

Get Your Shit Together

Beth Hart

Hello again my friend it's been sometime
I try and read you in your shifting eyes
Your hands are trembling as I hold them in mine
How ya living

You were the talker an I was the clown
We grew up wondering how we would get out
But you're still talking talking

You got places to go
You got people to know
You got plans to get your shit together
Did you take it too far
Did you forget who you are
Did you stash your soul into the closet forever

So now you're hustling for the five and dime
You cure the stranger and his perverted mind
You are the poet of need and lust how's the preaching

You painted destinations on the inside
And dreamed of revelations yearning to fly
But you're still walking and still talking

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Hold on Geany watch what ya say
Save your preaching for a rainier day
Hold on Geany I'm talking to you
You're so amazing in whatever you do

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Did you take it too far

Did you forget who you are
Did you stash your soul into the closet

You didn't take it to far
Still you know who you are
Grab your soul and hold on to forever
Forever
Together