

A Temporary Fix

Emma Pollock

Swing in doors and open floors that beckon with their lights on
Faces called and sung to all the comfort that they count on
Plans you had and now in hands of those who seek to strip you
The moment a relapse and reason they will surely fix you

Oh, look at all the choices
I don't know where to start with it all
Too many little voices strangling the art of it

Stripped the space of these possessions give me peace and quiet
Stripped us of our own obsessions said we'll wash them right

Oh, look at all the choices
I don't know where to start with it all
Too many little voices strangling the art
Oh, look at all the choices
I don't know where to start with at all
Too many little voices strangling the art of it

Just give me food and shelter, I will disappear
And move these non-essentials out of sight from here

Is just a momentary lapse of reason
A little something of the latest season
Let me follow, let me be part of it
Just go out and just go out, just do it all

It's just a temporary fix
Nothing less and nothing fits
It's just a temporary fix
Nothing less and nothing fits
It's just a temporary fix
Nothing less and nothing fits
It's just a temporary fix
Nothing less and nothing fits

Is just a momentary lapse of reason
Its little bringing and give this life some meaning
Let me follow, let me be part of it
Just go out and just go out, just do it all