

## **Rakes, The "Open Book"**

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You are not an open book  
I can't do nothing 'bout that  
But I'm worried, I'm overdrawn  
What am I doing up at the witching hour?  
Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o

Pick up a book, put down a book  
Turn on the TV  
It's 2 AM, there's nothing on  
I just need something to focus on

Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o

Things are going to slide  
Slide out of control  
I hope that you come back  
I can't eat, can't sleep  
When I close my eyes  
The thought of you denies  
Me, the rest, and the air  
That I need

The longer you are far from me  
The more I drift away  
I didn't see the warning signs  
I was falling through the cracks

Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o

Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o  
Oh-o-oh-o

Oh-o-oh-o

You are not  
An open book  
I am worn and torn  
I am overdrawn

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