

# Boy Hits Car, Going To India

Going to India when the love breaks.  
Going to India watch all elephants.

Fly away from the pain.  
Strap us in, 'cause the priest can't get us like an old guitar.  
There's a place full of waste,  
Where it is everyday on the corner playing his sitar  
Gotta go 'cause I know I should've flown,  
Left nothing too exact to create yourself.  
\*If she goes she'd say, "Yeah,  
On my 'cause it feels like my love has lost itself."\*

Going to India when the love breaks.  
Going to India, watch the men charm the snakes.

Run away from the pain  
'Cause you know that there's nothing left to lose when you're chasing a dream.  
Get up high when you go 'cause you know  
That she's bumping inside and she needs to scream.  
Find a place where you'll face into haze  
And the dark shade feeling that captivates.  
\*Your faith into nature\*, that is, invent yourself; don't change your ways.

And, oh, how confusing this love can be.  
You get the fuck out.  
But don't you lay... don't lay.

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So fly away.  
Don't fly away.  
Don't you fly away.  
Don't you fly away.