

The Motorhomes, Congas

You've got your thing your sensibility
You like that word and I don't know what it means
I'm on a plane to anywhere to Memphis or Japan
Maybe I'll dance, I like to dance
Your reality where I don't want to be
Please come rescue me from your reality
You get your kicks in fashion magazines
A dead routine and nobody knows what it means
I'm on a plane that's taking me to NY, USA
I'll roam the streets to anywhere