

The Harters

"Gettin' Out Of Dodge"

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Ready for a change
I'm sick of walking through the rain
I knew that there would come a day
I'd be ready, I'd be ready

I tip-toed around the glass
In the wake of our aftermath
So I packed up all these memories
Old pictures of you and me
And I'm gettin' out of Dodge, ooh

I feel alive, I'm finally free
I'm flying over you and me
And I can't afford the price I pay
So I packed up my Chevrolet
And I'm gettin' out of Dodge

Ready for a change
I'm sick of walking through the rain
I knew that there would come a day
I'd be ready
Oh I'd be ready

Oh I'm tired of this town
Tired of this town
Lord I'm tired of this town
Tired of this town
So damn tired of this, tired of this,
Tired of this, tired of this, tired of this town

I'll take a tank of gas
No, thank you Sir, I don't need a map
But I'd love that old tape of Tammy Wynette
And what the hell, a pack of cigarettes
I'm gettin' out of Dodge

I'm ready for a change
I'm sick of walking through the rain
I knew that there would come a day
I'd be ready, I'd be ready

I can't afford the price I pay
So I packed up my Chevrolet
And I'm gettin' out of Dodge
I'm gettin' out of Dodge
Oh, oh, ooh
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na na na na na na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Oh oh

Finally ready, finally ready
Ready for a change

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