

Leaving the Monsters Behind

The Jayhawks

Leaving the monsters behind
Sticking it out
Never knowing what you got

Bury me down by the river lazy
Kicking around
All the old favorite haunts

I don't want to fight
Giving it up
Screaming at midnight
I don't want to fight
Seems there's no place to hide

One step ahead of the hustle
If I move fast
Maybe I'll outrun my past
With a little spit and some muscle
Like steve mcqueen
Tearing down the san francisco streets

I don't want to fight
Giving it up
Screaming at midnight
I don't want to fight
Seems there's no place to hide

Hearing the brakes down on the interstate
Diesel fumes and run-down motel rooms

Moccasin soft drawing straws
Sleeping it off in the starbuck's parking lot

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