

White Sands

Still Corners

On a lonely highway
From where I came
The road ramps high
Like a runway for an airplane

It's where I came from
It's where I've been
Always wandering around and around and around
Around

I'm the last drifter
From the white sands
For two hundred years
I've roamed across these badlands

It's where I came from
It's where I've been
Always wandering around and around and around (The sun hurts my eyes)
Around (The sun hurts my eyes)

On a lonely road
Neon white
Blue in the dark
No other signs
On a lonely road
Strange lights
Wait
White Sands
White Sands

Ride on, ride on
Ride on, ride on
Ride on, ride on
Won't you ride on

On a lonely highway
On a lonely highway

Around
Around