

Honest Bob And The Factory-To-Dealer Incentive

If I had you I'd hold you like a guitar
I could slay you with a well placed F-sharp barre
If you don't wanna hear that tune I'll leave my fingers where they are
And every time I see your face I wanna touch it
And I know I'll never touch it
I get by, I get by

And I can't tell how hard I try
I can't reveal what I can't hide
I said that I was fine I lied
But I can stick around and I can see your smile from the side

I say William Shakespeare had the right idea
Put your passion in a poem she won't hear
If your heart is whole again, you can publish it next year
And every time I see your neck I wanna kiss it
And I know I'll never kiss it
I get by, I get by

And I've been in my head too long
To know when what I think is wrong
But I can write another song
And I can stick around and see you as you sing along

I had another set of words
To use instead of what I'm singin' here
The rhymes were intricate and every rhyme was filled up with alliteration and the best poetic tricks
It demonstrated just how clearly I'm the perfect guy for you to hear
But in reality perfection isn't really what we want
So we just throw it on the page and we call it a masterpiece if any part of it sticks

I've been waiting on another bright idea (I get by!)
I've been waiting on another bright idea (I get by!)
I've been waiting on another bright idea (I get by!)
I've been waiting on another bright idea (I get by!)
I've been waiting on another bright idea (I get by!)
I've been waiting on another bright idea (I get by!)

I've been workin' on a song that you won't hear
I've been workin' on a song that you won't hear
I've been workin' on a song for you dear!

Everybody tells me that I'm fine!
And everybody tells me not to mind!
And everybody says just tell a lie!
And everybody tells me that the world was made for me to play in but I don't believe them!