

## It's A Lot

The 88

Don't you worry, baby,  
I told you I was comin' home  
I went into the back,  
Fell between the cracks,  
All alone

So when you say you did,  
Well, let's say you didn't  
When you roll your eyes,  
I think you it get it,  
To memory,  
That we could never be

I'm just thinking back  
And stuck on your shoulder  
and it drags you down,  
It makes you feel old,  
it's a photograph,  
All that we never had

It's a lot (It's a lot)  
It's a lot (It's a lot)  
It's a lot (It's a lot)  
It's a lot (It's a lot)

And it's the cardboard box,  
Stuck in the corner  
It's your backwood talk,  
I'll make it in tone  
It's your phonery (phonery phonery phonery,)  
Manages everything

And it's the call I made,  
When you were lucky  
It's the slack I gave,  
I read in a book  
It's a magazine (magazine magazine magazine,)  
All that you never see

It's a lot (It's a lot)  
It's a lot (It's a lot)  
It's a lot (It's a lot)  
It's a lot (It's a lot)

And it's not,  
Would you find  
It's a lot? (a lot alot alot)

Don't you worry, baby,  
I told you I was comin' home  
I would never leave you there,  
Waitin' in your chair,  
All alone (all alone all alone all alone)

So when you say you did,  
Well, let's say you didn't  
When you roll your eyes,

I think you get it,  
To memory (memory memory memory,)  
All we could never be

It's a lot (It's a lot)  
It's a lot (It's a lot)

And it's not,  
Could you find  
It's a lot?

Don't you worry, baby  
Don't you worry, baby

Don't you worry, baby