

Escape from Ohio

Electric Six

There were twenty, maybe, twenty-five of us
Drivin' out to California in a bus
We were looking for a good time
And a radio station we could trust.

Suddenly we heard an angry thud
And our mighty chariot turned into a dud
We were stopped there in our tracks, man
Adjacent to some cows chewing their cud.

Lord, please send some mercy down to me.
50 miles south of Bowling Green...
This will clearly never be my scene.
Why does every city start with 'C'?
There's only one sure thing that I know:
I've got to get out of Ohio!
'Til then I'll never feel love.

They say that what you give is what you're gonna get
It's no wonder everything's gone to shit.
Because they've given us John Boehner,
You better believe they've given us Jean Schmidt!

And the floodgates of hell have opened wide
It's better to get all politics aside.
They're gonna roll out Joe the Plumber
Just to make sure our minds get properly fried.

Lord, be merciful and let me die.
50 miles south of Lodi.
Round on both ends and the middle's high.
What's so great about a buckeye?
Whose might is riptide and undertow
There's no escaping from Ohio.
I'll never get to feel love.

Hey!
The walls they are closing in,
But I'm just inside of Michigan.
The only way that I'll obtain ya,
Is if I get over to Pennsylvania.
Except for TV, V, and DEVO
Nothing seems to redeem Ohio.
It is the state that killed my love.

Hey!
Don't you want to come with me
Hey!
And make a break for Kentucky
Hey!
I still got something to put in ya
Hey!
But we'll have to go to West Virginia.
And I've heard great things about Indiana, too.