

Eskimo Joe, Getaway

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Get in the car
You know the way
Going on a holiday

Up in the morn
Quarter to six
Frozen milk on weet bix

We'll see happier times
If we don't cross imaginary lines
On the back seat it'll be fine
Cause we got four hours to drive
That's if we get there alive oh yeah!
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Stop on the way
Fill up the gas
Pity I can't feel my ass

Throw in the tape
You know the one
All the kids can sing along

We'll see happier times
If we don't cross imaginary lines
On the back seat it'll be fine
Cause we got four hours to drive
That's if we get there alive oh yeah!
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I think it's round the next bend
The post cards that I won't send
They're always full of shit
So you'll get over it
Oh, woh, woh, woh, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

End of the day
Feel much the same
But going home is such a shame

Wait for a year
Cause you know then
We can do it all again

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If we don't cross imaginary lines
On the back seat it'll be fine
Cause we got four hours to drive
That's if we get there alive oh yeah!
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I think it's round the next bend
The post cards that I won't send
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Oh, woh, woh, woh, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah