

Joe Evans

"Get Away Car"

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Newspaper blanket
And a basket case full of bones and fragmented
memories.
Feels like a gambler when he tanks it,
For his loser's share of empty promises
About who he was bound to beA

And now he's sleeping on the street,
Underneath hopeless stars.
And he don't know how to get back on his feet.
And the company he keeps don't let him get too far.
It's a hold up and no get away car.
No get away car

And it's a foreign language, and a bottleneck rolling
round on the ground.
What a sad sound it can be.
Dazed in a daydream that you can't shake, eggshell
and you're over,
Over-easy

And so now he's sleeping on the street,
Underneath hopeless stars.
And he don't know how to get back on his feet.
And the company he keeps don't let him go too far.
It's a hold up and no get away car.
No get away car.

It's candy cane cancer,
And a sweet tooth for the devil's disease.
Everything adds up for a sorry excuse to act like you
never had a chance
To have a life and be what you dream.
Oh whoa ho 3x yeah, whoa oh, whoa ho ohhh

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