

**Missy Elliott F/ TLC****" Getting By"**

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We create wheel barrows full of sound for it to be  
dumped into a black hole:  
the bottomless abyss of bi-polar disorders  
A broken abacus down to good times  
Someone please write a post-it note to remind me why  
I'm doing this  
and when to pay the cable bill  
Won't talk about the cage, it's been touched on too  
much  
Besides, I'm seeing dead whales all too often  
which in itself is rather frightening  
Sad how bad times make good music  
Hope I can maintain this great depression  
and leave myself guessing if I can out do the former  
until the end  
We're all waiting for the payoff..  
I have one, they have none, so I'm feeling rather lucky  
and guilty at the  
same time

We all whistle a salty tune to ourselves for the world to  
hear  
and when it's time to capture memories  
the closest thing to a smile we can muster is a sneer  
And giving blood, sweat, and tears in exchange for  
cold sweat  
and fears is only equal to a tickled throat for so long  
So the songs lose excitement and loops become  
grating  
My being is scarred up and I can't keep myself from  
picking  
We turn pages and fight sore hands  
ADD addicts of abrasiveness joyriding through the  
same scene over and over  
Time and time again I'm asking myself why  
but I'm proud of the dust of twenty cities irritating my  
eyes  
"All for what?" loops in my head  
I ain't fessin' 'til I'm dead or until everything is said  
She has bouquets of poppies spilling from her heart  
and I'm stuck here tapping my pen on my pad of paper

wondering where to start  
I suppose this comes with the process and problems,  
getting by  
three reasons to do this: her, them, and I

Chorus:

Kicking myself, standing on the edge with a dumb look  
on, snapping out of it  
asking, "what are you doing?"  
Kicking myself, standing on the edge with a dumb look  
on, snapping out of it  
asking, "what are you thinking?"  
Kicking myself, standing on the edge with a dumb look  
on, snapping out of it  
asking, "where are you going?"  
Kicking myself, standing on the edge with a dumb look  
on, snapping out of it  
asking, "why?"

On overcast days, I'm at one with myself  
but perhaps I should take advice from bumper stickers  
But seeing old guitarists on their farm with their  
children reminiscing  
is that feeling that I'm missing from almost a year ago  
Back then, it was all about looking through the bullet  
holes and sighing  
Now it's snapping my fingers at Linus and smiling  
I guess it takes hard times to curl my fingers, not a fist  
but around this blue flex-grip asking, "do you think...?"  
Select a question to be answered in words that are next  
to nothing  
that's how I kept my sanity in the first half  
I feel like someone is passing hula-hoops down the  
length of my body  
yet the theater seats are empty, yet I still hear that  
laugh  
It takes a power outage to muster creativity  
just like tragedies and the commerce on the Stars and  
Stripes  
Who am I to say? I have problems getting a blank page  
moving  
just one of my insecurities that I suppose will come and  
go today  
All I can hear are the drums I search for  
that might be why the pens are mute at this point  
Sole says, "it's rubies and rabies,"  
and lately I've been foaming at the mouth  
Can't put my finger on why  
my sleeves are sopping wet with possibly's and maybes  
This is the part where I repeat the last two lines  
of the song before the chorus to drive across my point

This is the part where I repeat the last two lines  
of the song before the chorus to drive across my point?

Chorus

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