

# Lately I've Let Things Slide

Nick Lowe

With a growing sense of dread  
And a hammer in my head  
Fully clothed upon the bed  
I wake up to the world that lately I've been living in  
There's a cut upon my brow  
Must have banged myself somehow  
But I can't remember now  
And the front door's open wide  
Lately I've let things slide

[Chorus]

I go to the bin, I throw the laundry in  
And pick out the cleanest shirt  
Then I tell myself again I don't really hurt

Smoking I once quit  
Now I got one lit I just fell back into it  
Along with my pride  
Lately I've let things slide

[Chorus]

I go to the bin, I throw the laundry in  
Dig out the cleanest shirt  
When all at once I'm seized again by exquisite hurt

[Verse]

That untouched takeaway  
I brought home the other day  
Has quite a lot to say  
The evidence is clear only resign, piled high and wide  
About how lately I've, let things slide  
I'm just about holding on  
But lately I've let things slide