

Towards Los Angeles

Zox

I've been dreaming of a great escape
A tunnel cut in stone with razorblades
Running a fever of a hundred and three honey
I gotta break out before it breaks me

It's never or it's now
What do I have to lose?
What do I have to lose?
Too late to turn around
What do I have to lose?
What do I have to lose?
I'll be following the falling sun
First steps are the hardest ones
Don't matter who you are when you know what you can become
Towards Los Angeles
Towards Los Angeles

Got a revolver stashed beneath my bed
I've got some money too I hope I use that first
I'll thumb up the highway by the light of the moon honey
Eighteen wheels sail me back to you

It's never or it's now
What do I have to lose?
What do I have to lose?
Too late to turn around
What do I have to lose?
What do I have to lose?
Strange the way it looks up close
The neon, sun and the holy coast
One last cigarette and on the count of three I go
Towards Los Angeles
Towards Los Angeles