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 myselfA 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.

Songwriters
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