

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