

What'll I Do

[Lisa Hannigan](#)

What'll I do without you around,
my words won't pun, my pennies won't pound,
oh and my frisbee flies to the ground,
what'll I do without you.

What'll I say without you to talk to,
no one to serve or volley the ball to,
you write the words but I miss the volume,
what'll I say without you.

Oh I don't know what to do with myself
now that I'm here and you're gone.

What'll I do when you've gone away,
my ball won't pin, my records won't play
and all of my hours limp into days,
what'll I do without you.

What'll I do now that you're gone,
my boat won't row, my bus doesn't come,
I have the fingers, you've got the thumb,
what'll I do without you.

Oh I don't know what to do with myself
now that I'm here and you're gone.

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