

You know it seems like everytime I turn around I'm looking the other way.
I don't know what it was about that place,
but there was always people behind me.
People kept stepping on my heels.
So I see myself getting into my pickup truck,
and there in the passenger seat, I see my dog staring at me with one eye.
I don't turn right onto my street.
I just keep driving and the world spins beneath my feet.
Get me out of here, anywhere at all.
Get me out of here, I don't care at all.

I'm driving down highway ten.
I look in my rearview mirror, there's that cop again.
God knows how long he's been there.
Don't want to get trapped inside my head.
I remember everything they said. I want you all out of my brain
.
You won't drive me crazy. I'd rather drive myself insane.
Get me out of here, anywhere at all.
Get me out of here. I don't care at all.

So I look again, and the cop is gone. Or is he in front of me now?
I don't know. I can't be sure. So I pull off the road.
I must've barrelled down that dirt trail ten or eleven miles in to the desert
before I ran out of gas.
I stepped out of my truck into the blazing Texas heat,
and I turned to see my dog puking out the last of my lunch.
I was shit out of luck. So I reached into my survival skills, and realized I didn't have any.
You know someone once told me you can suck water out of a rock.
I don't know who told me that, but it doesn't work.
I don't know how I got west of Texas. Get me out of here.