

Pulled over at midday  
The joker's still wet behind the ears  
You read off a novel of novice citations  
Outside the service station  
The glue sets beneath our heels

My baby's in Massachusetts  
And all this booze is useless  
Sunset singing our scratched out sighing souls to sleep  
And the cashier here is ruthless  
Jeanette, I wrote your name down  
But I'd hate that job as much as you do if I was stuck between  
Brunswick and Jefferson too

Days like this I miss listening to records  
Making chili together  
Dirt roads and dead end streets  
I tried sleeping at MJ without you last night  
That didn't work at all, cause I couldn't sleep  
Sometimes I wish it was still last summer  
And you and I still lived in fuckin West Philly  
And we weren't playing a show in Nebraska, or Austin, Texas  
Asking the kids what they ate for breakfast

But here I am, Valero bathroom  
Who's paid to keep these things cliché?  
Bury me beneath New York state  
It's the only place where I feel dead

My baby's in Massachusetts  
And all this booze is useless  
Sunset singin' our scratched out sighing souls to sleep  
And the cashier here is ruthless  
Jacob, I wrote your name down  
But I'd hate this job as much as you  
But now we're stuck between