

## Letters To Cleo "Get On With It"

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The Sunday Paper is a mess and I'm not gonna pick it  
up you are if I could  
just get on with it. It don't matter my hair's a mess  
cause you're not gonna  
fix it up for me, I am if I could just get on with it, I would  
take a breath  
outside myself a stranger place I couldn't find and no  
one knows who I am  
and you can't say my name. Can't think of anything  
else worse 'cause if I  
didn't fuck it up you would why can't you just do  
something right. Just  
once change my mind cause if you can I'd be the one  
you know I am but

you're so blind, you always were I didn't catch your  
name. I would take a  
breath outside myself a stranger place I couldn't find  
and no one knows  
who I am and you can't say my name

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