

High tide's up
And the water's coming in on the shore
Usually wait until vacation
But I sure can't take this city anymore

Work's been hell
And that rush hour traffic's never been a breeze
Ain't no hustle where I'm goin'
Just a warm trade wind a blowin' through the trees

I don't need no sympathy
That won't bring satisfaction
Just need to charge my battery
Had a bad reaction
Gonna do my best to decompress
Chill-axin'

I could fire up my ol' motorcycle
And head up to the country where it's green
Maybe head up to Montana
But there's something about the ocean that's serene

Fifteen hundred miles
Still got seven hundred left to do
But it don't seem like forever
When you know that you're outrunnin' the blues

I don't need no sympathy
That won't bring satisfaction
Just need to charge my battery
Had a bad reaction
Gonna do my best to decompress
Chill-axin'

There's a worm in the bottle and Wild Shot on the table
With some salt and lime and some mezcal maybe I'll be able
To find my paradise, put this broken world on ice
Chill-axin'

High tide's up
And the water's coming in on the shore
I usually wait until vacation
But I just can't take this city anymore