

Nerina Pallot - Idaho

Tom: F

Intro: Dm Bb C G
Dm Bb C G
Dm Bb C G
Dm Bb C G

In the back of a car on a road in the dark
In the stillicide, silently falling snow
I have packed everything that I own in a bag
And I'm driving, I'm driving to Idaho

(Dm Bb C G)
(Dm Bb C G)

A poem for leaving, a reason to go
So I'm driving, I'm driving to Idaho

'Cause I can't be anyone but me, anyone but me
And I can't keep dreaming that I'm free, dreaming that I'm free

I don't want to fall a-sleep and watch my life from fifty feet
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Ida-ho

(F C F C)

'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty

And oh, I've been dumb, I've been perfectly beautiful

Lain on my back buying lovers with stealth
But I'm sick of you all, and I'm sick of opinions
And I'm sick of this war I wage on myself

I don't know why I'm so gripped to go there
A universe riddle that only I know?
Mr. Robert says, "It's all in the head!"
Tell me, Phaedrus, what's good, is it Ida-ho?

'Cause I can't be anyone but me, anyone but me
And I can't keep dreaming that I'm free, dreaming that I'm free

I don't want to fall a-sleep and watch my life from fifty feet
My hands are on the wheel so I'm driving to Ida-ho

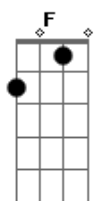
(F C F C)

'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty

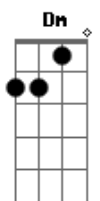
(Dm Bb C G)
(Dm Bb C G)
(Dm Bb C G)
(Dm Bb C G)

'Cause I hear it's mighty pretty...
in Ida-ho.

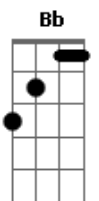
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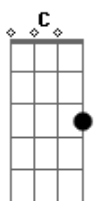
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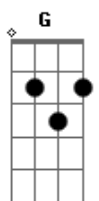
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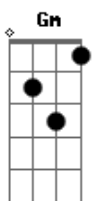
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