

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