

Westward Bound (The Whitest Blankets)

Friday Mile

Roll the firecracker in your hand. Light the other end
Toss it out into the clear black sky and let the noise begin
 Let the neighbors try and stop you
 Let them try and break your way
Let them listen to the soundtrack of your leaving
 Independence day
 Let the sirens echo in your head
 As they chase you out of town
 Make a mad dash to the county line
 Westward bound
 Let the neighbors try and stop you
 Let them try and break your way
Let them listen to the soundtrack of your leaving
Place your hands upon your knees to take a breath
 And to look back
Nestled underneath the whitest blankets, sleeping in a tent
 Now the neighbors can not stop you
 They will never break your way
They'll never listen to the soundtrack of your leaving
 Independence day

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>