

What I Wouldn't Do

Old 97's

You're cracking up on a radio in a tunnel below the city
And I'm losing you 'cause you move too slow
And I'm wishing you could keep up with me I'm in love with you but I don't know why it gets so complicated
Though you have not left you have said goodbye
And I'm wishing that we could have made it What I wouldn't do to be friends with you
What I wouldn't do, what I wouldn't do
What I wouldn't do to be friends with you
What I wouldn't do, what I wouldn't do You're bearing it up on a thunderstorm
On a long red stretch of highway
And I'm wondering if I would be home
If it was anybody else's birthday

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