

40 Oz to Freedom

Sublime

You've got your hair permed
You've got your red dress on
Screamin' that second gear was such a turn on
And the fog forming on my window tells me that the morning's here
And you'll be gone before too long Who taught you those new tricks?
Damn I shouldn't start that talk,
But life is one big question when your starin' at the clock
And the answers always waiting at the liquor store, forty ounce to freedom
So I take that walk And I know that oh, I'm not comin' back
Oh not going back
Oh God knows not going back
Oh not goin' And you look so fine, when you lie, it just don't show,
But I know which way the wind blows
A forty ounce to freedom is the only chance I have to feel good
Even though I feel bad And I know that, oh, I'm not goin' back
Oh not going back
Oh God knows I'm not going back
Ohh Oh, I'm not goin' back
Oh not going back
Oh God knows I'm not going back
Ohh

Songwriters

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