

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.

Songwriters

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