

Format

"A Mess To Be Made"

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In a dream that I can't seem to shake she is
She is standing alone
By the fence I see tears in her eyes
Why she crys I just Don't know

What a mess that I make of my days
Then there's you, you're a mess to be made
A mess to be made
And the dream Starts to fade away

So you're leaving for months at a time I,
I help you out the door
But once you're gone I just stare out the Window
Please, could you please come back home

What a mess that I make of my days
Trying to save myself, save myself
Then There's you, you're a mess to be made
A canvas only paint could change

And a voice on the other end of the phone,
Says why Don't you write a song about it
Well here goes, I was raised on something that you'll
never know

I'd hate this place if it Werent for the waves
If it werent for the fact that you love it
Where they measure a man on the money he spends
Well my love Is not a bank statement

What a mess that I make of my days
Trying to save myself, save myself
Then there's you, you're a mess To be made
A mess to be made
A mess to be made
And the dream starts to fade away

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