

Just Look at This Mess

Punch Brothers

Hm, hm, hm hm

Hm, hm, hm hm

Hm hm Just look at this mess I've made in the thick of it

I like it like this but I'd never tell you that

'Cause I lie like the colors of the rainbow Just look at these grown ass men at my beck and call
Wherever we go, God helps those who help themselves As I lie like the colors of the rainbow

As I cheat like the daisies in the field

And they inhale it like the oxygen I could borrow

If I cared how not to steal

Don't let him get to you

Don't let him put you off your game

With his hey batter batter swing He wants you to blow a fuse

At the sight of the mess he thinks he made

With his hey batter batter swing

But good eye This mess wasn't made alone

Our sandlot antagonist-cum-king

Builds throne after gilded throne

On the rock of our disbelief in the thick of it

As he lies like the colors of the rainbow

As he cheats like the daisies in the field

And we inhale it like the oxygen he could borrow

If he cared how not to steal

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>