

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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