## Incubus, Crowded Elevator

Fifteen minutes to six and fourteen floors to go

Thirteen suited strangers makes a crowded elevator slow

And I've got a million words and phrases on the tip of my tongue

For the only non stranger next to me soon she'll know

Know, know

So let them stare

If I could think I would give in

And let you in on how I feel

Need to spill

Let all of it out right now

And expose every inch in front of them

Twelve more floors; your eyes and mine are all I need to come clean

Or should I wait for the lobby, spare the lives

Of some 26 nervous eyes

Being occupied by little red numbers passing by

If I wait one minute longer, I think I will die

Die. die.

So let them stare

If I could think I would give in

and let you in on how I feel

Need to spill

Let all of it out right now

And expose every inch in front of them

If I could think I would give in

and let you in on how I feel

Need to spill

Let all of it out right now

And expose every inch in front of them

Front of them

You help me to feel, see and know

While all the while I've been so inquisitive

I can't go back cuz now I know how it feels to open up and breathe

I can't go back cuz now I

I can't go back cuz now I

I can't go back cuz now I

I can't go back cuz now I know

If I could think I would give in

and let you in on how I feel

Need to spill

Let all of it out right now

And expose every inch in front of them

If I could think I would give in

and let you in on how I feel

Need to spill

Let all of it out right now

And expose every inch in front of them

Yeah

In front of them

In front of them

In front of them