

## Mess Around

Eilen Jewell

Feel like messing up, cutting my teeth  
On stolen candy, chewing on something sweet  
I don't know what, what I came here for  
Stumbling down these streets, trying to find your door

Take the long way 'round, long walk across this town  
If I was any good at painting, I'd paint it up and down  
But I'm not, I'm just trying not to make a sound  
Whistling to myself the Fourth Street Mess Around  
Mess around, mess around, mess around...

Wanna tell it like it is from heaven's point of view  
But I would not have lived in vain if I could utter one thing t  
rue  
Or not build this life so artificially  
Not go about it all so goddam superficially

Lay myself down, quit running so ragged  
Blaze me a trail just a little less jagged  
But for now I'm just stuck here in this town  
Singing to myself the Fourth Street Mess Around  
Mess around, mess around, mess around...