

## Shane Piasecki

# "You're Here And I'm A Mess"

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I'm trying to give you inches and you keep taking miles  
If you'd just hang around me I could make it worth your  
while,

Cause I'm doing it in fashion and I'm singing it with  
style  
But none of you can hear me  
All you do it tune me out,

It's all gone  
There's nothing left  
Can you make this your last request  
One last call  
For one last regret  
You're finally here and I'm a mess

I'm standing in the trenches  
There's a party going on  
There's a man who's selling potion  
All I do is sing the songs  
All I want is conversation,  
Not some typical cliché'  
About how many packs you're smoking and  
How many beers I've drank

It's all gone...

It's getting Late  
The crowd is slow,  
You Know I need some place to go  
Back to your house  
We'll be alone  
Let's have one more for the road  
Cause it's all gone...

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