

# Howe Gelb, Get To Leave

Make sure your baby's well tucked  
in a blanket in the basket of a back seat  
of a wagon that don't run on air  
if you can't afford the fuel, pray you get the passion  
to keep the spirit rolling and get on out of here  
{CHORUS} get to leave, get to leave, get to leave  
with rumors of a better world  
once you get to leave  
with a thimble full of comfort  
and a nickels' worth of luck  
may you make out with a buck  
more then you'll ever need  
on this planet made of rock, hard liquor  
and discomfort with rumors of a better world  
once we get to leave  
{CHORUS}  
shadowing the season of change  
the winds blow in and they rearrange  
tending the garden of change  
the weeds grow in and they rearrange  
maybe it's the angle of the sun  
when it's such a twisted light  
or the impossible darkness of a starless night  
or the triangle of 3 lovers in need of fresh flight  
or the maniac mindings of a monocled monk