

Marc Broussard

"My Great Escape"

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[PART ONE]

Kickin' stones down by the gypsy shacks
Along the wrong side of the tracks
Steppin' over all the cracks
Cross my fingers too

Wishing on that lucky day
When I finally make my getaway
Won't be nothing left to say (no no)
Only one thing left to do

Just run through the valleys
And down through the woods
Out in the alleys
Past the old neighborhoods
(And I know I got) so far to travel
And the hour is late
But it's out of the darkness
When I make my great escape
When I make my great escape

[PART TWO]

He's travellin' down the road tonight
His heart is heavy but his load is light
He fakes to the left but he moves to the right
On a lonely road tonight
He moves to the right

And he drops a penny into a wishing well
Nobody hears him as far as he can tell
He sees a thousand other wishes lying there
And he rightly wonders if the gods will care
If the gods are gonna care

So he runs through the valleys
And on through the woods
Down in the alleys
Past the old neighborhoods
(And he's got) so far to travel
And the hour is late

But it's out of the darkness
When he makes his great escape
When he makes his great escape

When he makes his great escape

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