# My Idea

## Evan Dando

Well, I see that we're coming to the end of the affair
And well there's one final favor to ask of you, my dear
Can we pretend that it was you on the receiving end
And tell our friends that it was my idea

I can't adjust to the life of endless afternoon
Which one of us lives in this room
I take a bus to the clinic every Thursday
But the experts won't know what the fuck to do

So if you hear someone calling at the bottom of the stairs
Will you sing a song to me in a voice that I can hear
Can we pretend that it was you on the receiving end
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