

Getting Out

©Joan Zen 2001

All Rights Reserved

I can't wait to get out of here  
Out of this place out of my face  
Got to get out of here  
Get out of my head, out of this bed

Oh, oh, there's no getting out for free  
There's a nominal fee, there's no guarantee  
Oh, oh, there's no escape for you and me  
if we try to proceed without a receipt

I can't wait to run out of fear  
Run out of this dread, hung over my head  
Gonna run out of beer. I'll be all alone  
Maybe get stoned. I won't answer the phone

Oh, oh, there's no way to get far enough  
away from the truth that's inside of you  
Oh, oh, you can't escape your belief in your fate  
How can you be saved when you're fading away?

Getting out can be achieved so easily for somebody like me, or you, it's true.  
Why should you stay if you're not satisfied?

Oh, oh, your future is your past it seems  
you're watching your dreams fall apart at the seams.  
Oh, oh, you'll get out all that you put in.  
Your original sin, is when you gave in.

I can't wait to get out of here (x 3)