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Road trip part 3: Gasoline

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Welcome to the kickassride of the outcast! Blazing down the backlandroads of

everywhere and nowhere, volume on max with speedwind clawing through your

hair and pink nails on the steeringwheel. This is life on mescaline!

You can still feel the smell of gasoline on your skin from where the stationguy forced

his fingers into your hips as they moved through red curtains and smoke and

oblivion...

The tenderness of the body and it's ability to remember for you...

(somehow it reminds you of something to do with love)

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