

Lisa Loeb

"Lisa Listen"

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Who would steal on Sunday?
Who'd made them believe, make believe?
Who'd buy a prayer when you can pray for free?
If the way you drank your coffee was the way you
looked at me

Then I could take both my hands off the TV
I've been sleeping on half of my bed lately
And thinking about what you said to me
"You're tipsy, you're turning
You are alive, you are burning

Lisa, won't you listen?
The moon shines for you
You're tipsy, you're turning
You are alive, you are burning

A sweet man will sing a seafaring song
And a dear, strong woman coos gently along
Good guys at the Cozy are servin' folks for free
Did you ever notice there are so many people in bands
in the city?

I've been sleeping on half of my bed lately
And thinking about what you said to me
"You're tipsy, you're turning
You are alive, you are burning"

And I will not judge you
By the way you play your instrument
No, that's true as fiction, sometimes I do
But the moon shines halfway sometimes too

Lisa, won't you listen?
The moon shines for you
You're tipsy, you're turning
You've got one foot on the floor
You're alive, you are burning
You always wanted more

