

## Listen

Lambchop

When things blink just right  
Like they're blinking here tonight  
From the corner of my eye  
They came to be

Tell your trouble to  
Someone stuck here just like you  
Sucking in the smoke  
Like it's going out of style

And I'll listen to what you got to say  
You said it anyway to me  
Now I will listen especially at work  
It's really not a chore to me

So put me in a bag  
And bury me in rags  
The lady upstairs  
She makes me strong

Can't make it to the bar  
Can't make it to the bed  
Caught and confused  
You give it up for this

Now I will listen to what you have to say  
You said it anyway, though you're not, not too sure  
You, you will listen because it means that much to you  
You're everything I do or see

They may not work it out  
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They may not work it out