

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 emphasize 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