

Escape Directors "Chicago"

Visit "[Chicago](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm heading down to Mexico
In a stolen car from Chicago
and I don't think I'll ever make it back

They claimed I shot a man up there
in a drunken bar, smoke in the air
But I've never even met that man before

Don't runaway, you've got bills to pay
And a family to protect from the law
But I must move on or else I'm gone
My family will be fine without me here
They don't need me anymore

I read the Ginsberg apathy
and drank like Charles Bukowski
But never lived a life on the run

Oh it's scary here on my own
Fleeing death on the open road
I hope I make it out alive

I made it to the border
A fugitive of fame
A half a tank of gas to my name

A family in the states
I never will forget
But I don't think they even know my name

Visit [Escape Directors](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.