

# Crowded Elevator

Incubus

Fifteen minutes to six and fourteen floors to go,  
thirteen suited strangers makes a crowded elevator slow,  
And I've got a million word and phrases on the tip of my tongue,  
For the only non-stranger next to me, as you should know, know, know.  
So let 'em stare.

If I could think I would give in,  
And let you in on how I feel,  
Need to spill.  
Let all of it out right now,  
And expose every inch in front of them.

Twelve more floors your eyes and mine are all I need to come clean,  
Or should I wait for the lobby, spare the lives  
Of some 26 nervous eyes being occupied by little red numbers passing by.  
If I wait one minute longer, I think I will die,  
die, die.  
So let em' stare.

If I could think I would give in,  
And let you in on how I feel,  
Need to spill.  
Let all of it out right now,  
And expose every inch in front of them.  
If I could think I would give in,  
And let you in on how I feel,  
Need to spill.  
Let all of it out right now,  
And expose every inch in front of them,  
Front of them.

You help me to feel, see, and know,  
Why all the while I've been so inquisitive.  
I can't go back cuz now I know how it feels to open up and breathe.  
I can't go back cuz now I,  
I can't go back cuz now I,  
I can't go back cuz now I,  
I can't go back cuz now I know.

If I could think I would give in,  
And let you in on how I feel,  
Need to spill.  
Let all of it out right now,  
And expose every inch in front of them.  
If I could think I would give in,  
And let you in on how I feel,  
Need to spill.  
Let all of it out right now,  
And expose every inch in front of them,  
Yeah,  
In front of them,  
In front of them,  
In front of them.