

## Giving Up the Hero

Zita Swoon

I'm giving up my trespass,  
I think I'll sit upon my roof  
I think that's  
High enough for me to crawl  
I think I don't need any proof  
I'm giving up the hero,  
I think I'll hand around  
In this same old town,  
I'll put my money down  
And I, I was in a movie  
I was on the run  
I been in everybody shoes  
I had my fun  
I'm getting of your turnpike  
I think I need relief  
The dirttrack that I trust in  
Is good enough for me