

Margaret Glaspy, Get Back

Once I had it all, or did it all have me?
When you're dripping in your privilege
You don't know the difference
Between what you want and what you need

When nothing is enough
It gets tough just to smile
When every crack is a canyon
Every inch feels like a mile

Get back to the place you started from
Get back to childhood, get back to what's good

Once I thought I was the only
Oh I was so lonely
When you're only thinking of yourself
You're missing out on everybody else

Get back to the place you started from
Get back to childhood, get back to what's good

In the middle of the night I was on my own
'Til I realized that my house was not a home
Just a pile of sticks and stones
Oh and you told me, you told me to

Get back to the place I started from