are drawn to horizons
Some are drawn to the sea
And yeah, some find themselves family
Some find inner peace
But when it comes to figuring that all out
I've had enough