

Snow Day

Lisa Loeb

It's a bad day
It's a train ride
It's a bad day
You're my medicine

It's a snow day
It's a full moon
It's a snow day

When'd you get down to my bones?
Where'll I find that wishing stone?
The beads, the records
All the calls, and the drinks alone

First by mind, then by music
You'll make this all less confusing.
It's a slow dive down,
A fast distraction,
A strange fall forward-
My lame reaction.

It's a bad day.
It's a long ride.
It s a bad day.
You're my medicine

It's a sinking feeling,
Pulls me through the seat of chairs.
When will you come rescue me,
Find solace, and then take me there?

You'll say, "You re not too tired for this life,
And it's not gonna matter if you fall down twice.
You're not too tired for this life, and
It's not gonna matter if you fall down twice."

When'd you get down to my bones?
Where'll I find that wishing stone?
The beads, the records,

All the calls, and the drinks alone.

It's a bad day.
2 miles to go.
It's a bad day.
You're my medicine

You'll say, "You're not too tired for this life,
And it's not gonna matter if you fall down twice.
You're not too tired for this life,
And it's not gonna matter if you fall down twice."

You're my medicine.
You're my medicine.
You're my medicine.
You're my medicine.
It's a long ride

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written by LISA LOEB
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