

# Western Terminal

Banner Pilot

We could move back home,  
but there's one thing that I know.  
It's that this life can get fun,  
when you count on fate and good luck  
to get you through it.

And whiskey spills,  
get soaked in medical bills.  
When you start a dead end.  
I guess that'll mostly depend,  
on your reaction.

So when I see you now.  
You can wrap your arms around me.  
Say I've changed and held your breath.  
And nothings been right since I left.  
But you forget my name,  
and we just stand around in silence.  
'Til you sigh and walk away,  
and say I'm done with your bullshit.

Leave. There's no way down.  
I fall asleep and dream of the freeway.  
Roll my window down.  
I assail the dust, and I breathe the new day.  
Turn to me and shout.  
Run away, and it's never too late.  
Go miles beyond all doubt.  
Then we laugh it up, cause we know we'll make it out.

Come back home, and everything that I own  
it's in the back of my car.  
Someone photographed my guitar.  
A kind of freedom.

Breaks are shot.  
And there's rust.  
And there's sparks.  
It seems the miles were not bad.  
Its still got some life in it yet.  
I'll keep the tempo

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and say I'm done with your bullshit.

Leave. There's no way down.  
I fall asleep and dream of the freeway.  
Roll my window down.  
I assail the dust, and I breathe the new day.  
Turn to me and shout.  
Run away, and it's never too late.

Go miles beyond all doubt.  
Then I cough away, no I almost made it out.

And I can see the morning sun.  
I don't know what I'm running from.  
But I know there's rabbit in my blood.  
What's a couple drops and it turned to flood.

Wander off of this rail line track.  
Shake the world and think both cars back.  
Glad I finally knew where I'm at.  
I'm just standing. I'm just standing.

Wander off of this rail line track.  
Shake the world and think both cars back.  
Glad I finally know where I'm at.  
I'm just standing. I'm just standing still.  
I'm just standing still.