

Toward Oblivion, XOX

jackson tegu – guitar and vocals eli fair – cello

written in that bus, accompanied by haidan, chris and dane, high summer 06

recorded by jackson & eli at the inspiration academy, early summer 09, mastered by bob schwenkler a few days later into the summer 09

hundreds of miles
from his old home to the western shore
hundreds of miles
from bloomington to olympia
lets focus on a clean part of the slate
we'll keep driving west 'til we run out of states
hundreds of miles
from indiana to oblivion

making up our histories as we roll along, inventing where we're coming from
pointed at some place to belong that's hidden over the horizon
soda scams and travel songs, the direction is what we will become
smiling as each day is done, this bus stops at oblivion
this bus stops at oblivion

the strength in your arms and that look in your eyes,
fool me twice and i'll be delighted
guess we don't know what to do with our lives,
your fingers lie, they don't wish to bid me goodbye
and maybe now is not our time, there's lots of reasons why
and if i'm gonna drive all night, that's fine, but i still feel empty inside
i still feel empty inside, and this bus stops at oblivion
this bus stops at oblivion

hundreds of miles
from his old home to the western shore
hundreds of miles
from bloomington to olympia
lets focus on a clean part of the slate
we'll keep driving west 'til we run out of states
hundreds of miles
from indiana to oblivion

for once in my life i don't know what to say,
my heart and mind are only distantly related
so i'll put it in gear and hit play,
we count it the same but we keep time in different ways

and today is just today, and right now i'm ok,
and i'm not going crazy, love, no i'm already there
i'm already crazy and i feel empty inside and this bus stops at oblivion
this bus stops at oblivion

the cars on the interstate shine in the sun,
truckers say "you win when you lose some"
but i way less than half-way agree,
though i wonder what we'll leave as we cross this generic country
we slide through nameless towns, this guitar is breaking down
and life is pouring in
this bus stops at oblivion,
this bus stops at oblivion
this bus stops at oblivion.