

Good Advice

Guy Clark

Open the window I need some air
So many people and there's such disorder here
Familiar faces, found out lies
And to distract I watch the passers-by I wonder what they'd recognize
And what they'd recommend to fill my days
Possessions start to wear me down
I need some good advice, some good advice to wear my crown I'm nervous, can you help me?
I'm nervous, can you help me?
I'm nervous, can you help me?
Yeah I'm nervous, can you help me? Inside they harbor secret thoughts
They peek through windows that have twice been locked
I have to walk to wear me out
I need some good advice, some good advice to wear my crown I'm nervous, can you help me?
I'm nervous, can you help me?
I'm nervous, can you help me?
Yeah I'm nervous, can you help me? I fold my arms and pray to leave
I've got a head full of ideas inside of me
My lips pressed tight so as not to drown
I need some good advice, some good advice to wear my crown I'm nervous, can you help me?
I'm nervous, can you help me?
I'm nervous, can you help me?
Yeah I'm nervous, can you help me? Giving me a good advice, it'll never be wrong
If I know it's you
Giving me a good advice, can never be wrong
If I know it's you, yea Giving me a good advice, can never be wrong
If I know it's you
I'm nervous, can you help me?
Giving me a good advice, can never be wrong
If I know it's you
Good advice

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