

Getting Through

The Cars

I don't want to be your party doll
All flaked out in Tinsel Town
With a circus mouth shooting all directions
And TV ads that sell erections 'Cause I got no clue what they want to do with you
Well, it's getting through, getting through to you While living outside in the misdemeanor
Well, some get lost, some are screamers
And it's easy to tell the great pretenders
They got the broken wings and flip top fenders I don't know what they're gonna to do with you
Hey, might get through, getting through to you Well, I don't want to be your suffering box, yeah
Argue art or untie those knots
Don't want to be your bad connection
Fit into your reality vision See 'cause I got no clue what they want to do with you, yeah
Well, it's just getting through, getting through to you

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