

Getaway

The Rare Occasions

You and I, we were lost in the shadows
You got me thinking I won't make it to tomorrow
You stole my mind
Wash the hands, count the spots on the ceiling
Leave it feeling all aligned

(Ooh) And I shouldn't have to check the door
(Ooh) Eleven times before I fall asleep and
(Ooh) You got me walking to the second floor
Up, down, chase back stop and let me fall into the deep

What can I do?
What can I do?
To get away from you
What can I do?
To get away from
You

What can I do?
To get away from you
What can I do?
To get away from
You

When it's over they'll wring out all my bones
For lost is not as lost as we thought it was
And found's not as found
As that sickened soup that drips before the dawn

I don't need the word to say I know
I don't need the word to say I know

To get away from
You