

## Count To Four

# "You Got You're Woody Allen In My Gerard Butler"

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And I'm waking up again  
Talk to the hand 'cause spinning is my head  
I'm asking questions and I'm  
Cleaning out my soul

Because growing up was just practice  
It's the life thereafter that's the test  
Jesus Christ don't tell my this  
I'm praying that I will not be missed

(Chorus)

It's about structure  
It's about getting where I need to be  
I'm fighting for this everyday  
My mind's in the gutter and it's telling me to stay  
It's about structure  
It's about knowing where I need to be  
This is who I am today  
I pray tomorrow I will be the same

The framing in my house is fucked  
I wish I'd say it's just bad luck  
Can't even blame it on the boogie  
Doing all this to myself  
Make my life a living hell  
Help me find my way  
The concrete's cracking and it's fucking up my day

(Chorus)

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