

# Escape

Destroy Boys

I want to escape  
I want to play a show  
I don't wanna be here in this house no more  
I don't want another hit  
But it made me feel sick  
Now I'm lying in bed  
Fucking nauseous  
Nauseous

I live a double life  
It's hard to keep track  
Sometimes I'm a rockstar  
And sometimes I'm selling snacks  
One week I am home  
One week I'm on tour  
But you'll for sure see me  
Running out the door  
The door

Blisters on my fingers from playing guitar  
Wherever you go there you are  
I can't seem to stop picking at scars  
Wherever you go there you

I don't like being drunk  
I don't like being high  
But I keep doing it  
I don't know why  
I made some mistakes  
I can't deny  
So they say  
I'm "living life"  
Life

You know I don't see anyone asking anyone of any other profession  
Except for artists what their plan B is  
Like if you're gonna be a mathematician  
No one asks you what your fucking plan B is  
Even though who knows what they do, I don't know. Ok  
But we need art to live and survive but  
I need the plan B. I do. Me  
You know I could really go without ever hearing that question ever again. Wo  
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Blisters on my fingers from playing guitar  
Wherever you go there you are  
I can't seem to stop picking at scars  
Wherever you go there you

I've made some mistakes  
Oh I can't deny  
So they say  
I'm living life  
I want to escape  
I want to play a show  
I don't wanna be  
In this house

No more  
No more  
No more

I want to escape