

# Box Elder

## Fonda 500

Wasn't the question you asked me  
It wasn't the answer I gave  
That made me feel like I was on a train  
Was a distant voice  
Made me make a choice  
That I had to get the fuck out of this town  
'Cause I got a lot of things to do, a lot of places to go  
Well, I've got a lot of good things coming my way  
And I'm afraid to say that you're not one of them  
Last time I was there  
You were out on the couch  
Pressed into a little electric tube  
It was the way that you smiled  
It made me know at once  
That I had to get the fuck out of this town  
'Cause I decide to take a stand  
Oh, I'm not gonna take your hand  
Oh, I'm taking the next bus outta here  
I'm gonna head to Box Elder, M.O.  
Box Elder, M.O., Box Elder, M.O.  
Box Elder, M.O.

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