

Do what it takes to make it  
Through the day  
To be alright, not bad, just fine  
For most of us most Of the time

- wait 'till when she'll pretend  
That you know it's the end-  
(& i'd say)

I can still taste  
Your breath upon my face  
She's everywhere  
I've seen enough  
I'll always be  
Some kind of wussypuff  
I'm turning out the lights  
I'm wound too tight  
Can't sleep  
Been on my knees  
So long i can't find my feet

Do what it takes to make it through  
The day

To be alright, not bad, just fine  
For most of us most Of the time

- wait 'till when she'll pretend  
That you know it's the end-  
(& i'd say)

I can still taste  
Your breath upon my face  
She's everywhere  
I've seen enough  
She'll always be  
My little wussypuff  
I'm stahling out again  
I'm staying up on ephidrin  
Can't sleep  
Been on my knees  
So long i can't find my feet

(a stick, a stone, it's the end of  
The road, it's the rest of a stump,  
It's a little alone, it's a sliver of  
Glass, it is life, it's the sun, it's the  
Night, it is death, it's the trap, it's  
The gun)

Molly's lips and fingertips