

R.E.M., Permanent Vacation

(Berry/Buck/Mills/Stipe)

Gotta get away, gotta get away
Gotta get away, gotta get

I'm on a permanent vacation
Nothing left to move
I want a revelation
Nothing left to prove
I could take it with me
Leave you all behind
Got some kind of feeling
Burnin' on my mind

Sleeping late in the morning
Stay out all night long
Every day is like the one before
I'm going wrong
I'm going wrong

I'm on a permanent vacation
Nothing left to move
I want a revelation
Nothing left to prove
I could take it with me
Leave you all behind
Got some kind of feeling
Burnin' on my mind

There's only one thing you can do
This I gotta do, oh, oh, oh
I got nothing to win, nothing to lose
Nothing left to prove
One thing to do

Well, I'm on a permanent vacation
I'm on a permanent vacation
I'm on a permanent vacation
Permanent vacation