

Michael Franks "Living On The Inside"

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Books are stacked on my table, I've got books filling
my shelves
Day and night I've been trying to unravel myself
But I've been looking for answers that don't seem to
wanna be had
and people don't live too long when they're feeling this
bad

So I don't wanna know about nothin'
unless it's something I can see or touch
'cause I've been living on the inside too much
I miss those Labor Day picnics like the ones that we
used to have
Where no one's worrying about nothing, no one's
feeling bad
I wanna roll down the hillside, lay dizzy in the cool
green grass
and jump around like a frog in a gunny sack

And I don't wanna know about nothin'
unless it's something I can see or touch
'cause I've been living on the inside a little too much

My friend has got some babies and she loves them with
all of her might
They run around all day, they keep her up at night
But she can kiss those faces and she's the one who
gets to see them smile
I'm thinking maybe that'd beat this by a pretty long mile

And I don't wanna know about nothin'
unless it's something I can see or touch
'cause I've been living on the inside a little too much

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