

# **If I Had A Pound For Every Stale Song Title I'd Be 30 Short Of Getting Out Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly**

You can call them chronicles,  
You can call them songs,  
It's an aural rhetoric for the year that's gone.  
You can call them chronicles,  
You can call them songs,  
It's an aural rhetoric for the year thats gone.

You favour progression over honesty,  
Whilst you pick apart the misguided things that you thought about me.  
If you took the time just to get a clue,  
Than you'll probably just realise I'm the same as you.

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And in the last 12 months,  
I've felt like a stopgap  
And a punchbag and a doormat,  
But I'm better than that.

And I don't want to feel,  
That the only thing that can make me real  
Is the fact that I can sing and write  
For the joy of someone else.

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