

## 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