

Postmen Flying, At Sixes And Sevens

I'm feeling broken down
When she is not around

The way I live brought me to the grief
There is a single escape from it if she would like to return
There is no change, I'm still estranged
My flat's looking upside down until she is back again

(Until she is back again)
Unwashed all my clothes remain
And in a mess is my kitchen
(And what else can you say ?)
The sun went off and I can't stop the rain
And I am at sixes and sevens babe
About what to do

(You're at sixes and sevens) I'm feeling broken down
(You're at sixes and sevens) When she is not around
(You're at sixes and sevens) About what to do

I look at the ceiling the way I'm feeling
And nothing never ever, ever, ever changes
Until she is back again

(Until she is back again)
Unsaid all my thoughts remain
And I'm wasting all that I can spend
(And what else can you say ?)
My living went down the drain
And I'm at sixes and sevens babe
About what to do
Babe
About what to do

(You're at sixes and sevens) I'm feeling broken down
(You're at sixes and sevens) When she is not in town
(You're at sixes and sevens) About what to do