

Camera Obscura, Let

Lets get out of this country
Ill admit I am bored with me
I drowned my sorrows and slept around
When not in body at least in mind
Well find a cathedral city
You can convince me I am pretty
Well pick berries and recline
Lets hit the road dear friend of mine
Wave goodbye to our thankless jobs
Well drive for miles maybe never turn off
Well find a cathedral city you can be handsome Ill be pretty
What does this city have to offer me
Everyone else thinks its the bees knees
What does this city have to offer me?
I just cant see
I just cant see
Lets get out of this country
I have been so unhappy
Smell the Jasmine my head was turned
I feel like getting confessional
Well find a cathedral city you can convince me I am pretty
What does this city have to offer me
Everyone else thinks its the bees knees
What does this city have to offer me
I just cant see
I just cant see