

Jane Child

"Don't Let It Get To You"

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Don't let it get to you
Don't let it get to you

Nothing I can do, now you're on your own
Better make it good on the telephone

I know how to make your hair stand up
Are you hip to what it's all about

Must be something you can do
To distinguish you from you

Don't let it get to you
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All the puppets on the stage of life
Wearing costumes, someone's husband's wife

Wicked thoughts have been concealed from view
I'd die blushing if I only knew

Must be something you can do
To distinguish you from you

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Time to testify, baby, tell the truth
Is my lifestyle so uncouth?

Give me liberty or give me death
Give me reason to get myself undressed

Happy ending, they're satisfied
You and I remain simply horrified

Smiling pillars, holier than thou
Deviate then take their final bow

This should come as really no surprise
It's been happening right before your eyes

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