

# Enough To Get Away

Joseph Arthur

What's the difference from a Saturday night  
Where the light spreads dark around the drunk hearts  
In their headless hallways where bodies are  
put on the market place  
To happiness endlessly taking pills  
With the young going down  
I see nothing or nowhere  
I know what I've found  
Must be in paradise

Next year we will live in the country  
With our money, by day the sky builds  
Doing our laundry and renting us some random machines  
Getting our religion and sex on the TV  
Assumptions made simply to get away  
Everyone old is already with me  
On tiny decks enjoying midsummer weather and friendly company  
And in their picture frames there you and I will be  
Knowing what we've found

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Bright drops of blood so my thoughts are  
I turn to lie down but sleep stays far  
I'm just an echo of the song going through my head  
The light behides the ghost  
But I'm the one that's dead  
And I think of who you be  
When you're here with me  
Maybe it's a spiritual disease  
Sliding through shoots of oblivion into infinity  
Back into our maker's hands  
No more rain or controversy  
Knowing what we've found

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