

# The Datsuns

## "Get Up!"

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I'm past the point of no return  
It's do or die you see  
Oh, I'm through with mysteries  
Of the beautiful symmetry

This is the place I don't care to be  
I tip my hat to this make believe  
There's no doubt I can't control the pace  
No doubt about it, so stamp your feet and

Get up, don't fight it  
Get up, don't fight it

Hear the conversation, steamy adoration  
For the phony eccentricity  
The key to the mind is a cheap glass of wine  
Take two in the morning and you'll be just fine

This is the place I don't care to be  
I tip my hat to this make believe  
There's no doubt I can't control the pace  
No doubt about it, so stamp your feet and

Get up, don't fight it  
Get up, don't fight it

Get up and say the conversation, steamy adoration  
Phony eccentricity  
The key to the mind is a cheap glass of wine  
Take two in the morning and you'll be just fine

Get up, don't fight it  
Get up, don't fight it  
And don't fight

Get up, get up  
Get up, get up  
Get up, get up  
Get up, get up

