

# Lisa Loeb, Snow Day

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