

Sleeping Between Trucks

No Use for a Name

When you wait for someone to come trough
I'm sorry to inform you of the news
On your own, you'll stand in line and wait
To let them pick your poison and then decide your fate

Standing on lines that you never want to cross
Better listen to the boss
I know you're lonely too
I'm sleeping between trucks thinking of you

Overwhelmed? What do we really know?
We've never had to live out on the road
In the next five years I'm going to guess
The less we see the beauty, the more we see this mess

In your room you see a painting on the wall
But you don't see me at all
I know you're lonely too
I'm sleeping between trucks thinking of you