

# Admiral Freebee, Try To Get Away With You

Split up lovers  
Oiling the wheels of friendship  
But a 6 A.M. booty call always ruins it

Next time I will arrive  
Police escorted at the scenery  
And then the cops can't protect me  
From my own machinery

Don't get me wrong, I still like your song  
But it sounds a little too tragic  
So let's raise the glass up high  
To the magic going by

Well it ain't easy to do  
But I'm trying to get away from you

Wreckage and ruins  
It's all that I see  
And I was hoping the devil in the alley  
(?)

Will I stop the grieving  
Will my future be blue  
Will I be on the road to freedom  
Wearing my new skin

But it ain't easy to do  
But I'm trying to get away from you  
But it ain't easy to do  
But I'm trying to get away from you

And there were so many things that I still needed to say  
But I was not going to say them anyway, anyhow  
She's your lover now

Well it ain't easy to do  
But I'm trying to get away from you  
But it ain't easy to do  
But I'm trying to get away from you