

Fiddleheads

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Just get by, get by, get by, get by, get by, get by and die
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Just get by, get by, get by, get by, get by, get by and die

If I could just get around to do what I want, I'd make my finest art

Grown men cry, and young kids rise, melt my mother's heart
See the world and show it my soul, fearless as I glow
But the earth's not spinning right for me, so stay here in my hole

So, hit the alarm
Make that drive
Show up to work
Blink, blink, blink, and then we die

I don't wanna just get by
I don't wanna just get by
I don't wanna just get by
Good thing I got my ride-or-dies

I don't wanna just get by, I don't wanna just get by
I don't wanna just get by, I don't wanna just get by
I don't wanna just get by, I don't wanna just get by
I don't wanna just get by
Good thing I got my ride-or-dies