

Escape Route

Frightened Rabbit

His first kicking came on January 1st
They said, "Welcome to the club,
we'll take your shoes and your shirt."
He wore his nosebleed like a red rosette
And it was a prize he would win again and again and again.
He had to find an escape route.
It was a rumour, but it soon became true
When he was drunk in the suburbs
with a boy from a different school.
All his good friends soon left him for dead
Now he stands staring down at the Clyde from a bridge

And then he saw an escape route
From the dogs of West Renfrew
From the bitches and bruises
He chose Ohio to run to

The name came to him just as he perched
On the amber lit bridge, his whole face pursed
It had a ring to it in American songs
Like a glittering release from a crippling curse
He dreamt of the place of a cinematic space
And all the pointing fingers they just melted away
Who knows, maybe he'll never take flight
But he swears Ohio pulled him from the bridge that night

It became an escape route
From the dogs of West Renfrew
From the bitches and beatings
Midwestern chest to fall into

Some are saved by the good arms
Some are saved by the church
Some get saved by the skin of their teeth
By the thought that it couldn't get much worse

Some are saved by professors
Some are saved by police
Some get saved by a distant place
By an impossible American dream

We all need an escape route [x2]

From the punches and kicks
The fingernails and the pricks
All the sharp little knives
In the dark pockets of life

From the bitches and bruises
From the burden of youth
The public hangings and stonings
Save us from fellow humans
Just give us an escape route