

## Some Bullshit Escape

The Good Life

Called in sick for work  
Said the fevers getting worse  
There's a lot of that going around  
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  
Stuck the money in the glove box

I drove away on Monday  
I couldn't say where I was going to  
It's just something I had to do  
I was bored of it by Thursday  
Driving amorously down aimless interstates  
Searching for queues  
Yeah for you

And I don't know where you are  
I guess I haven't looked to hard  
Because I'm afraid that I might find you  
Is it special where you are  
Like Xanadu or Shangri-La  
Is it anything like Omaha

I called in sick on Monday  
I was already of the next couple of days  
Some bullshit escape  
I was back to work on Thursday  
Yeah, the fevers gone I think I it beat  
The fever bite me, yeah it bite me  
But I been sleeping and taking things  
I think I've got it beat