

Nerina Pallot

"Idaho"

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In the back of a car on a road in the dark
In the stillicide, silently falling snow
I've packed everything that I own in a bag
And I'm driving, I'm driving to Idaho

A poem for leaving, a reason to go
So I'm driving, I'm driving to Idaho

'Cause I can't be anyone but me, anyone but me
And I can't keep dreaming that I'm free, dreaming that
I'm free
I don't want to fall asleep and watch my life from fifty
feet
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Idaho
'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty

And oh, I've been dumb, I've been perfectly beautiful
Lain on my back buying lovers with stealth
But I'm sick of you all and I'm sick of opinions
And I'm sick of this war I wage on myself

And I don't know why I'm so gripped to go there
A universe riddle that only I know
Mr. Robert he says, "It's all in the head
Tell me, Phaedrus, what's good, is it Idaho??"

'Cause I can't be anyone but me, anyone but me
And I can't keep dreaming that I'm free, dreaming that
I'm free
I don't want to fall asleep and watch my life from fifty
feet
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Idaho
'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty, 'cause I hear it's mighty
pretty

'Cause I can't be anyone but me, anyone but me
And I can't keep dreaming that I'm free, dreaming that
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I don't want to fall asleep and watch my life from fifty
feet
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Idaho

I don't want to fall asleep and watch my life from fifty
feet
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Idaho
'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty in Idaho

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