

## **Bugs In Amber**

### **"Rockin' Chair In The Country"**

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Wake up son we've got to go  
Throw on some clothes we've gotta go  
Take this foreign car and drive four hundred miles just  
down the road  
I'll see ya' in a bout a week  
We'll take a silver lincoln to the beach to frolic in the  
sand and sun  
But don't forget discrete

We're laying low from this heat  
They don't need a better impression to make their  
heads play  
Infatuation games curiosity with lives of strangers  
Vacation hide out paranoid  
Intimidating concscious droid  
Dpend to many wasted energies afraid to go back  
home  
I wonder if the news is true  
Don't quite wanna fall into the same adjusted  
Sick mentality of always on the run

When I'm not quite done here  
Going back to small town reality in the morning  
Carefree secret story and rockin' chair in the country

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