Twenty Million Things

Moretty

If it's fix a fence,
Fender dents,
I've got lots of experience.
Rent gets spent,
and all the letters,
Never written, that I don't get sent.
It comes from confusion;
All the things I left undone.
It comes from moment to moment,
day to day,
and time seems to slip away.
But I got twenty million things to do,
twenty million things.
All I can think about is you.
With twenty million things,
twenty million things to do.

I got mysterious
wysterias, hanging in the air.
The rocking chair I supposed to fix,
well it came undid.
And the things that I let slip,
I found out quick:
Comes from moment to moment,
day to day,
and time seems to slip away.
But I got twenty million things to do,
twenty million things.
All I can do, is think about you.
With twenty million,
twenty million things to do...

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