

Julie Brown, Will I Make It Through The Eighties?

Time to get up, but I can't move
What did I do last night
Am I home, are these my clothes
I hope my car's alright

At least it's Sundayno, it's Monday
I better call in dead
Well, I might get by, but I'm so burnt
I can't get out of bed

Will I make it through the eighties
I-I-I don't know
Will I make it through the eighties
A-tumbling like a domino
Will I make it through the eighties
Hope so

Thirty-two steps from here to downstairs
I step on a cat, trip over a chair
Nothing in the fridge, nothing on TV
Well, Sylvia Plath's got nothing on me

Dig through the ashtrays, and light up a butt
Sitting here looking like I don't know what
Bit off more than my mind could chew
Shower or suicide, what do I do

Will I make it through the eighties
I-I-I don't know
Will I make it through the eighties
A-tumbling like a domino
Will I make it through the eighties
Hope so

Time to grow up, start living right
Stop sleeping all day, playing all night
Enough is enough, gonna do it or die
Is that the phone ringing" Oh, Steve honey, hi
A concert tonightyeah, that sounds great
But I burned myself out, I can't stay out that late
No, I mean it this time, I'm taking it slow
Got a backstage passalright, let's go"

Will I make it through the eighties
I-I-I don't know
Will I make it through the eighties
A-tumbling like a domino
Will I make it through the eighties
Wind me up and watch me go
Will I make it through the eighties
Hope so.