

# 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