

Echobelly, Car Fiction

In a taxi chasing for the sun,
All around us strangers everyone,
With no hope for what they hope for,
We could drive all of our tears away.

Oh oh ho run run away,
Maybe we could run away,
Oh oh ho run run away,
Maybe we could run away,
Oh oh ho.

In a taxi ride that ends too soon,
The city skyline tries to kick the moon,
We have no time for what they wait for,
We can drive all of our tears away.

Oh oh ho run run away,
Maybe we could run away,
Oh oh ho run run away,
Maybe we could run away,
Oh oh ho.

You and I against the walled in generation,
You and I could kick the walls away,
We have no time for what they wait for,
We can run fast we can run far.

Oh oh ho run run away,
Maybe we could run away,
Oh oh ho run run away,
Maybe we could run away,
Oh oh ho run run away,
Maybe we could run away,
Oh oh ho run run away,
Maybe we could run away,
Oh oh ho.