

Anchors

Will Hoge

We left town in a borrowed car not sure just where to go
So we drove west on 40 straight into the glow
Of a pastel-colored sunset where no one really knows
If it's sayin' "Boy, keep drivin'" or "Turn and go back home"

But you looked at me and I could see your mother in your eyes
I thought about the things she lost and how she always cries
And how your daddy tries to fight the truth with Bombay gin
And I knew we'd keep goin' to try to end up less like them

Oh, the sins of the father
Drag like anchors on the kid
Come on, let's go a little farther
All the way to anywhere more than this

We hit Tulsa, Oklahoma on the third day of July
Got a cheap apartment to wait for firecracker skies
So we could celebrate rich old white, poor boys that died too young
What says "freedom" more than havin' a new place to be from

Oh, the sins of the father
Drag like anchors on the kid
Come on, let's go a little farther
All the way to anywhere more than this

You get eight buck an hour to fix the hems on ladies' gowns
I go to school to learn computers and at night I work downtown
Servin' drinks to college kids whose daddies pay the bills
They ain't seen the real world yet, and prob'ly never will

Oh, the sins of the father
Call like echoes to the kid
Come on, let's go a little farther
All the way to anywhere more than this
Come on to anywhere more than this