

I'm on the chase like a letterpress
Dead ends and dreams tend to coalesce
All things will end and you know it best
I'm not a movable type but

I'll call you on the road
There's somewhere I need to go
There's still more I need to know
We brace ourselves for the snow
When Fillmore County gets cold

Scared it's the last time
That I'll ever see you
If we don't speak again
How can I forgive you?
But you've got a hold on me
It's kinda like magic
Yeah, it splits me right in half
When everything's a trick

I'll call you on the road
There's somewhere I need to go
There's still more I need to know
We brace ourselves for the snow
I probably should have known
The way things go on your own
How clay loam always erodes
The world spins out of control
And Fillmore County gets cold