U.S. Route 50

[lyrics](#LYRICS)



A picture containing text, grass, scene, road

Description automatically generatedA picture containing scene, way, road, roadway

Description automatically generatedA picture containing sky, outdoor, road, scene

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The route runs through mostly rural [desert](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Desert) and [mountains](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mountain) in the [western United States](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Western_United_States), with the section through [Nevada](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nevada) known as "[The Loneliest Road in America](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Loneliest_Road_in_America)". In the [Midwest](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Midwest), US 50 heads through mostly rural areas of farms as well as a few large cities including [Kansas City, Missouri](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kansas_City,_Missouri); [St. Louis, Missouri](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St._Louis,_Missouri); and [Cincinnati, Ohio](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cincinnati,_Ohio).

The route continues into the eastern United States, where it passes through the [Appalachian Mountains](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Appalachian_Mountains) in [West Virginia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/West_Virginia) before heading through [Washington, D.C.](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Washington,_D.C.) From there, US 50 continues through [Maryland](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maryland) as a high-speed road to Ocean City.

* **Meet me 15 miles north of that lumber stop town where the asylum brought us in and the prison kept us around.**
* **And that night I took flight, listen for my whistle in the night.**
* **Grabbed the stick in your arm only to realize it was your bone.**

04/06/2022

***Verse:***

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| I | III | IV | V |
| Break | From the past | And if your ghosts keep calling | Just ignore their cool requests |
| Try to affix | Your crackpot lense | Remember all these sinking ships | Once took trips and belly laughed. |
| Don’t | Stop the flow | You know that there is nothing else | But to let it go |
| Hang | Hang around | Let me love you. | Let me be your loyal clown. |
| Don’t feel good | To be put on | Got handbagged by my lady | She don’t seem need me around. |
| Guess I’ll check out then,  head | out on my own | Follow the first star  I see | straight out over  the ocean. |
| And just maybe I’ll even make it | all the way to Neverland. | I’ll Errol Elynn all my enemies | Swashbuckle beauties with a shiteater’s grin. |
| Time will cough up all | But when it cracks and finally rats | Is anybody’s call |  |
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***Chorus/bridge:***

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| IV | III | II | I |
| Don’t you know that the old road | Is getting older | And older | Still |
| Nothing keeping it together | But a stubborn | Act | Of your will. |
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01/30/2021

Dusk swimming off the dock,

while blue day fades to blue night—

fire crackling on the fourth of July.

Sirens rent the deep woods peace—

freezing mother’s blood in her waterbed.

A freight-train wind is coming—

huddle in the paneled hall.

while the pines genuflect

against the walls.

* **12/07/21 =>  
  Living in the city with a slicked back way.  
  exchanging calls with customers, trying to make them pay  
  She called me with a suggestion, but I still can't say  
  If believing her would have made an iota of difference to the outcome of that day. | 12/07/21**
* **12/06/21 =>  
    
  Somedays I find myself thinking about leaving the city  
  can't keep this counter clean and it's making me mean  
  all the tourist spots that I foget to hold in regard as nothing more than just something seen in passing, they seem to all think its worth seeing  
  maybe I am really missing something. | 12/06/21**
* **12/06/21 => Everythings got me thinking maybe I should be leaving the city  
  Escape this low-visibility haze  
  stop just trading my days for wages  
  Get away from all these unrepented carparks  
  trail out into a new arc | 12/06/21**
* **12/06/21 =>  
  I'm thinking of leaving the city  
  can't afford it here  
  at least that much is clear.  
  The skies are too heavy/hazy  
  the walls are closing in, back to those cramped old 20th century proprotions again.  
  gotta get out of here  
  the rents too dear  
  he lent me his bravado and then resented my fear.  
  can't keep the glass clean and its making me mean. | 12/06/21**
* **12/06/21 =>  
  I had a dream that you told me you were leaving the city  
  heading away for some suburban farmshare thing to be new your parents cause your aunt got sick.  
  I know it might sound sick or stupid or just superstitious, but I can't help feeling guily for my thoughts, cause even the bad ones that I forgot have already come true once upon a time in some other far-flung but just as real dimension.  
  but should this make me anxious, or should this make me free  
  all my bad decision were just experiments in living  
  finding ways to die that don't drive me to despair  
  staying up late at nights to search for low-price airfare  
  all of the this change has got me thinking about leaving the city,  
  it might take a while, but I've got a plan, an eyte patch like Snake and a new way to walk (like they do in Japan)  
  so I'll make my way, eventually,  
  I'll bring all the things  
  the truth that rigns  
  the relationships that offer harbor from the storms  
  the cutlures that cater to our needs all along the faultlines of our ever changing norms. | 12/06/21**
* **12/06/21 => All of this change has got me thinking about leaving the city  
  pulling up stakes, putting on the brakes, trying to make up for my mistakes  
    
  rollling out over those well-tred plains  
  memorizing lines for my mind to rearrange  
  being sure to put my sure foot forward  
  trying to pick up where I left off  
  might even read some Nabokov  
  in the stockyards a bell is clanging, we'll see youn in Racine for the 4th of July. | 12/06/21**
* **11/29/21 => I'm thinking about leaving the city  
  can't afford to stick around  
  the skies are too hazy  
  the air too thick and heavy  
  everything seems to be getting a bit too harry  
  can't keep the counter glass clean  
  and the whirling of the client carousel is making me a little mean  
  let's fold these jeans up and get the fuck out of here. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => thinking 'bout leaving the city  
  dressing up and making money ain't all its cracked up to be.  
  Me back on the TV playing pitchman for some gems again. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => I'm all caught up on the history of modern pain  
  I've read the books and I've felt the rain  
  Shit in and of itself is unimportant  
  how the shit is dealt with is the message. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => He said life's not really about that shit  
  life is action, he said, so its what you do with it. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => Sometimes they're different-- the inside and the outside versions of the ugly things I say. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => I never mean to be so mean  
  I seem to not always mean what I say  
  But you seem to believe me whe I get carried away.  
  it must just be my sense of humor carrying me away. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => thinking 'bout leaving the city  
  got my bags packed, might go today  
  my money's all good cause I just got paid  
  Taking highway 41 all the way from Copper Harbor to Biscayne Bay.  
  gonna find my way from the pines to the palms  
  gonna meet a pretty girl  
  gonna turn twenty-one  
  thinking 'bout leaving the city  
  gonna run away, gonna run all day.  
  the parade route just isn't my cup of tea  
  so I'll slip out sideways and escape down the alley.  
  And I'll wait for you in secret like I have before  
  like a best friend, hound-dog eyes on the door.  
  Or a lonely sailor searching for a sign of shore  
  I'm sorry I said I'd do it then didn't  
  I said what I said and I really thought that I'd meant it  
  But my thoughts keep spinning, some old and dusty, some freshly minted  
  some crisp and straight, some twisted and demented. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => thinking 'bout leaving the city  
  break my lease for a new way of living.  
  say goodbye to my move-in fee and my old TV.  
  My Russian watches and all the aluminum I've collected just in case I find my way to Michigan. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => we played naked Chinese chess in a bath house  
  i took your king without my violence  
  mercifully smothering the awkward silence. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => thinking 'bout leaving the city  
  escape this church courtyard and the manuscript that it keeps sneaking up to creep me out with.  
  thinking 'bout leaving the city  
  buy a carton on my way of duty free cigarettes.  
  thinking 'bout leaving the city  
  thinking about all those sex acts that made you laugh  
  and we cross port meadow for a pint at an Inn  
  and we crossed the meadow  
  though we won't come back again.  
  thinking 'bout leaving the city  
  | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => Everybody in this town keeps letting everyone else down. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => Go on get a job, engage in some self-sabotage  
  dodge the barrage of shit that incessantly finds you everywhere  
  Pick a day, throw a fit  
  Find a glove, try, aquit  
  Good down the way you got up  
  Beat a drum, howl the moon  
  Open your eyes early to catch the sun coming up  
  They say there are many ways to die, but only one way to live  
  Or did I get that backwards,  
  a bit of a buffer between aell those panic that really don't have any actionable solutions.  
  The anxiousness of med students  
  as they become expert in all the many ways a body can really die. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => All this change has got me thinking about leaving leaving the city  
  tender my resignation, find a new place in my Nation.  
  It seems I keep running into condemnation  
  my critics line up alll around me  
  but the inner one's my bitterest my enemy  
  | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => If we are wise, we'll get real and realize the staggering stakes on all sides,  
  humanity quivering,  
  livid and giving, veils lifting on brides  
  distance runners hustling but still failing to out pace their times, we all get caught in the muck and muddle, we all get forced onto sides, but when it comes to A or B, ain't it plain to see humanity should be so much more nuanced, eccentric and free. | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => I'm tired of the winter, I'm tired of feeling shitty.  
  want to get off of this landlocked grid, pussycat my way out of the rat race.  
  | 11/29/21**
* **11/29/21 => All this changw has got me thinking about leaving leaving the city  
  surrendor to that sweet parade, find a new place, forget my old name. | 11/29/21**
* **11/27/21 => Keep the sun behind so the light doesn't burn out your eyes. | 11/27/21**
* **11/27/21 => You can't outrun your times, you've always got to choose sides. | 11/27/21**

What’s your hurry, it’s all just a journey.

Two scared kids a VW bug and a date with destiny.

We are not the enemy.