

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