

Jill Sobule, Guy Who Doesn't Get It

Can't you tell that I am dying inside?
Can't you hear my muffled cry?
Do you have to be told a thousand times?
You're the guy who doesn't get it

Don't you know my life's a quiet hell?
I'm a black hole, I'm an empty shell
Does it occur to you /that/ I might need help?
You're the guy who doesn't get it

Say I'm in the tub with a razor blade
You'd walk in and ask me "How was your day?"
Then you'd lather up and start to shave
As I bleed on the new tile floor

I'm sure that you really care for me
And your heart's as big as Germany
But you're as blind as they were back in '33
You're the guy who doesn't get it

Say the car exhaust /is in/ my brain
The Nebutol is racing through my veins
You'd come in and ask "Are you okay?"
As I close my eyes forever

Can't you tell that I am dying inside?
Can't you hear my muffled cry?
What's going on /inside those/ vacant eyes?
You're the guy who doesn't get it
/You're the guy who doesn't get it/