

Loeb Lisa

"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 and turning, you've got one foot on the
floor.
You're alive, you are burning.
You always wanted more.

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