

311, What Do You Do

You had a slick operation
Til she was taken to the station
They grilled her on where she scored
She broke down out your name poured
Down the highway you soared
na na na, na na na

What do you do, I ask you
When they're after you, I tell you
You're going to go it alone
You know that you'll have to leave home

Two thousand miles to the sea
A new life with nobody
Strangers' faces everywhere
Medicating your despair
Feeling that no one cares
na na na, na na na

Sometimes plans go as planned
And you beat the odds that they'll get you
It's a miserable life in demand
A paranoia you have to get used to
But they got better things
To do than to come and look for you
But then again maybe not
It'll drive you crazy

Now it's been about a year
You'd return but for the fear
Sometimes people get away
Still it haunts you to this day
The dealer that got away
na na na, na na na