

Shaw Blades, How You Gonna Get Used To This

She was a Catholic girl
From a northern town
She'd tell you no
Just to see you crawl

Plastic Jesus
On the dash of her car
Got the feeling
That I wouldn't get far with
Hank Junior
Blasting on the radio

Now it's too late
Cross the wire
We were gonna set
The world on fire
Now it looks as though
You're on your own again

How you gonna get used to this
How you ever gonna learn
To make the change
Sitting along
One the carpet of your living room
The kids are asleep
And he's drunk again

Now and then
In the back of your mind
Get the feeling
You've been left behind when it's
Me you're hearing
Blasting on the radio

How you gonna get used to this
How you ever gonna learn
To make the change
How you gonna go through with this
How you ever gonna
Make it back again

How you gonna get used to this
How you ever gonna learn
To make the change
How you gonna go through with this
How you ever gonna
Make it back again