

Format, A Mess To Be Made

In a dream that i cant seem to shake she is, she is standing alone by the fence i see tears in her eye
Dont know what a mess that i make of my days then theres you, youre a mess to be made, a mess
Starts to fade away so youre leaving for months at a time, i help you out the door but once youre gone
Window please, could you please come back home what a mess that i make of my days trying to save
Theres you, youre a mess to be made a canvas only paint could change and a voice on the other end

Dont you write a song about it well here goes, i was raised on something that youll never know id have
Werent for the waves if it werent for the fact that you love it where they measure a man on the moon
Is not a bank statement what a mess that i make of my days trying to save myself, save myself the
To be made, a mess to be made, a mess to be made and the dream starts to fade away