

Open Book

The Rakes

You are not an open book
I can't do nothing 'bout that
But I'm worried, I'm overdrawn
What am I doing up at the witching hour? Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o Pick up a book, put down a book
Turn on the TV
It's 2 A.M. there's nothing on
I just need something to focus on Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o Things are going to slide
Slide out of control
I hope that you come back
I can't eat, can't sleep When I close my eyes
The thought of you denies
Me, the rest, and the air
That I need The longer you are far from me
The more I drift away
I didn't see the warning signs
I was falling through the cracks Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o
Oh-o-oh-o You are not an open book
I am worn and torn, I am overdrawn

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