

Eskimo Callboy

"Getaway"

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Get in the car
You know the way
Going on a holiday

Up in the morn
Quarter to six
Frozen milk on weet bix

We'll, see, happier times
If we, don't, cross, imaginary lines
On the back, seat, it'll be fine
Cause we got four hours to drive
That's if we get there alive
Oh yeah

Stop on the way
Fill up the gas
Pity, I can't feel my ass

Throw in the tape
You know the one
All the kids can sing along

We'll, see, happier times
If we, don't, cross, imaginary lines
On the back, seat, it'll be fine
Cause we got four hours to drive
That's if we get there alive
Oh yeah

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

I think it's round the next bend
The post cards that I won't send
They're always full of shit
So you'll get over it

Ooh who-oh who-oh who-oh yeah, yeah, yeah

End of the day
Feel much the same

Going home is such a shame

Wait for a year
Cause you know then
We can do it all again

We'll, see, happier times
If we, don't, cross, imaginary lines
On the back, seat, it'll be fine
Cause we got four hours to drive
That's if we get there alive
Oh yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I think it's round the next bend
The post cards that I won't send
They're always full of shit
So you'll get over it

Oooh who-oh who-oh who-oh yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah.

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