

MARC COHN, My Great Escape

Kickin' stones down by the gypsy shacks
Along the wrong side of the tracks
Steppin' over all the cracks
Cross my fingers too
Wishing on that lucky day
When I finally make my getaway
Won't be nothing left to say (no no)
Only one thing left to do
Just run through the valleys
And down through the woods
Out in the alleys
Past the old neighborhoods
(And I know I got) so far to travel
And the hour is late
But it's out of the darkness
When I make my great escape
When I make my great escape