

# The Great Escape

## Atlanta Rhythm Section

Heaven help the junkie  
He has made a grave mistake  
He became a prisoner  
Shootin' for the great escape

Don't you point your finger  
Give the boy a break  
He thought he'd take a tiny taste  
And he would find the great escape  
From that same ol', same ol'  
It's the same old story

Hey there, you cocky rock god  
What you so proud about?  
I wanna know  
Those loyal fans who eat you up  
They'll chew you up and spit you out

Whoa, like a passing fancy  
You're bound to fade  
Big for awhile, and then out of style  
You are just the great escape  
From that same ol' (same ol'), same ol'

Look at all the people  
Lookin' for the great escape  
Young folks, old folks going up the country  
They're headin' for a holiday

Life ain't no picnic  
It ain't no piece of cake  
Listen to my music, people  
And help me make my great escape