

## **Burt Bacharach**

# **"The Long Division"**

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Did somebody try to catch your eye  
And almost change your sad expression?  
Did somebody's hand linger too long?  
Must I now make my confession?  
But you'll never know what suspicion is until you lie  
awake  
And every night you ask yourself, "What am I to do?"  
Can it be so hard to calculate?  
When three goes into two, there's nothing left over  
How's it gonna feel?  
This time it's real  
It's not a temporary fracture  
This is what you get  
The stage is set for you and your attempted rapture

Is he gonna smile that indulgent smile when you come  
running home?  
And every night you ask yourself, "What am I to do?"  
Can it be so hard to calculate?  
When three goes into two, there's nothing left over  
What am I gonna do?  
I look at you  
You seem to be so long past caring  
Did somebody say we can still be friends?  
Only to find out that it's a joke  
So ask yourself  
Can it be so hard to calculate?  
When three goes into two, there's nothing left over

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