

Lisa Loeb & Nine Stories

"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, oh

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

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

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
You ever notice they're so many people in bands in the
city? Oh

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, oh

And I will not judge you by the way you play your
instrument
That's true as fiction, sometimes I do
But the moon shines halfway sometimes too, oh

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, oh, you always wanted
more, oh

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