

Road trip part 3: Gasoline

Press * to continue:

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)