New Young Pony Club, Gotta Get Into It

I want to fit I've got to get into it Don't make no sense to hide behind anything oh how these precious things their time is wearing thin i'd make a mold of me to make a mockery i'd make a mold of me to make a mockery another sky (hey) to emphasizè who you are a second skin the label i might have been oh fill this loving cup might have to use it up to take the half of me would wreck the symmetry