

# Robert Palmer, Twenty Million Things

If it's fix a fence,  
Fender dents,  
I've got lots of experience.  
Rent gets spent,  
and all the letters,  
Never written, that I don't get sent.  
It comes from confusion;  
All the things I left undone.  
It comes from moment to moment,  
day to day,  
and time seems to slip away.

But I got twenty million things to do,  
twenty million things.  
All I can think about is you.  
With twenty million things,  
twenty million things to do.

I got mysterious  
wysterias, hanging in the air.  
The rocking chair I supposed to fix,  
well it came undid.  
And the things that I let slip,  
I found out quick:  
Comes from moment to moment,  
day to day,  
and time seems to slip away.

But I got twenty million things to do,  
twenty million things.  
All I can do, is think about you.  
With twenty million,  
twenty million things to do...