

# Truckers Atlas

Modest Mouse

I'm going to Colorado to unload my head  
I'm going to New York City and that's in New York, friends  
I'm going to Arizona  
Sex on the rocks all warm and red  
And we bled

And the writing in the stall said  
We write our maps in the stalls  
I'm going up to Alaska  
I'm going to get off Scot-fucking-free  
And we all did

This truckers atlas roads the ways  
The freeways and highways don't know  
The buzz from the bird on my dash  
Road locomotive phone

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Road locomotive phone

I don't feel and I feel great  
I sold my atlas by the freight stairs  
I do lines and I crossed roads  
I crossed the lines of all the great state roads

I'm going up, going over to Montana  
You got yourself a trucker's atlas  
You knew you were all hot  
Maybe you'll go and blow a gasket

You start at the northwest corner  
Go down through California  
Beeline you might drive three days  
Three nights to the tip of Florida

Do you speak the lingo?  
Oh oh no  
Do you speak the lingo?  
No no  
How far does your road go?  
Oh no, you don't know

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I'm going up to Alaska  
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And we all did

And the writing in the salt says  
We ride out to the stars  
I'm going to Arizona  
Sex on the rocks all warm and red  
And we all did

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