

# Shelby Sifers, Small Town Sickness (Car Lullaby)

We've been building up the roads.  
I want to get from here to there.  
Just want get to here to there.  
Hitchhiking, drunk driving, I don't care.  
Seatbelt laws, busted jaws, I don't care.  
Stolen cash, broken glass, I don't care.  
The doctor said he'd seen it before,  
mother warned me on the way out the door.  
Small town sickness will eat me alive.  
I want to be in a brand new place,  
just want to be in a brand new place.  
Don't want those old times and trips retraced.  
Pygmy goats in cafes, ordering soy lattes.  
I want to be in a brand new place.  
We've been building up the roads.