

Get Me Out Of Here

The Greenhorns

Get me out of here,
Far away from here

Yes I know, I don't belong
Get me out of here.

(We used to look alive/alike/We still look alike?)
Nothing here is right
Now I wish things weren't so wrong
Get me out of here

All of (the/my?) world is a daydream
Such a sweet thing

Sleep in the grass
Having a gas

Yes I know, I don't belong
Get me out of here

In the world, everyone's in such a hurry
I know why, because, because time is (nothing/moving?)

You must discover a way
In which to be free
And easy

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