

Zita Swoon, Giving Up The Hero

I'm giving up my trespass,
I think I'll sit upon my roof
I think that's
High enough for me to crawl
I think I don't need any proof

I'm giving up the hero,
I think I'll hand around
In this same old town,
I'll put my money down

And I, I was in a movie
I was on the run
I been in everybody shoes
I had my fun
I'm getting of your turnpike
I think I need relief
The dirttrack that I trust in
Is good enough for me