

Spring Standards, The "Reply"

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I lost my bike and I lost my car
But my feet can get me to the nearest bar
With you, baby with you

I lost ten dollars and a hundred more
Money's lots of things but it ain't no cure
For me, honey for me

With a bed of bugs and a heart of clay
I may want you tomorrow but not today
It's true, darling it's true

CHORUS

The windowpane makes a show of rain
Splitting paths and joining up again
We can sit and cry 'til the oceans dry
Or we can shout and wait for a reply

I lost at cards and I lost at dice
If you won't play fair then you should play nice
With me, baby with me

I broke my phone and I stubbed my toe
I lost the air when I found the flow
With you, honey with you

I slipped on ice, then I fell in snow
It hurts much more to never know
What's true, darling what's true

CHORUS

I couldn't ask, so you didn't tell
You're made of glass, but you hide it well
It's true, baby it's true

I missed your call but you called too late
If you tell me to go, don't ask me to wait
For you, honey for you

I win it all when I lose my mind

'Cause what you cannot lose you sure can find
It's true, darling it's true

CHORUS

Wait for a reply
Wait for a reply

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