

# Get Up

Nik Kershaw

It's dark in there and you're quite unaware  
That the cracks on the ceiling are mocking you  
Your airless bag, your dust in a shaft of light  
And you think you might  
Yeah you might stay there all day  
Heh heh

Get up, get on your feet  
Get up, don't go back to sleep  
Get up, life is bitter sweet  
And it's all going on without you

You're safe in there, no sharks anywhere  
Not a soul to get you doing what you don't want  
Go on pretend it's Sunday again, it's Sunday again

It's so warm in there, feels like camembert  
All the things you'd do if only you had the energy  
You bargain for just ten minutes more of this  
When a prince's kiss  
Turns you into a swan  
Dream on

Get up, get on your feet  
Get up, don't go back to sleep  
Get up, life is bitter sweet  
And it's all going on without you