

Letters To Cleo, Here And Now

Just living on a Sunday morning
Got my toast and tea and I'm warm and
I just thought I'd think about
All the things to get and keep getting
Never enough not enough and never ending
I just thought I'd think about
Just living on a Sunday morning
Got my toast and tea and I'm warm and
I just thought I'd think about
All the things to get and keep getting
Never enough not enough and never ending
I just thought I'd think about
And it might be

The comfort of a knowledge of a rise above the sky above
could never parallel the challenge of an acquisition in the
Here and now
Here and now

Parody of yourself in color
giving it to everybody but your mother and
You've got much to think about
Soaring higher with every treason
Never justify, never reason
You've got much to think about
And it might be

The comfort of a knowledge of a rise above the sky above
could never parallel the challenge of an acquisition in the
Here and now
Here and now
The comfort of a knowledge of a rise above the sky above
could never parallel the challenge of an acquisition in the
Here and now
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The comfort of a knowledge of a rise above the sky above
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Here and now
And it might be....(fade out)