

Grinspoon, Get The Fuck Out Of Here

I measure everything from New Orleans
When you got drunk and i got tired
And now I'm living in the Phillipines
Feeling cold and uninspired
I shouldn've touched affection
He just whispers in your ear

And no ones got directions
No
How to get myself out of here
How to get myself out of here

I built a castle out of plastercine
For cosmopolitian theatre shows
And now i'm sitting near the guilotine
in the basement down below

I took a chance on your fake affection
I've got a friend who could consilate
A broken band needs a last direction
Yeeah

I just can't help but be afraid
I just can't help but be afraid
I just can't help but be afraid
I just can't help but be afraid
Oh Oh-Oh Oh

I measure everything from New Orleans
When I got drunk and you got tired
Now I'm living in the Phillipines
Where I'm afraid so i get wired

I should've touched affection
And he just whispers in your ear
No ones got directions
No
How to get myself out of here
How to get myself out of here
How to get myself out of here
How to get the f**k out of here