It's a Lot

The 88

Dont you worry baby, I told you I was coming home.
I went into the back, fell between the cracks, all alone.
So when you say you did, well I say you didnt.
When you roll your eyes, I think youre kidding.
Its a memory; that we could never be.
And its big and black, its stuck on your shoulder.
And it drags you down, it makes you feel older.
Its a photograph, all that we never had.
Its a lot (Its a lot) 4And its a cardboard box, stuck in a corner.
Its your back wood talk, Ill make it in tone.
Its your funny ring. Midas is everything.
And its the call I made, when you were looking.
Its the slack I gave, I read in a book.
Its a magazine, all that youve never seen.
Its a lot (Its a lot) 3
Its a lot
And its not what you thought
Its a lotDont you worry baby, I told you I was coming home.
I would never leave you there, waiting in your chair, all alone.
So when you say you did, well I say you didnt.
When you roll your eyes, I think youre kidding.
Its a memory; All we could never be.
Its a lot (Its a lot) 7
Its a lot
And its not what you thought
Its a lotDont you worry baby 6

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