

Calpol

Cavetown

Get up
Today is never gonna turn out exactly how you want
Hold yourself, there's no one else
And you know when the sun dies
None of this will matter half as much as you thought
Learn a little self love
Cause you're not half as bad as you thought
Nobody gets exactly what they want
What do you want

You are gonna grow old
Your head might hurt just a little bit more
So take a bit of Calpol
Eventually your arms won't feel so sore
You're staring at your shoes again
It won't be long til these have holes in them too
From dragging your heels when
Your knees are too weak to elevate your thoughts