

Faultline Blues

Sam Roberts

I come from the east,
I come from the heart of the beast, of the beast
Where dreams are made of factories,
where hearts pound with heavy, hurried beats, hurried beats
Can't stay here, can't tow the line
I'm leaving for pacific standard time

Now I'm headed west,
trying to get this heavy weight off my chest, off my chest
And the ones I love the best know
that 'till I reach the sunset, I won't rest, I won't rest

I left home on St. Valentine
And headed for pacific standard time

Now I'm on the trail to Kerouac, if he's unbroken, too
G.P. died not far from here, he was wailing at the moon
Twenty-nine palms are just enough, one less would be too few
If I'm the diamond in the rough, then you're the morning dew

Even ticking clocks can't ease your mind
When you're counting on pacific standard time

In orange groves on storage streets, I find a steady mind
Wanna dip my feet in pacific standard time
Human constellations burning out before they shine
Just to dance a little while in pacific standard time

Even ticking clocks can't ease your mind
When you're counting on pacific standard time

Stuck between the insane and sublime
You're livin' on pacific standard time