

# The Getaway

## Point Blank

I never really know who you are  
You could be a ghost for all I know  
Whenever you're home  
Picking up pieces of my heart  
Like leaves that have fallen on our garden path

Who's gonna fly your plane  
When you need to make your getaway?

But I'm still holding on  
Calling you back home, calling you back

I never really know who you are  
You could be a ghost for all I know  
Whenever you're home  
Used to be closer than my skin  
Turned a blind eye to the odds and I bet everything

Who's gonna fly your plane  
When you need to make your getaway?

But I'm still holding on  
Calling you back home, calling you back  
You hear my flesh and my bones  
They're calling you back home, they're calling you back

This house lives in silence for most of the year  
You're a million miles away but you couldn't be nearer  
Please break my heart just so I can feel  
At least I would have something that I could believe

But I'm still holding on  
Calling you back home, calling you back  
You hear my flesh and my bones  
They're calling you back home, they're calling you back

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