

Maps for the Getaway

Andrew McMahon In the Wilderness

Parked outside the house we used to live
And there's a light left on inside
Think of all the days we spent
Orchestrating accidents
Lights that used to blind us
Somehow they will guide us through the night
Following the outline of your face
I can see your breath move in the dark
Through all the autopilot years
The tears of joy, the face of fear
Now that we're not hiding
Somehow you're still riding in my car
No cash in the bank, no paid holidays
All we have, all we have is
Gas in the tank, maps for the getaway
All we have, all we have is time
Parked outside the house we used to live
Staring down the green roof and the walls
The balcony, the hills, the pain
The years of hope, the months of rain
Now that we're outside it
I guess we survived it after all
No cash in the bank, no paid holidays
All we have, all we have is
Gas in the tank, maps for the getaway
All we have, all we have is time
All we have is time
All we have is time
No white picket fence, no job with the government
All we have, all we have are
Mornings in bed, coffee and aspirin
All we have
No cash in the bank, no sign of yesterday
All we have, all we have
Is gas in the tank, maps for the getaway
All we have, all we have is time
All we have is time
All we have is time
All we have is time

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