

Not Dead Yet

The Weepies

It's hard to say what you mean to me
Everyone is scenery
So you take a late night drive alone
Trying to get home

Oh come on, come on, come on
Give me a sign of life
'Cause there's another way that I'd rather be
If I could only get you alone
It's an inside joke that I never get
And I'm dying inside but I'm not dead yet

Everyone is beautiful, traffic like a funeral
And everybody tries to keep in touch
Through the radio

Oh come on, come on, come on
Give me a sign of life
'Cause there's another way that I'd rather be
If I could only get you alone
It's an inside joke that I never get
And I'm dying inside but I'm not dead yet

I guess you'd say you still are mine
Never mind the years of waste time
I'll see you much later on
After everybody else is gone

Wasted on a Saturday, join the Great Majority
With all the ways I tried to keep in touch
That you will never know

Oh come on, come on, come on
Give me a sign of life
'Cause there's another way that I'd rather be
If I could only get you alone
It's an inside joke that I never get
And I'm dying inside but I'm not dead yet