

A Mess to Be Made

The Format

In a dream that i cant seem to shake she is, she is standing al
one by the fence i see tears in her eyes why she crys i just
Dont know what a mess that i make of my days then theres you, y
oure a mess to be made, a mess to be made and the dream
Starts to fade away so youre leaving for months at a time, i he
lp you out the door but once youre gone i just stare out the
Window please, could you please come back home what a mess that
i make of my days trying to save myself, save myself then
Theres you, youre a mess to be made a canvas only paint could c
hange and a voice on the other end of the phone, says why
Dont you write a song about it well here goes, i was raised on
something that youll never know id hate this place if it
Werent for the waves if it werent for the fact that you love it
where they measure a man on the money he spends well my love
Is not a bank statement what a mess that i make of my days tryi
ng to save myself, save myself then theres you, youre a mess
To be made, a mess to be made, a mess to be made and the dream
starts to fade away