

Is this a shakedown? You pay what you want
And everybody gets a discount till they don't anymore
You can't think straight since they gave you the bends
Out standing in your field, but baby, I'm on the fence
And it's okay, despite what you've heard
There's no solace in the dollar, you found God, I got interred
But I'm not sure it's all gonna create
What you intend to create, not gonna fight you for a parking space

Aye, aye, aye, aw

The world keeps calling me, come on, girl, spit it out
But all they want to say is I look better now
Maybe it's not who you know

You're on your own now, is that what you want?
See, I used to understand it, but I don't anymore
It's so easy in cheap hotel chains
To eavesdrop on conversations and imagine what I'd say
Pressure changing in an elevator death box
Exchanging glances and a dirty thought
Well, I'd do anything to get off right here
But this isn't my floor

But if you really wanna leave it behind
You know that all it takes is a little time
If I knew how to offer it, I'd give you mine
God, we'd be out of here like that
We'd be out of here, we'd be out of here
God, we'd be out of here like that

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