

Get Under It

Robert Pollard

Now that you've gone on
Hang up the phone-move on
Cuz time is a battle for you bath girl
The dress isn't flattering you
When you don't it like you do
You expect me to approve but I just won't

And you say I won't let you choose-but I do
But now in growing away-you lose
You dissect & it breaks through
A little bit crawls inside of you
Well I can't wait no more
Arouse me to ultra-maroon
You wrinkled old moon

The devil inside
Is never surprised
It's always on top of matters at hand
A broken old man
A ragged old bear
What's really out
get under it