

Nerina Pallot, Idaho

In the back of a car on a road in the dark,
In the stillicide, silently falling snow,
I have packed everything that I own in a bag,
And I'm driving, I'm driving to Idaho,
A poem for leaving, a reason to go,
So I'm driving, I'm driving to Idaho.

'Cause I can't be anyone but me, anyone but me,
And I can't keep dreaming that I'm free, dreaming that I'm free,
I don't want to fall asleep and watch my life from fifty feet,
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Idaho,
'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty...

And oh, I've been dumb, I've been perfectly beautiful,
Lain on my back buying lovers with stealth,
But I'm sick of you all, and I'm sick of opinions,
And I'm sick of this war I wage on myself...
I don't know why I'm so gripped to go there
A universe riddle that only I know?
Mr. Robert he says, "It's all in the head!"
Tell me, Phaedrus, what's good, is it Idaho?

'Cause I can't be anyone but me, anyone but me,
And I can't keep dreaming that I'm free, dreaming that I'm free,
I don't want to fall asleep and watch my life from fifty feet,
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Idaho,
'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty...
In Idaho.