

Aimee Mann, I Was Thinking I Could Clean Up For

I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas
And then, baby, I'm through
Four more weeks that couldn't make any difference
Except maybe to you

But I've tried to use that trick
Like a carrot on a stick
So I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas
Then, baby, I'm through

I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas
And then, baby, I'm done
One less fucker trying to get in the business
Of the prodigal son

Where I know I can't compete
Once I'm off of Hastings Street
So I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas
Then, baby, I'm done

'Cause I can't live loaded and I can't live sober
And I've been this way since the end of October
And I know enough to know
That, baby, when it's over, it's over
And it's over
'Cause, baby, I'm done

I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas
And then call it a day
Tell you I'm sorry that I made you a witness
To my moral decay

And that, once upon a time
I believed it was a victimless crime
I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas
Then call it a day
Then call it a day
Then call it a day