

# Leg

## Bettie Serveert

Tuesdays and Fridays I'd wait at the bus stop  
And guess who won't show up  
I'm tired of waiting for you

Reflections in puddles and rain on their faces  
How awkward this place is  
When all seems connected to you

You warned me from the first time on  
But I chose to ignore the things you said  
Of course it didn't take you long  
To figure out a way to pull my leg

Well, here I stand  
I don't feel too good  
Slightly canned  
I wish you would

Untie the knot  
Untie the knot, then the have  
Have not  
Untie the knot

You won't have me worried  
I can still take care of myself somehow  
You won't have me worried  
Just have to rethink my thoughts somehow

Well, here I stand  
I don't feel too good  
Slightly canned  
I wish you would  
Untie the knot

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