

## **Lopez On The Runway**

### **"Exodus"**

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"Exodus"

Pack up your suitcase with words you never tried to  
define

Three syllable words up for grabs, yours or mine

We're running from the town and it's surrounding land  
A couple of beatnik kids with a Jack Kerouac novel on  
our backs

Tuned into country radio, Willie's singing about the  
road

I'd never listen to it apart from an occasion similar to  
this

You died on a daisy after you drank yourself silly  
Drunk all your lucky number two  
For God has rocked you in a deep, deep sleep  
Put the discerning prophets to sleep  
Put the farsighted seers to sleep

Pawing through a photo album full of places you've  
tried to hide  
From your eyes, for such a long time

Summer's weary eyes locked onto you  
Dancing on the kitchen floor without a pair of shoes

The pin's on empty, your laugh's run dry  
There's sand everywhere, there's tears in your eyes  
Let's go home

You died on a daisy after you drank yourself silly  
Drunk all your lucky number two  
For God has rocked you in a deep, deep sleep  
Put the discerning prophets to sleep  
Put the farsighted seers to sleep

I think if I knew what I was looking for  
I would've found it by now

You stress the significance of finding yourself  
I'm not on the road or in the paperback books upon  
your shelves

It was gruesome, just the way that we lived  
Times were hard but it was easier to give  
We had to run from the town you call home

Let bygones be bygones, it's all in what you say  
We could live here forever, forget about today

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