

Roadmovies

Bettie Serveert

I'm inside this movie
And I'm some sort of actress
They got the proper location
But I'm wearing the wrong dress

They got so many actions
And they can't find the film crew
And I guess I might as well be in the nude
'Cause there's no one here to tell me what to do

Down at the station
They have started the New Age
I got a full invitation
But I flunked at the last stage

There were too many questions
And no, no one to talk to
And I guess that's what they call 'in solitude'
When there's no one here to tell the answers to

This is your solid tear
This is your landing gear
This is you on and on
We're heading down the road of self-reliance

I once knew this lady
She was full of frustrations
She's a suntanned example
Of a worn-out Caucasian

She said, Don't take the offer
'Cause you don't really need to?
And I guess that's why she hates, her solitude
'Cause she never had a heart to listen to

Bouncers in rehab
Saying they'll get you
'Cause they know you're not leaving
Until someone connects you

To the proper authorities
Who have somehow forgotten
How to make a civil person out of you
And now there's no one here to tell the answers to

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We're heading down the road of self-reliance
Heading down the road of self-reliance