

# SET A FEW THINGS UP

So let's sleep now and don't worry I'll go out in the morning And set a few things up And set a few things up

Sometimes I can't get out of my car And sometimes I drive too far Sometimes I stare at the silent trees And think of sweet nothings And think of sweet nothings

I know it's expensive and scary When nothing's coming in And we're almost out But don't be afraid I'll make a trade And turn this beast around And turn this beast around

So let's sleep now and don't worry I'll go out in the morning And set a few things up And set a few things up

Sometimes we hang the sun in the sky And sometimes hang the moon Sometimes we live too close to a lie Or suffer from the truth Or suffer from the truth

Sixteen hour days and seven day weeks God I have my dreams But I'm not that kind of freak Somewhere on the streets There's enough of what I need I like a bit of toil But I see no need to bleed

So let's sleep now and don't worry I'll go out in the morning And set a few things up

Being a musician is a dodgy way to make a living, just like anyone who is selfemployed I suppose. But it is a portable job, so there is always a gig around the corner that gets us out of trouble, so long as there is a guitar or a piano to play, I can make a few bob. Occasionally something big happens, like the time I got a call from HBO to ask if they could use one of my tracks in *The Wire*. The money from that came to almost a year's income, a musician's income of course, but nonetheless a lifesaver. Being a songwriter requires a certain amount of living outside the box I suppose, the trouble is, sometimes you live there too long, and then you have to get up, shake yourself, and set a few things up. Hunt for a gig.