

Linda Ronstadt, Get On With It

What will they say those in your house
When they see me drinking,
Will they think that it's on account of you
That I live my life drinking
Get on with it.

But if you could see
How pretty these binges are
Get on with it.

But until whenever
Your parents stop protecting you
Get on with it.

Each time that I come to see you
I'm always slipping;
Is it that I have bad luck
Or is it that it's drizzling on me,
Get on with it.
But if you could see
Me dry my chaco in my flowering fig tree grove
Get on with it.

But if ever
I dry my chaco in my flowering fig tree grove,
Get on with it.

You say that I'm a fool,
Because i'm always getting drunk,
And in spite of your scorn,
I want to keep on drinking,
Get on with it.

But if you were to see
How pretty these binges are,
Get on with it.

But how beautiful
Are the hours I spend emptying bottles,
Get on with it.