Rest Stop #9

On the 15
I picked up a hitchhiker
He pulled out a knife

*Take me where I wanna go*

I sped up
120 130 140

*Stop*
*You're going too fast*
*Stop*

150 160 170

*I have a f*king knife
*Stop you're gonna kill us*

*Roll down the window*

*What*

*Roll down the window*
*Toss the knife*

He did
I stopped
He got out
You gotta remember
When you're driving
You call the shots

Rest Stop #10

That's far away
I hear it all the time
You sure drive a lot
How long does it take

I get it
When you leave the next province
When you leave the capital
When you leave the city
When you leave from out west
When you leave the States
When you see it from another continent

Besides it's true
It is far
I mean
When you hit the road
The time it takes
To get there

It's far
At first
Then you leave
Then you go
And you drive

And you get there where
All at once
It becomes
Home