

She's writing, she's writing,
She's writing a novel.
She's writing, she's weaving,
Conceiving a plot.
It quickens, it thickens.
You can't put it down now.
It takes you, it shakes you,
It makes you lose your thought.
But you're caught in your own glory.
You are believing your own stories.
Writing your own headlines.
Ignoring your own deadlines.
But now you've gotta write them all again.

You think she's an open book,
But you don't know which page to turn to, do you?
You think she's an open book,
But you don't know which page to turn to, do you?
Do you? Do you?

You want her, confront her.
Just open your window.
Unbolt it, unlock it,
Unfasten your latch.
You want it, confront it.
Just open your window.
All you really have to do is ask.

But you're caught in your own glory.
You are believing your own stories.
Timing your contractions.
Inventing small contraptions
That roll across your polished hardwood floors.

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But you don't know which page to turn to, do you?
You think she's an open book,
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Do you? Do you?

You think she's an open book,
But you don't know which page to turn to, do you?
Do you? Do you? Do you?