

Maps For The Getaway

Andrew McMahon

Parked outside the house we used to live
There's a light left on inside
Think of all the days we'd spend
Orchestrating accidents
Lights that used to blind us
Somehow they will guide us through the night

Following the outline of your face
I can see your breath move in the dark
Through all the autopilot years
The tears of joy, the face of fear
Now that we're not hiding
Somehow you're still riding in my car

No cash in the bank, no paid holidays
All we have, all we have is
Gas in the tank, maps for the getaway
All we have, all we have is time

Parked outside the house we used to live
Staring down the green roof and the walls
The balcony, the hills, the pain
The years of hope, the months of rain
Now that we're outside it, I guess we survived it after all

No cash in the bank, no paid holidays
All we have, all we have is
Gas in the tank, maps for the getaway
All we have, all we have is time

All we have is time
All we have is time

No white picket fence, no job with the government
All we have, all we have are
Mornings in bed, coffee and aspirin
All we have

No cash in the bank, no sign of yesterday
All we have, all we have is
Gas in the tank, maps for the getaway
All we have, all we have is time

All we have is time
All we have is time
All we have is time