

# Idaho

## Nerina Pallot

In the back of a car on a road in the dark  
In the stillicide, silently falling snow  
I've packed everything that I own in a bag  
And I'm driving, I'm driving to Idaho A poem for leaving, a reason to go  
So I'm driving, I'm driving to Idaho 'Cause I can't be anyone but me, anyone but me  
And I can't keep dreaming that I'm free, dreaming that I'm free  
I don't want to fall asleep and watch my life from fifty feet  
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Idaho  
'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty And oh, I've been dumb, I've been perfectly beautiful  
Lain on my back buying lovers with stealth  
But I'm sick of you all and I'm sick of opinions  
And I'm sick of this war I wage on myself And I don't know why I'm so gripped to go there  
A universe riddle that only I know  
Mr. Robert he says, "It's all in the head  
Tell me, Phaedrus, what's good, is it Idaho? 'Cause I can't be anyone but me, anyone but me  
And I can't keep dreaming that I'm free, dreaming that I'm free  
I don't want to fall asleep and watch my life from fifty feet  
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Idaho  
'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty, 'cause I hear it's mighty pretty 'Cause I can't be anyone but me, anyone but me  
And I can't keep dreaming that I'm free, dreaming that I'm free  
I don't want to fall asleep and watch my life from fifty feet  
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Idaho I don't want to fall asleep and watch my life from fifty feet  
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Idaho  
'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty in Idaho

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