

# 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