

# 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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