

You, Me, And Everyone We Know, Could It Be Sun

Could it be sunstroke making the way you wrote me into conversation so wrong
Like playing dolls with man with no hands, its easy I mean
I guess Im easy it seems.

Youve got your problems and Ive got mine

Lets learn to cope one drink at a time

Youve got your problems

So relax lock the door

think about what we start young for

So relax lock the door

think about what we start young for

Live in the hot, hot sun

Live in the hot, hot sun

Could it be that Im a little unclean

the worst of my senses have gone extra keen

Could it be that Im a little unfed

Ive noticed more and more space in my bed

Youve got your problems and Ive got mine

Lets learn to cope one drink at a time

Youve got your problems

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Youve got your problems and Ive got mine

The suns giving us cancer all of the time

Youve got your problems and Ive got mine

Lets learn to cope one drink at a time

Youve got your problems

Lets make you mine

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