

Datsuns, The "Get Up"

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I'm past the point of no return
Its do or die you see
Oh im through with mysteries
Of the beautiful symmetry

This is a place I don't care to be
I tip my hat to this make believe
Theres no doubt I cant control the pace
No doubt about it
So stamp your feet and

Get up ! Don't fight it
Get up ! Don't fight it

Hear the conversation, steamy adoration
For the phony eccentricity
The key to the mind is a cheap glass of wine
Take two in the morning and youll be just fine

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