

High tide's up  
And the water's coming in on the shore  
Usually wait until vacation  
But I sure can't take this city anymore

Work's been hell  
And that rush hour traffic's never been a breeze  
Ain't no hustle where I'm goin'  
Just a warm trade wind a blowin' through the trees

I don't need no sympathy  
That won't bring satisfaction  
Just need to charge my battery  
Had a bad reaction  
Gonna do my best to decompress  
Chill-axin'

I could fire up my ol' motorcycle  
And head up to the country where it's green  
Maybe head up to Montana  
But there's something about the ocean that's serene

Fifteen hundred miles  
Still got seven hundred left to do  
But it don't seem like forever  
When you know that you're outrunnin' the blues

I don't need no sympathy  
That won't bring satisfaction  
Just need to charge my battery  
Had a bad reaction  
Gonna do my best to decompress  
Chill-axin'

There's a worm in the bottle and Wild Shot on the table  
With some salt and lime and some mezcal maybe I'll be able  
To find my paradise, put this broken world on ice  
Chill-axin'

High tide's up  
And the water's coming in on the shore  
I usually wait until vacation  
But I just can't take this city anymore