Lisa Listen

Lisa Loeb

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, oh
I've been sleeping on half of my bed lately
Thinking about what you said to me
You're tipsy, you're turning, you are alive, you are burning, oh
Lisa, won't you listen? The moon shines for you
You're tipsy, you're turning, you are alive, you are burning, oh
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
You ever notice they're so many people in bands in the city? Oh
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, oh
And I will not judge you by the way you play your instrument
That's true as fiction, sometimes I do
But the moon shines halfway sometimes too, oh
Lisa, won't you listen? The moon shines for you
You're tipsy, you're turning, you've got one foot on the floor
You're alive, you are burning, oh, you always wanted more, oh

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