

Getaway

The Milk Carton Kids

The shatter of the bottles would scare me something awful as a
kid
My fear, how it would harden and find a home in places that I hid
I'd tear 'em down and run away
But never found my getaway

Outside Tuscaloosa, the time you thought you'd turned it all around
Remember how you used to think you could salvage anything you found
You knew it then, you know it now
A rattled chain still rattles loud

In all those years of moving, I was slowly losing all my names
No matter what I'd ruin, it couldn't hold a candle to the pain
My tears are real and all my own
Pouring down there all alone

The soft roll of the water reminds me of my father's parting words
"Son, now don't you bother looking for your place out in the world"
"The tide will roll through the waves,
Son, you'll find your getaway"