

# 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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