

# Robert Pollard, Get Under It

Now that you've gone on  
Hang up the phone-move on  
'cause time is a battle for you bath girl  
The dress isn't flattering you  
When you don't it like you do  
You expect me to approve but I just won't

And you say I won't let you choose-but I do  
But now in growing away-you lose  
You dissect & it breaks through  
A little bit crawls inside of you  
Well I can't wait no more

Arouse me to ultra-maroon  
You wrinkled old moon

The devil inside  
Is never surprised  
It's always on top of matters at hand  
A broken old man  
A ragged old bear  
What's really out there?  
Get under it