

It got away from you
It took a beating too
It swam its way through
Your mind and all the tonic
If everything was honest
You were just a bar stool
Propping up the sadness
The thing that left you hurt's doing well

It all feels the same
And that's what makes you mean
Then it gets sorted clean
What else was left to say
Oh come, on you're ok
Come on, it's ok

It got away from me
It took years to see
It drove fast through
My body and it's problems
If everyone can solve 'em
Throw away your doctorate
Promise to the public
That you can be a person again

It all feels the same
And that's what makes you mean
Then it gets sorted clean
What else is left to say
Oh come on, you're ok
Come on, it's ok