

Out Of The Badlands

Delta Rae

Don't tell your mama,
Don't tell your daddy,
Baby, let's just go.
The only escaping, the only salvation
Is a long dark road

You're bitin' your lip girl,
You're tight as a fist girl,
We'll be all right
Once we're over the hot sand,
Out of the badlands, into the night.

Don't trust the teachers,
Don't trust the preachers
That the world is round
We'll find out for ourselves,
Once we break past the shell on the edge of this town

I got some twenties and tens
In a Maxwell House can with the lid on tight,
To get us over the hot sand,
Out of the badlands, into the night.

Oh,
There's a billion little stars,
Oh,
Let's pick out which one is ours
Oh,
Girl, I need you by my side,
To get over the hot sand,
Out of the badlands, into the night.

Baby you'd better
Get jeans and a sweater
If the air gets cold
'Cause we been dreaming bout breaking out,
Running away, since seven years old

And it won't be as hard
Once the fence in our yard
Disappears out of sight

When we're over the hot sand,
Out of the badlands, into the night.

Oh,
There's a billion little stars,
Oh,
Let's pick out which one is ours
Oh,
Girl, I need you by my side,
To get over the hot sand,
Out of the badlands, into the night.
To get over the hot sand,
Out of the badlands, into the night.