Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Me And Mia

As I was walking through a life one morning the sun was out, the air was warm, but Oh, I was cold And though I must have looked half a person, to tell the tale, in my own version, It was only then that I felt whole

But do you believe in something beautiful? Then get up and be it

Fighting for the smallest goal: to get a little self-contol I know how hard you try. I see it in your eyes But call your friends, 'cause we've forgotten what it's like to eat what's rotten And what's eating you alive might help you to survive. We went on as we were on a mission, latest in a Grand Tradition And oh, what did we find? It was Ego who was flying the banner, and me and Mia, Ann and Ana Oh, we'd been unkind

But do you believe in something beautiful? Then get up and be it

Fighting for the smallest goal: to get a little self-control I see it in your eyes, I see it in your spine. But call your friends, 'cause we've forgotten what it's like to eat what's rotten And what's eating you alive, might help you to survive.

And even the nights, they could get better And even the days ain't all that bad And after a week of fighting, as more and more it seems the right thing

But do you believe in something beautiful? Then get up and be it

Fighting for the smallest goal: to gain a little self-control
Won't anybody here just let you disappear?
Not doctors, nor your mom and dad, but me and Mia, Ann and Ana
Know how hard you try. Don't you see it in my eyes?
Sick to death of my dependence, fighting food to find transcendence
Fighting to survive, more dead but more alive
Cigarettes and speed for livin', and sleeping pills to feel forgiven
All that you contrive, and all that you're deprived
All the bourgeois social angels telling you you've got to change
Don't have any idea. They'll never see so clear.
But don't forget what it really means to hunger strike
when you don't really need to
Some are dying for a cause, but that don't make it yours.

And even the nights, they can get better.