

Mike Doughty, Get Along

sounds so wrong but i need to fake the will to get along
feels alright when i drink to blur the day into the night
and blustery nights in through the rain
it's all aone that i am singing this anguish to you
and you're to blame
i'm still the same, i'm still the same

sounds so wrong but i need to fake the will to get along
feels alright when i drink to blur the day into the night
in lovely hour and in the room it's into bloom
that i have called your flower for me
and i'm to blame
you're still the same, you're still the same

raise up girl and be glad you were not born a man
up girl and be glad you were not born a man

sounds so wrong but i need to fake the will to get along
sounds so wrong but i need to fake the will to get along
and like a star that i have chosen for me
and i have placed one eye on the sky
the sky's the same
the moon's to blame, the moon's to blame

raise up girl and be glad you were not born a man
up man and be glad you were not born a god
sounds so wrong but i need to fake the will to get along
(repeat until end)