

Format, The

"A Mess To Be Made"

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In a dream that I can't seem to shake
she is, she is standing, alone.
by the fence i see tears in her eyes,
why she cries, i just don't know.
what a mess that i make of my days...
then there's you, you're a mess to be made
a mess to be made
and the dream starts to fade, away...

so you're leaving for months at a time, i
i'll help you out the door.
once you're 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 there's you, you're 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 it goes-
I was raised, on something that you'll never know.

i'd hate this place if it weren't for the waves
if it weren't for, the fact that, we love it.
where they measure a man on, the money he spends
well my love, it's not a bank statement.

what a mess that I make of my days,
trying to save myself, save myself
then there's you, you're 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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