Bandits

Children 18:3

We know most people they get tiresome
We gotta find a way to get around them.
The open road it ain't my home
But when you're close everyone else looks lonesome.
Let's hitch a ride to somewhere stark where the law won't recognize your face.
I'll hold you close, we'll find new names and then forget why we are running.
Tell me.
We're in this together.
Relax.
I won't let them near you.
I heard they got a sun of gold that shines down on Mexico.
When we get there all tired and broke
We'll leave the Camaro in the desert.
If we get caught I wouldn't turn you in,
I would pretend like I don't know you, if I had to.
It'd break my heart but if I knew you got away it'd give me peace of mind.

Till the day I died.
Tell me.
We're in this together.
Relax.
I won't let them near you.
But I awoke to blaring sirens so I covered you with my jacket.
They bound my hands with metal bands but I screamed to be distracting.
I drove away in their back seat,
Saw your crying eyes behind the tumble weeds.
When I get out, I'll come to find you, cause you're my other half.
I never told you that, never told you that.
Tell me.
We're in this together.
Relax.
I won't let them near you

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