

What I Wouldn't Do

Old 97's

Crackin' up on a radio,
In a tunnel below the city.
And I'm losin' you, 'cause you move too slow;
I'm wishin' you could keep up with me.
I'm in love with you, but I don't know why
It gets so complicated.
Though you have not left, you have said goodbye;
I'm wishin' that we could have made it.

What I wouldn't do to be friends with you.
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Tearin' it up on a thunderstorm
On a long, red stretch of highway.
And I'm wonderin' if I would be home
If it was anybody else's birthday.
I'm in love with you, but I kill myself
Tryin' to figure out how to do it.
You're on a pedestal;
I'm on the edge of a shelf.
You know, I'm moving ever closer to it.

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