

Annah Mac

"Focus"

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Really should be studying
But the day's so fine
Just chilling at the beach
Take-aways cheap white wine
Killing time whistling
At every boy who walks by
Time for the gym
Not one looks down or acts up shy

I can hear the old man in my head
And I haven't even spoken with him for a month
Riding shotgun in a shirt deep red
Driving us out to the wharf in Bluff

Girl, focus
Where'd this attitude come from?
You're my oldest
Focus

If I put in the time
I know I'd do good
Make him proud, whatever else
I swear I would
But there's just other things
And I don't try
There's nothing wrong with minimum
And I get by

And I can hear the old man in my head
And I haven't even spoken with him for a month
Riding shotgun in a shirt deep red
Driving us out to the wharf in Bluff

Girl, focus
Where'd this attitude come from?
You're my oldest, you're my oldest

No more, no more early nights to re-negotiate
No more arriving home loaded with boys and beer
Freedom comes and then it's too late, it's too late

Oh, oh, oh ooh

Oh, oh, oh ooh
Oh, oh, oh ooh x2

Oh, focus
Where'd this attitude come from?
You're my oldest
And girl I need you to show me
Some focus
Focus
Focus
Focus

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