

Chroma Key, Undertow

Last night hit the net
Woke up in a sweat
Same scene, different dream
Sudden ending
Grabbed a pillow and covered my head
And kicked the phone off the side of the bed
Tried to sing but the damn thing kept on ringing
I know, I'll go to Mexico
Someplace, nothing changes
Maybe I'll call on the phone
Maybe I'll write you a letter
That's what I meant when I said goodbye
Backed the shovel head out of the shed
Hit the interstate, hard heading left
The street below is water flowing undertow
There's a song that I'd rather forget
But I don't think shaken it yet
As soon as I do
I'm gonna write us another one
I know, I'll go to Mexico
Someplace, nothing changes
Maybe I'll call on the phone
Maybe I'll write you a letter
That's what I meant when I said goodbye
I know, I'll go to Mexico
Someplace, nothing changes
Maybe I'll call on the phone
Maybe I'll write you a letter
Maybe I'll die
Maybe I'll learn how to fly
That's what I meant when I said