Some Bullshit Escape

The Good Life

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Called in sick for work
said the fevers getting worse
There's a lot of that going around
I packed a duffle bag
With some clothes from the attic
It's getting colder in the eveningI hocked my pocket watch
And a couple old guitars
I could hardly stand to play them
I drew all my savings out
Closed my bank account
stuck the money in the glove boxI drove away on Monday
I couldn't say where I was going to
It's just something I had to do
I was bored of it by Thursday
driving amorously down aimless interstates
searching for queues
Yeah for youAnd I don't know where you are
I guess I haven't looked to hard
because I'm afraid that I might find you
IS it special where you are
Like Xanadu or Shangri-La
Is it anything like OmahaI called in sick on Monday
I was already of the next couple of days
Some bullshit escape
I was back to work on Thursday
yeah, The fevers gone I think I it beat
The fever bite me, yeah it bite me
But I been sleeping and taking things
I think I've got it beat...

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