# Getaway

## Storyhill

At the top of the Ferris Wheel
you screamed out.
And in the hotel that night
you didn't sleep.
'Cause your sister was crying
on the balcony,
and your mother and father
were out.It was your family's last attempt
at Florida.
In the last days before
the aftermath.
You were always hanging on your father's arm
in the sunny, faded photographs.
And you hated and you loved more than you
ever have.
Getaway, getaway, getaway.They sat together on the stairs
and they watched you play in the waves.
But in a whisper in the hallway
mother said
that "I guess there's nothing left to say."
Getaway, getaway, getaway.
Getaway, getaway, getaway.
Getaway, getaway, getaway.
Getaway, getaway, getaway.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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