

88, The "It's A Lot"

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Don't you worry baby, I told you I was coming home.
I went into the back, fell between the cracks, all alone.
So when you say you did, well I say you didn't.
When you roll your eyes, I think you're kidding.
It's a memory; that we could never be.
And it's big and black, it's stuck on your shoulder.
And it drags you down, it makes you feel older.
It's a photograph, all that we never had.
It's a lot (It's a lot) — 4

And it's a cardboard box, stuck in a corner.
It's your back wood talk, I'll make it in tone.
It's your funny ring. Midas is everything.
And it's the call I made, when you were looking.
It's the slack I gave, I read in a book.
It's a magazine, all that you've never seen.
It's a lot (It's a lot) — 3
It's a lot
And it's not what you thought
It's a lot

Don't you worry baby, I told you I was coming home.
I would never leave you there, waiting in your chair, all
alone.
So when you say you did, well I say you didn't.
When you roll your eyes, I think you're kidding.
It's a memory; All we could never be.
It's a lot (It's a lot) — 7
It's a lot
And it's not what you thought
It's a lot

Don't you worry baby — 6

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