

Eileen Rose

"Mess Around"

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Feel like messing up, cutting my teeth
On stolen candy, chewing on something sweet
I don't know what, what I came here for
Stumbling down these streets, trying to find your door

Take the long way 'round, long walk across this town
If I was any good at painting, I'd paint it up and down
But I'm not, I'm just trying not to make a sound
Whistling to myself the Fourth Street Mess Around
Mess around, mess around, mess around...

Wanna tell it like it is from heaven's point of view
But I would not have lived in vain if I could utter one
thing true
Or not build this life so artificially
Not go about it all so goddam superficially

Lay myself down, quit running so ragged
Blaze me a trail just a little less jagged
But for now I'm just stuck here in this town
Singing to myself the Fourth Street Mess Around
Mess around, mess around, mess around...

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