It was a question of proper perspective, Conjecture, simplified illusion. From your vantage point, you're taking Advantage of the obvious conclusion.

I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now.

Just a matter of mistaken identity,
Of the mad or the merely mistaken.
But when the truth comes out
And the facts roll in,
Will the innocent be really forsaken.

I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now.

Now that you are seventeen

You are quite a beauty queen

Can you still remember when

You were on your daddy's knee

Sometime, anytime, it can do a person well,

To recall, bring to mind love

You shared and you felt sometimes.

Looking about, see where you stand
On shaky ground.
I'm speaking out loud, speaking out loud,
You don't understand.
Moving around, moving around,
You get nowhere.
You're sadly mistaken, I truly care.

I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now.

Poetic pages, lyrical phrases, prophetic sages Still speaking from the past. Another analogy an unchained melody One more apology for not keeping to the task.

I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now, I'm gonna get you now.