

# The Great Escape

The 88

I want you for my own  
I want you for my rights  
I want you for my home  
I want you in my sights

Ah, yes it's a con I know  
And it's dark and slow  
And creeping up behind  
Yes it's a real fine love  
Four letter shove  
In the middle of the night

Most of them never try  
Most of them only beg  
And cover up their eyes  
By pulling off your legs

Yes he's a friend I know  
And he walks real slow  
And he's pulling on the reigns  
Yes it's the way you feel  
When it's warm and real  
A bullet for the pain

Yes it's the great escape  
With a sword and cape  
And a fold across your eyes  
And it's the secret notes  
And big red coat  
In the middle of July

Wonderful color  
I hope you never change  
I bet you never will  
You're sad enough to cry  
But bad enough to kill

Ah, yes it's a con I know  
And it's dark and slow  
And creeping up behind  
And it's a dark wet notes  
And big red coat  
In the middle of July

Yes he's a friend I know  
And he walks real slow  
And pulling on the reigns  
Yes it's the way you feel  
When it's warm and real  
A bullet for the pain  
It sounds just the same