Lisa Loeb & Nine Stories "Snow Day"

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It's a bad day It's a train ride It's a bad day You're my medicine

It's a snow day It's a full moon It's a snow day

When'd you get down to my bones? And where'll I find that wishing stone? The beads, the records All the calls, and the drinks alone

First by mind, then by music You'll make this all less confusing It's a slow dive down, it's a fast distraction It's a strange fall forward, my lame reaction

It's a bad day It's a long ride It's a bad day You're my medicine

It's a sinking feeling
Pulls me through the seat of chairs
When will you come rescue me
Find solace, and then take me there?

You'll say you're not too tired for this life
And it's not gonna matter if you fall down twice
You're not too tired for this life
And it's not gonna matter if you fall down twice

When'd you get down to my bones? And where'll I find that wishing stone? The beads, the records All the calls, and the drinks alone

It's a bad day Two miles to go It's a bad day You're my medicine

You'll say you're not too tired for this life And it's not gonna matter if you fall down twice You're not too tired for this life And it's not gonna matter if you fall down twice

You're not too tired for this life And it's not gonna matter if you fall down twice If you fall down, if you fall down, 'cause

You're my medicine You're my medicine You're my medicine You're my medicine

It's a long ride

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