Here And Now

Letters to Cleo

Just living on a Sunday morning, got my toast and tea and I'm warm and I
Just thought I'd think about. all the things to get and keep getting, never
Enough not enough and never ending. I just thought I'd think about. and it might be...

(the fast part)
The comfort of a knowledge of a rise above the sky above could
Never parallel the challenge of an acquisition in the here and now.

Parody of yourself in color, giving it to everybody but your mother. you've got much to
Think about. soaring higher with every treason. never justify, never reason.
You've got much to think about. and it might be...
[the fast part again.]

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written by MCKENNA, GREG / HANLEY, KAY / KARP, BRIAN
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