

## Little Red Light

## Fountains of Wayne

Sitting in traffic on the Tappan Zee  
Fifty million people out in front of me  
Trying to cross the water but it just might be a while  
Rain's coming down I can't see a thing  
Radio's broken so I'm whistling  
New York to Nyack feels like a hundred miles

It's not right  
It's not fair  
I'm still a mess  
And you still don't care  
I go to work  
I come back home  
But you're still gone  
And I'm still alone  
And the little red light's not blinking  
No, no the little red light's not blinking  
No, no the little red light's not blinking  
On my big black plastic Japanese cordless phone  
Oh no

Stuck in a meeting on Monday night  
Trying to get the numbers to come out right  
I'm getting tired, I think I just might need a drink  
And as I'm reaching in the bottom drawer  
I'm dreaming 'bout the way it was before  
Life was so easy I never really had to think

It's not right  
It's not fair  
I'm still a mess  
And you still don't care  
I go to sleep  
When I wake up  
The pain sets in  
And it never stops  
And the little red light's not blinking  
No, no the little red light's not blinking  
No, no the little red light's not blinking  
On the desktop mailbox of my big black laptop  
Oh no

It's not right  
It's not fair  
I'm still a mess  
And you still don't care  
I go to work  
I come back home  
But you're still gone  
And I'm still alone  
And the little red light's not blinking  
No, no the little red light's not blinking  
No, no the little red light's not blinking  
On my big black Radio Shack digital portable phone  
Oh no