

Get Along

Mike Doughty

Sounds so wrong but I need to fake the will to get along
Feels alright when I drink to blur the day into the night
And blustery nights in through the rain
It's all alone that I am singing this anguish to you
And you're to blame, I'm still the same, I'm still the same

Sounds so wrong but I need to fake the will to get along
Feels alright when I drink to blur the day into the night
In lovely hour and in the room it's into bloom
That I have called your flower for me
And I'm to blame, you're still the same, you're still the same

Raise up girl and be glad you were not born a man
Up girl and be glad you were not born a man
Sounds so wrong but I need to fake the will to get along

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And like a star that I have chosen for me
And I have placed one eye on the sky
The sky's the same, the moon's to blame, the moon's to blame

Raise up girl and be glad you were not born a man
Up man and be glad you were not born a god
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