Getaway

The Milk Carton Kids

The shatter of the bottles
Would scare me something awful as a kid
My fear how it would harden
And find a home in places that I hidI'd tear 'em down
And run away
I never found
My getawayOutside Tuscaloosa
The time you thought you turned it all around
Remember how you used to think
You could salvage anything you foundYou knew it then
You know it know
The rattling chain
Still rattles loudAnd all those years of moving
I was slowly losing all my name
No matter what I'd ruin
It couldn't hold a candle to the pain (mmm)My tears are real
And all my own
Pouring down
They're all aloneThe soft roll of the water
Reminds me of my father's parting words
"Son, now don't you bother
Looking for your place out in the world"The tide'll roll
Through the waves
Son you'll find
Your getaway

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