

R.E.M., Low Desert

It happened fast, it's over quick.
A little dust and the engine kicks.
Did your hands drift down off the wheel?
Roll out, hit your windshield

An eyelash or a little bit of sleep? Time stands still.
Just call it now and you're on your way (hey, hey, hey)

All the ashtrays, cities and the freeway drives
Broken casino and waterslides
Eighteen-wheeler, payback dice.
Gravity flows on the power line.

Jet stream cuts the desert sky.
This is a land could eat a man alive.
Say you'd leave it all behind.

There's a radio tower that's egging me on
Back to the place where you never belong.
Where people thrive on their own contempt.
Whatever meaning is long gone, spent.
If you had to guess or make bet,
Would you place yourself inside of it?
The mountains yawn, the clouds let out a sigh.
"Tricked again." Let go, okay.