

## Gotta Get Into It

New Young Pony Club

I want to fit  
I've got to get into it  
Don't make no sense  
to hide behind anything

oh how these precious things  
their time is wearing thin

i'd make a mold of me  
to make a mockery  
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to make a mockery

another sky (hey)  
to emphasize who you are  
a second skin  
the label i might have been

oh fill this loving cup  
might have to use it up

to take the half of me  
would wreck the symmetry