

Lisa Loeb, Lisa Listen

who would steal on sunday?
who'd made them believe make-believe?
who'd buy a prayer when you can pray for free?
if the way you held your coffee was the way you looked at me,
then i could take both my hands off the tv.

i've been sleeping on half of my bed lately,
and thinking about what you said to me,
"you're tipsy, you're turning, you are alive, you are burning.

lisa, won't you listen?
The moon shines for you.
you're tipsy, you're turning, you are alive, you are burning."

a sweet man will sing a seafaring song,
and a dear, strong woman coos gently along.
good guys at the cozy are servin' folks for free.
did you ever notice there are so many people in bands in the city?

i've been sleeping on half of my bed lately,
and thinking about what you said to me,
"you're tipsy, you're turning, you are alive, you are burning."

i will not judge you by the way you play your instrument.
no, that's true as fiction, sometimes i do,
but the moon shines halfway sometimes too.

lisa, won't you listen?
the moon shines for you:
you're tipsy and turning, you've got one foot on the floor.
you're alive, you are burning.
you always wanted more.