

Plan B

A Balladeer

So here's the plan: you take the car
And drive it down to somewhere south
I love the smell of tar that melts
But that is not important now

This is me believing
This is free America
This is me believing

We'll fool around and flip the bird
Fucked up on amphetamines
We'll share a drink and sing along
To a long forgotten evergreen

This is me believing
This is free America
This is me believing

Don't you try and save me
If God exists
Then maybe I don't want to know
I decided it's time to go

And somewhere on the open road
You stop but you keep the engine on
And I'll get out without a word
You just sit and watch me start to run

I'll make my way through corn and thorns
Straight until the sun goes down
I'll wake up to the sound of birds
Near a long forgotten town

Don't you try and save me
If God exists
Then maybe I don't want to know
I decided it's time to go

I'll cut my hair and grow a beard
I'll find a simple place to live
The job I'll get will pay the rent
The Texan sun will tan my skin

It will tan my skin