

I-80

Squirrel Flower

I tried to be lyrical, but lyrics failed me
So I gave up poetry and ran west on I-80
The birds were watching from above
As I flew on too and gave it all up and gave up on love

I tried to be my best to you, I tried my hardest'
But I couldn't keep it down, I had to keep goin'
The summer slipped in slow as I burned too
And from that fire found somethin' new

Turn away, fly away
Turn away, fly away
Fly away, fly away