

Color Fred, The "Get Out"

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I walked up to a drive thru
Had to hitch a ride to get myself fed
It was late but I know it's never to late to call you
You're a good friend with a bad tendency to get in over
your head
Don't you, don't you fall asleep
(Gonna get us both killed, driving back to Coatesville)
I swear I'll make it back someday
I swear I'll make it back

Get out, get out, get out
You're not driving
Get out, get out, get out
You're not driving
Get out, get out, get out
You're not driving
Get out, get out

I woke up on a greyhound in a new town
Then again I was here a month ago
It was your birthday
It fell on a Friday
And I should've been there
For that I'm sorry
Regardless

Don't you, don't you fall asleep
(Gonna get us both killed, driving back to Coatesville)
I swear I'll make it back some day
Someday

Get out, get out, get out
You're not driving
Get out, get out, get out
You're not driving
Get out, get out, get out
You're not driving
Get out, get out

We hit the ice
Just before the telephone pole

We hit the brakes
But there was no escape
We hit the ice
And I see a car in your future
They stitch and they sew and they suture
But this day will scar
And right now we know how lucky we are
Don't you fall asleep (We know how lucky we are)
Don't you fall asleep (I swear I'll make it back)

Get out, get out
Get out, get out
I swear I'll make it back some day (get out, get out)
I swear I'll make it back some day (get out, get out)
I swear I'll make it back some day (get out, get out)
I swear I'll make it back (get out, get out)
Get out, get out,
Get out, you're not driving
Get out, get out
No, not in the state you're in
Get out, get out
Get out, you're not driving
Get out, get out, get out, get out, get out

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