Little Red Light

Fountains of Wayne

Sitting in traffic on the Tappan Zee
Fifty million people out in front of me
Trying to cross the water but it just might be a whileRain's coming down I can't see a thing
Radio's broken so I'm whistling
New York to Nyack feels like a hundred milesIt's not right, it's not fair
I'm still a mess and you still don't care
I go to work, I come back home
But you're still gone and I'm still aloneAnd the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
On my big black plastic Japaneses cordless phone
Oh no, oh noStuck in a meeting on Monday night
Trying to get the numbers to come out right
I'm getting tired, I think I just might need a drinkAnd as I'm reaching in the bottom drawer
I'm dreaming 'bout the way it was before
Life was so easy I never really had to thinkIt's not right, it's not fair
I'm still a mess and you still don't care
I go to sleep when I wake up
The pain sets in and it never stopsAnd the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
On the desktop mailbox of my big black laptop
Oh noIt's not right, it's not fair
I'm still a mess and you still don't care
I go to work, I come back home
But you're still gone and I'm still aloneAnd the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
On my big black radio shack digital portable phone
Oh no, oh no, oh no

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