

Mike Doughty "Get Along"

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Sound so wrong but i need to fake the will to get along
feels alright when i drink to blur the day into the night
in blustering nights and through the rain it's all alone
that i am sing this anguish to you.
and your'e to blame i'm still the same
i'm still the same

sounds so wrong but i need fake the will to get along
feels alright when i drink to blur the day into the night
in lovely hour and in the room
it's into bloom that i am close your flower for me and
i'm to blame your'e still the same
your'e still the same

raise up girl and be glad you were not born a man
up girl and be glad you were not born a man

sounds so wrong but i need to fake the will to get along
sounds so wrong but i need to fake the
will to get along
and like a star
a star that i have chose to stand for me
and i am blazed stung out on the sky
sky's the same the moon's to blame
the moon's to blame

raise up girl and be glad you were not born a man
up man and be glad you were not born a god

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