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Melissa Ferrick "E-mail"

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You got it all figured out Ya you got a plan To get us out of here Wash my hands clean of the tax man You got it all set up Like you're in charge of fate You're gonna make me famous Like that's what I wanted in the first place

Now you're talkin' at me Like I've never done this Like I'm some 20 year old Poet with tits Hey mister let me tell ya I've got no illusions about the Music business You know and if I didn't like it I'd quit

So don't tell me No one's listening Don't tell me That fans don't care Don't you assume They're gonna buy anything 'Cause when we're out in the clubs Listening to music You're in a box Answering e-mail Your answering your e-mail

Five million dollars Ya throw it against the wall And if it doesn't stick Watch everybody point their fingers At the artist Tell million copies sold Hey kid you're a hit But at 10% You now that's 90 for them Plus the hotel rooms

They destroyed

While you were singing your heart out At SXSW SXSW So don't tell me No one's listening Don't tell me That fans don't care Don't you assume They're gonna buy anything 'Cause when we're out in the clubs Listening to music You're in a box Pulling out your hair We're in the clubs Listening to music You're in a box Answering e-mail Your answering your e-mail And smiles in crowds are forever So I've gotta just keep on sayin' To myself You know the journey Is the destination So don't tell me No one's listening Don't tell me That fans don't care Don't you assume They're gonna buy anything 'Cause when we're out in the clubs Listening to music You're in a box Pulling out your hair We're in the clubs Listening to music You're in a box Answering e-mail We're in the clubs Listening to music And we all know You wish you could be there Ya I got your telegram

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