

Ovid

Annie DiRusso

Six men, seven dogs
Circled up in a big garage
We talked as we pulled off
The interstate in Colorado

Always looking for something to change my life
Never wanna hear nothing to change my mind

Oh, oh, oh, whoa oh oh
Oh, oh, oh, whoa oh oh

Needed to go outside
And look that possum in the eye
Thank god I don't drive
The blood's not on my hands this time

Always looking for something to change my life
Never wanna hear nothing to change my mind
Always looking for something to change my life
Never wanna hear nothing to change my mind

Oh, oh, oh, whoa oh oh
Oh, oh, oh, whoa oh oh

Girl born on a Tuesday
I hear my dad when I hear the train
C-section baby
My mom cut herself open for me

Always looking for something to change my life
Never wanna hear nothing to change my mind
Always looking for something to change my life
Never wanna hear nothing to change my mind

Oh, oh, oh, whoa oh oh
Oh, oh, oh, whoa oh oh
Oh, oh, oh, whoa oh oh
Oh, oh, oh, whoa oh oh