## Dollyrots, The "Out of L.A"

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A driving hot day
The whiskey warms my body
Out through the desert
We're passing means, we're on our way
We're on our way out of L.A.

The snowy Converse
Melt on me while I'm walkin'
So sick and broken
Not gonna make it past halfway
We're on our way out of L.A.

On and on and on and on and on We won't be long And on and on and on and on and on We don't belong We won't be long

Basements, Wisconsin
The Abbey Lounge in Boston
A floor to sleep on
A two-month bender, so I say
We're on our way out of L.A.

On and on and on and on and on We won't be long And on and on and on and on and on We don't belong We won't be long We don't belong We won't be long

Hey hey hey, hey hey hey No oh oh, no oh (X3)

No concrete ocean

Nobody telling me to

But we keep looking

For those we've lost along the way

While on our way out of L.A.

We won't be long, we won't be long We don't belong, we won't be long We don't belong, we won't be long

On and on and on and on and on We won't be long
And on and on and on and on and on We don't belong
We won't be long
We won't be long

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