

Green Day, Westbound Sign

Boxed up
All of her favorite things
Sold the rest at a rainy yard sale
Big plans and leaving friends and
A westbound sign
Weighed out
Her choices on a scale
Prevailing nothing made sense
Just transportation and a
Blank decision...

She's taking off
Taking off...
Taking off...
Taking off...

No time and no copping out
She's burning daylight and petrol
Blacked out the rearview mirror
Heading westward on
Strung out
On confusion road
And ten minute nervous breakdowns
Xanax a beer for thought
And she determined...

She's taking off
Taking off...
Taking off...
Taking off...

Is it salvation?
Or an escape from discontent?
Will she find her name
In the California cement?
Punched out of the grind
That punched her one too many times...
Is tragedy 2000 miles away?

She's taking off
Taking off...
Taking off...
Taking off...