

Leg

Bettie Serveert

Tuesdays and Fridays I'd wait at the bus stop
and guess who won't show up
I'm tired of waiting for you

Reflections in puddles and rain on their faces
how awkward this place is
when all seems connected to you

You warned me from the first time on
but I chose to ignore the things you said
Of course it didn't take you long
to figure out a way to pull my leg

Well, here I stand
I don't feel too good
Slightly canned
I wish you would

Untie the knot
untie the knot, then the have
have not
untie the knot

You won't have me worried
I can still take care of myself somehow
You won't have me worried
just have to rethink my thoughts somehow

Well, here I stand
I don't feel too good
Slightly canned
I wish you would
untie the knot