

## **Bush Kate**

### **"Fullhouse"**

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Driving back in her car,  
Watching the wipers squashing the leaves away.  
Suddenly there in the road,  
Is your old self trying to get out of the rain.

I am my enemy,  
Mowing me over,  
And towing the light away.  
Somehow it just seems to fit,  
With that old me trying to get back again.

Imagination sets in,  
Then all the voices begin,  
Telling you things that aren't happening  
(But they nig they nag, 'til they're under your skin.)

Chorus You've really got to.  
Remember yourself,  
You've got a fullhouse in your head tonight,  
Remember yourself,  
Stand back and see emotion getting you uptight.

My silly pride,  
Digging the knife in,  
She loves to come for her ride,  
Surely by now I should know,  
I can control my highs and my lows,  
Bu questioning all that I do,  
Examining every move,  
Trying to get back to the rudiments,  
(If they nig and they nag, I'll just put in the boot.)

Chorus

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