

Sleeping On The Interstate

Granger Smith

At 4 am, a five piece band
Gets R.E.M. in a Chevrolet van
Running late...
So we're sleeping on the interstate
We're a left lane friend
Threadin' the cars
Passin' 'em like satellites in the stars
We pull away...
Sleeping on the interstate

The white line's stretching like a yellow brick road
We chase it down, hurry up
We never go slow,
Gas in the tank
Music in the soul
Here we go, here we go
Connecting map dots like poets and prisoners
Trying to live more like a lover than sinner
A slave to dreams so far away
So we're sleeping on the interstate.

Freedom is the fuel makin' eight wheels roll
We close our eyes and think about home
So it's okay...
Sleeping on the interstate
And there's me in the back in a six foot bunk
Gettin' used to the rocks of the road
It's tough, but I'll find a way
Sleeping on the interstate

The white line's stretching like a yellow brick road
We chase it down, hurry up
We never go slow,
Gas in the tank
Music in the soul
Here we go, here we go
Connecting map dots like poets and prisoners
Trying to live more like a lover than sinner
A slave to dreams so far away
So we're sleeping on the interstate.

I'm breathing in the miles
I'm reeling in the years
I'm takin' some in stride
And some in tears

The white line's stretching like a yellow brick road
We chase it down, hurry up
We never go slow,
Gas in the tank
Music in the soul
Here we go, here we go
Connecting map dots like poets and prisoners
Trying to live more like a lover than sinner
A slave to dreams so far away
So we're sleeping on the interstate.
We're sleeping on the interstate.

Sleeping on the interstate.