

Ocean Colour Scene, Get Away

Well I used to be a listener
There was nothing left to get
About what you are
And what you haven't been yet
Some of them like to tell a story that is long and old
And couch it in indifference and the wine that they were sold
To get away
Well someone's got to tell them that its not deserved
Rehearsed or written down
By playwrights over time
Just picking up on a nerve
And some of them got a difference
That they reserve for you
Well I like them all but I don't trust any of them
Well shouldn't you
Just get away
Well I used to think
My freedom was a lot of things I'd give
Demanding on my time
But I had so much time to give
And I used to think that everything
Was a knee in what you are
But finding out the truth that hurts
So I never went that far
No I'd always get away
Get away, away, away, away, away...
It comes down to the fact
That I'm now different from the past
Demanding all my ideals
Its just trying to make them last
And some of the things that you say
They're ringing home so true
I hang my head out of the door
And I follow you
Yeah I follow you
And I get away