

# 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...