

Nik Kershaw, Get Up

It's dark in there and you're quite unaware
That the cracks on the ceiling are mocking you
Your airless bag, your dust in a shaft of light
And you think you might
Yeah you might stay there all day
Heh heh

Get up, get on your feet
Get up, don't go back to sleep
Get up, life is bitter sweet
And it's all going on without you

You're safe in there, no sharks anywhere
Not a soul to get you doing what you don't want
Go on pretend it's Sunday again, it's Sunday again

It's so warm in there, feels like camembert
All the things you'd do if only you had the energy
You bargain for just ten minutes more of this
When a prince's kiss
Turns you into a swan
Dream on

Get up, get on your feet
Get up, don't go back to sleep
Get up, life is bitter sweet
And it's all going on without you.