

Invisible Ink

Aimee Mann

There comes a time when you swim or sink
So I jumped in the drink
'cause I couldn't make myself clear
Maybe I wrote in invisible ink
Oh I've tried to think
How I could have made it appear
But another illustration is wasted
'cause the results are the same
I feel like a ghost who's trying to move your hands
over some ouija board in the hopes I can spell out my name
What some take for magic at first glance
Is just sleight of hand depending on what you believe
Something gets lost when you translate
It's hard to keep straight
Perspective is everything
And I know now which is which and what angle I oughta look at it from
I suppose I should be happy to be misread-
Better be that than some of the other things I have become
But nobody wants to hear this tale
The plot is clichd, the jokes are stale
And baby we've all heard it all before
Oh i could get specific but
Nobody needs a catalog
With details of love I can't sell anymore
And aside from that, this chain of reaction,
baby, is losing a link
Though I'd hope you'd know what I tried to tell you
And if you don't I could draw you a picture in invisible ink
But nobody wants to hear this tale
The plot is clichd, the jokes are stale
And baby we've all heard it all before
Oh i could get specific but
Nobody needs a catalog
With details of love I can't sell anymore

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