

Clean Up

Ilse DeLange

What's all this confusion?
Just look at this mess
There's too much information
I can do with a little less
Everything's gotten out of hand
I need some space in here

I'm crowded up in no-time
Opinions everywhere
And nothing's makin' any sense
Total chaos livin' there
Who takes responsibility
It is all so unclean
Nothin' left but to

Clean up, got to clean up my head
Throw out all the dark, let the light shine in instead
Free and, all the lies that I've been fed
Clean up, got to clean up my head

Enough insinuations
Let's deal with just the facts
You've created all this anyway
Get this monkey off my back
You're supposed to be the expert
Don't point your finger at me
(Ooh, ooh, ooh)

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It's not the money
It's not the fame
It's not even how you try to trash my name
It's time to clean the air with a little class
I'm movin' out and if you don't like it you can kiss my ass

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