Going Away

The Sixties

Please don't forget me. I'm going away.
I'm taking a taxi to Kentucky
where they don't need to know all about me.
I just need to feel safe.
I've got a thousand sweaters and shoes and paintings
to hide the skeletons in my bed.Don't ask where I'm going.
I'm going away. I'm going my way.
Finally it's my time to be lonely, and lost, unloved and i can't wait.
Don't forget what I said. Don't forget my letter.
Every night I pray for you. I don't got no religion, isn't that something?I'll miss those days. I saved that bottle, its now 10 years aged.
I've got some bibles I could sell for money, and a pair of fresh shaved legs.
Won't you baby come with me?
I've got extra space, in my car, in my heart, in my mind,
look there's the passengers seat by the post cards you gave.
(Don't know where I'm going)But he said, "slow down. Slow down. Think it over.
We've all got wretched closets,
but silly girl pride kills more than aids lately."
I said, " Come on. I've thought it over. I don't want to die here.
I have no desire to get married."
I can't race the others anymore.
No. I must learn to race myself.I'm going away. I'm going my way.
Finally it's my time to be lonely, and lost, unloved and I can't wait.
Please forget what I said. Please forget my letter. (I'll find my way)
Every night I pray for you, I don't got no religion isn't that something
I'll miss those days. I...I...I'm not going half way!
Every night I pray for your. Don't believe in heaven.
Or that it could be a happy place.
I'm going away.

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