

Camera Obscura

"Let's get out of this country"

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Let's get out of this country

Let's get out of this country
I'll admit I am bored with me
I drowned my sorrows and slept around
When not in body at least in mind
We'll find a cathedral city
You can convince me I am pretty

We'll pick berries and recline
Let's hit the road dear friend of mine
Wave goodbye to our thankless jobs
We'll drive for miles maybe never turn off
We'll find a cathedral city you can be handsome I'll be
pretty

What does this city have to offer me
Everyone else thinks it's the bee's knees
What does this city have to offer me?
I just can't see

I just can't see

Let's get out of this country
I have been so unhappy
Smell the Jasmine my head was turned
I feel like getting confessional
We'll find a cathedral city you can convince me I am
pretty

What does this city have to offer me
Everyone else thinks it's the bee's knees
What does this city have to offer me
I just can't see
I just can't see

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