

## Letters To Cleo "Here And Now"

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Just living on a Sunday morning  
Got my toast and tea and I'm warm  
And I just thought I'd think about  
All the things to get and keep getting  
Never enough not enough and never ending  
I just thought I'd think about

And it might be

The comfort of a knowledge of a rise above the sky  
Above could never parallel the challenge  
Of an acquisition in the here & now

Parody of yourself in color  
Giving it to everybody but your mother  
You've got much to think about  
Soaring higher with every treason  
Never justify, never reason  
You've got much to think about

And it might be

The comfort of a knowledge of a rise above the sky  
Above could never parallel the challenge  
Of an acquisition in the here & now

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