

Liz Durrett

"Batmobile"

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Fire up the batmobile cause I gotta get outta here
I don't speak the language
And you gave me no real choice
You gave me no real choice
You made me see that my behavior was an opinion

So fire up the batmobile cause I gotta get outta here
It's the mouth of the gift horse, I know
But I gave it my best shot
I gave it my best shot
I gave you the performance of a lifetime

So I hope you all will see
There just isn't a place here for me
I look around and feel like somebody must be fucking
with me
I just can't take any of you seriously
And I can't keep keeping myself company

Fire up the batmobile cause I gotta get outta here
Big shoulders block the view
You can't get your money back
You can't get your money back
You can't pretend that "isolation" is the same as
"privilege"

So I hope you all will see
There just isn't a place here for me
I look around and feel like somebody must be fucking
with me
I just can't take any of you seriously
And I can't keep keeping myself company

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