

Robert Pollard, I Get Rid Of You

I get rid of you with everything I do
I get rid of you x2
you're my kind of woman
tell me what to do

And I will not pretend to be
extending a hand that holds the key
unlocking a plan that can consider you
and you are ill prepared to fight
living in a world of soft and white
in air conditioned battle zones
I pity you

And from here to you

I'm seeing souls in collision
who can they be?
with eyes in all directions
but why can't they see?

That the site of you
is starting up a war inside of me
the sight of you
is building up a war inside of me

You're my kind of woman
I get rid of you