

Good Life, The

"Some Bullshit Escape"

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I called in sick for work
Said the fevers getting worse
There's a lot of that going 'round
I packed a duffle bag
With some clothes from the attic
It's getting colder in the evening
I hocked my pocket watch
And a couple old guitars
I could hardly stand to play them
I drew all my savings out
Closed my bank account
And stuck my money in the glove box

I drove away on Monday
I couldn't say where I was going to
It was just something I had to do
I was bored of it by Thursday
Driving aimlessly down aimless interstates
Searching for cues-yeah, for you

And I don't know where you are...
I guess I haven't looked too hard
I think I'm afraid I might find you
Is it special where you are?
Xanadu or Shangri La?
Is it anything like Omaha?

I called in sick on Monday
I was already off the next couple of days
Some bullshit escape
I was back to work on Thursday
Yeah, the fever's gone
I think I got it beat
The fever bit me, yeah it bit me,

I've been sleeping
And taking things
I think I got it beat

And I don't know where you are
I bet I'll never find you out

There's a lot of that going 'round

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