

Chris Walla, St. Modesto

St. Modesto

You were the ground line humming
You were the thread of fire upon this night
You could feel the living
You staggered and blew your money
A summery tailwind there upon our heels
Ooh, me and you, me and you
Down the valley
You'd drag me along for measure
The boredom was deafening at any speed
Still I could hear your breathing
You were as loud as the engine's gravel
Winding through Altamont, towards the sea
Ooh, you and me
If you're the one who can save this broken wreck
Then this is the end, we'll be through soon I suspect
Don't argue, these are facts
San Francisco
Eighty and four miles later
We were the vapor trails among the hills
There above us
An antenna of God, a broadcast
The table of contents right down through the trees
We were the pixels on the fallen leaves, oh, what do we do?
Are you the one
Who can save this gory mess?
I know you're a friend
You've been right and true I guess, I guess
I know you'd take one on the chin
You'd take it in the teeth for me
We are a team, but we are untied
I'm sinking with the weight of all the things I cannot do
But when I'm losing it, when I'm losing it
I know you're losing it too
St. Modesto
You were the guitar I'm strumming
You were the power cord that made the light