

## The Ex Box Boys

### "My Way Out"

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I saw the east side today  
I've been an ocean slave for so long  
There's something that I can't resist  
Something in the ocean mist  
Living anywhere else would be wrong  
I've added it up  
I can't get enough  
I've learned to say  
I've been playing it tough  
There's plenty to see  
Optimistically optomisticaly  
I saw some grinders out the back  
Perfect little six foot shacks  
Plenty of lip to crack  
But we're gonna break out  
And see what's outside our front door  
Not coming back  
Until we found what we're looking for  
Found what we're looking for

And we'll meet back here again  
Till' time rolls over the end  
And we'll die in our home town  
Know I found, know I found  
And we'll meet back here again  
Till' time rolls over the end  
And we'll die in our home town  
Know I found, know I found  
My way out  
I saw some smoke coming out the stacks  
Not another soul around  
The ocean perfect like glass  
But that's not gonna stop us no  
From leaving the safety of the shore  
Not coming back  
Until we found what we're looking for  
Found what we're looking for

