

Beth Hart, Get Your Shit Together

Hello again my friend
it's been sometime,
I try and read you
in your shifting eyes
your hands are trembling
as I hold 'em in mine
how ya livin'
You were the talker
& I was the clown
we grew up wonderin'
how we would get out
but you're still talkin' talkin'
You got places to go
you got people to know
you got plans
to get your shit together
Did you take it too far
did you forget who you are
did you stash your soul
into the closet forever
So now you're hustling
for the five & dime
you cure the stranger
& his perverted mind
You are the poet of need
& lust how's the preachin'
You painted destinations
on the inside
& dreamed of revelations
yearning to fly
But you're still walkin'
& still talkin'
Hold on Geany
Watch what ya say
Save your preachin'
for a rainier day
Hold on Geany
I'm talkin' to you
You're so amazing
in whatever you do