

The Great Unknown

Better Than Ezra

Hannah left for Burning Man
With a bag full of contraband
She said, "The stars look better in the desert
When you're rolling with a friend
Ain't got shit to do in Baton Rouge
So, what have I got to lose?"
Hannah left for Burning Man
With a bag full of contraband
Singing ay oh, whoa
Singing ay oh, whoa (I'm gonna get a little out there when I get there)
Find myself in that desert air
Sink like a feather, float like a stone
Into the great unknown
Into the great unknown
Hand hanging out the window
And Petty playing on the radio
Singing, "Oh, my, my, oh, hell yes."
Only a thousand miles to go
I bet back at home they're waking up
Wondering where the hell I've run
Hand hanging out the window
And Petty playing on the radio
Singing ay oh, whoa
I'm gonna get a little out there when I get there
Find myself in that desert air
Sink like a feather, float like a stone
I'm gonna get a little out there when I get there
Find myself in that desert air
Sink like a feather, float like a stone
Into the great unknown (Oh...) Hannah left for Burning Man
With a bag full of contraband
She took a long trip on a moonless night
And she never came home again
I'm gonna get a little out there when I get there
Find myself in that desert air
Sink like a feather, float like a stone
I'm gonna get a little out there when I get there
Find myself in that desert air
Sink like a feather, float like a stone
Into the great unknown
Into the great unknown
Into the great unknown
(Ay oh, whoa...)

Into the great unknown

Songwriters

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