

# Open Book

## Cake

She's writing, she's writing  
She's writing a novel  
She's writing, she's weaving  
Conceiving a plot  
It quickens, it thickens  
You can't put it down now  
It takes you, it shakes you  
It makes you lose your thought But you're caught in your own glory  
You are believing your own stories  
Writing your own headlines  
Ignoring your own deadlines  
But now you've gotta write them all again You think she's an open book  
But you don't know which page to turn to, do you?  
You think she's an open book  
But you don't know which page to turn to, do you?  
Do you? Do you? You want her, confront her  
Just open your window  
Unbolt it, unlock it  
Unfasten your latch  
You want it, confront it  
Just open your window  
All you really have to do is ask But you're caught in your own glory  
You are believing your own stories  
Timing your contractions  
Inventing small contraptions  
That roll across your polished hardwood floors You think she's an open book  
But you don't know which page to turn to, do you?  
You think she's an open book  
But you don't know which page to turn to, do you?  
Do you? Do you? Well, you think she's an open book  
But you don't know which page to turn to, do you?  
Do you? Do you? Do you?

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