

# 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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