

# Letters To Cleo, Get On With It

The Sunday Paper is a mess and I'm not gonna pick it up you are if I could just get on with it. It don't matter my hair's a mess cause you're not gonna fix it up for me, I am if I could just get on with it, I would take a breath outside myself a stranger place I couldn't find and no one knows who I am and you can't say my name. Can't think of anything else worse 'cause if I didn't fuck it up you would why can't you just do something right. Just once change my mind cause if you can I'd be the one you know I am but you're so blind, you always were I didn't catch your name. I would take a breath outside myself a stranger place I couldn't find and no one knows who I am and you can't say my name.