

Get On With It

Letters to Cleo

The Sunday Paper is a mess and I'm not gonna pick it up you are if I could
just get on with it. It don't matter my hair's a mess cause you're not gonna
fix it up for me, I am if I could just get on with it, I would take a breath
outside myself a stranger place I couldn't find and no one knows who I am
and you can't say my name. Can't think of anything else worse 'cause if I
didn't fuck it up you would why can't you just do something right. Just
once change my mind cause if you can I'd be the one you know I am but
you're so blind, you always were I didn't catch your name. I would take a
breath outside myself a stranger place I couldn't find and no one knows
who I am and you can't say my name

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