

Get out
Come on and get out

I can see that my hands are big
And my life is really small
I have everything wrapped up tight
But I can't squeeze in this box

Get out
Come on and get out

The more I do seems the less I done
And I can't quite figure this out
I see for miles but my feet won't move
I guess that I should open my eyes

If you want to stay here you can get away
If you want to stay here you'll just have to pay

Get out
Come on and get out

I got a beck CD and a video
And a bucket for my head
I can't hear the train
Cause I'm on the track
And I'm trying to catch the bus

If you want to stay here you can get away
If you want to stay here you'll just have to pay