

# The Great Unknown

Better Than Ezra

Hannah left for Burning Man  
With a bag full of contraband  
She said, "The stars look better in the desert  
When you're rolling with a friend  
Ain't got shit to do in Baton Rouge  
So, what have I got to lose?"  
Hannah left for Burning Man  
With a bag full of contraband

Singing ay oh, whoa...  
Singing ay oh, whoa...

(I'm gonna get a little out there when I get there)  
Find myself in that desert air  
Sink like a feather, float like a stone  
Into the great unknown  
Into the great unknown

Hand hanging out the window  
And Petty playing on the radio  
Singing, "Oh, my, my, oh, hell yes."  
Only a thousand miles to go  
I bet back at home they're waking up  
Wondering where the hell I've run  
Hand hanging out the window  
And Petty playing on the radio

Singing ay oh, whoa...

I'm gonna get a little out there when I get there  
Find myself in that desert air  
Sink like a feather, float like a stone  
I'm gonna get a little out there when I get there  
Find myself in that desert air  
Sink like a feather, float like a stone  
Into the great unknown

(Oh...)

Hannah left for Burning Man  
With a bag full of contraband  
She took a long trip on a moonless night  
And she never came home again

I'm gonna get a little out there when I get there  
Find myself in that desert air  
Sink like a feather, float like a stone  
I'm gonna get a little out there when I get there  
Find myself in that desert air  
Sink like a feather, float like a stone  
Into the great unknown  
Into the great unknown  
Into the great unknown  
(Ay oh, whoa...)  
Into the great unknown