

## Stolen From Some Great Writer

Spitalfield

I can't remember anything,  
My thoughts are constantly moving,  
Where will I be tomorrow?  
Where will I be next year?  
I'll never put my finger on,  
Just what I wanted to say,  
My motivation changes,  
When things turn out this way.

We are,  
So sick of,  
Recycled old ideas  
The only way we can,  
Get you to pay attention.  
Letting go,  
You're hanging on (on!)  
And on and on  
Just let go,  
Your hanging on (on!)  
And on and on

Oh no, here we go again  
Fell for, the same trick twice.  
When will you learn from our mistakes?  
When will you take our advice?  
We've got we where we want you,  
Its time to make that change,  
So turn off the radio, and,  
Begin right now today.

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You're hanging on (on!)  
And on and on  
Just let go,  
Your hanging on (on!)  
And on and on

Letting go,  
Your hanging on (on!)  
And on and on  
Just let go,  
You're hanging on,  
You're hanging on,  
You're hanging on, yeah!