Get Back Up

Tom Cochrane

God I hate your needles and your dirty little vial of pills
I guess I love the sweat you put me through
I know I love your body like I used to love your mind
But now your soul's a slave to all the things you useI put you in the tub babe with five big pounds of ice
If you don't get back up, I don't know what I'd do
I've walked around the room here nearly 37 times
Can you hear me now and am I getting through?Get up, get back up
Get up, get back upI thought I heard you laughing
I thought I heard you scream
I thought I heard some wailing
Lke lovers in heatI thought maybe we'd been somewhere
That we'd never seen
Still you lie so still like a china doll
Lost in a summer dreamAnd here I am way down here
Way down upon my knees
You're looking awfully blueWe were having such a good time
We were having so fun now
We'll lock the door and change the sheets
But how do I get to you?Get back up, get up
Get up babe, get back upI feel like the walls are closing in, get back up
You look like a China doll so pale and so thin
Get back up and make me laugh the way you used to doGet upGet up, get back up
Get up babe, get back upGet up babe, get back up
Get up babe, get back upAnd God I hate your needles and your dirty little vial of pills
I guess I love the sweat you put me through
I know I still love your body like I used to love your mind
But your soul's a slave to all the things you use
I put you in the tub babe with five big pounds of ice

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