

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