

Pat Mcgee

"On Your Way Out Of Here"

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People pleasing people, who are you partial to.
Its the same old people, pulling the wool over you
Their eyes can see all the darkness others only stir.
The medicine that you need is the only cure.
And it's fighting you day to day, you got to get out.
Your passion will guide you, it's your ticket to...

Chorus

On your way out of here, bring your soul with you.
On you way out of here, wish one thing new
You'll be a pilgrim in search of nothing at all.
On your way out of here, inside your walls.

You're under the scope just to seek out, the truth
belongs to you
Come out, come out all you children, to see this one
through.
Their souls will sense all the madness, but sense is
often wrong
Smiling down at the soaked up ground, waiting for so
long
To push the day down under, you better look out.
Hide beneath the shadows, escape the doubt.

Papa said don't you preach it, if it seems new to you.
You're riding around with you car top down, folks taking
shots at you.
They're not shooting to hurt you, just to test your vision.
They'll pout you back on empty, at the filling station.
Kindly setting you up for a no-win situation.
Put your hands on the table and wave goodbye.

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