

## A Mess to Be Made

### The Format

In a dream that i cant seem to shake she is, she is standing al  
one by the fence i see tears in her eyes why she crys i just  
Dont know what a mess that i make of my days then theres you, y  
oure a mess to be made, a mess to be made and the dream  
Starts to fade away so youre leaving for months at a time, i he  
lp you out the door but once youre gone i just stare out the  
Window please, could you please come back home what a mess that  
i make of my days trying to save myself, save myself then  
Theres you, youre a mess to be made a canvas only paint could c  
hange and a voice on the other end of the phone, says why  
Dont you write a song about it well here goes, i was raised on  
something that youll never know id hate this place if it  
Werent for the waves if it werent for the fact that you love it  
where they measure a man on the money he spends well my love  
Is not a bank statement what a mess that i make of my days tryi  
ng to save myself, save myself then theres you, youre a mess  
To be made, a mess to be made, a mess to be made and the dream  
starts to fade away