

## What I Wouldn't Do

Old 97's

Crackin' up on a radio,  
In a tunnel below the city.  
And I'm losin' you, 'cause you move too slow;  
I'm wishin' you could keep up with me.  
I'm in love with you, but I don't know why  
It gets so complicated.  
Though you have not left, you have said goodbye;  
I'm wishin' that we could have made it.

What I wouldn't do to be friends with you.  
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Tearin' it up on a thunderstorm  
On a long, red stretch of highway.  
And I'm wonderin' if I would be home  
If it was anybody else's birthday.  
I'm in love with you, but I kill myself  
Tryin' to figure out how to do it.  
You're on a pedestal;  
I'm on the edge of a shelf.  
You know, I'm moving ever closer to it.

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