

The Format

"A Mess To Be Made"

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In a dream that i cant seem to shake she is, she is
standing alone by the fence i see tears in her eyes why
she crys i just
Dont know what a mess that i make of my days then
theres you, youre a mess to be made, a mess to be
made and the dream
Starts to fade away so youre leaving for months at a
time, i help you out the door but once youre gone i just
stare out the
Window please, could you please come back home
what a mess that i make of my days trying to save
myself, save myself then
Theres you, youre a mess to be made a canvas only
paint could change and a voice on the other end of the
phone, says why
Dont you write a song about it well here goes, i was
raised on something that youll never know id hate this
place if it
Werent for the waves if it werent for the fact that you
love it where they measure a man on the money he
spends well my love
Is not a bank statement what a mess that i make of my
days trying to save myself, save myself then theres
you, youre a mess
To be made, a mess to be made, a mess to be made
and the dream starts to fade away

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