

Lisa Loeb, This

in an open room that echos well, this is where i can tell you everything.

this is where i meet my muse, and it feeds me.
and this is how i buy the sun, and it feeds me.
this is why i burn this candle, i light it so that i can handle this.

you're so still, you're so safe,
appear severe
you are so nochalant.

i'm so still
i'm so safe,
appear severe,
i am not.

this is where i meet my muse, and it feeds me.
this is how i buy the sun, and it feeds me.
i told david i won't die, and this is how i watch the sky.
this is why i burn this candle, i light it so that i can handle this.

you're so still,
you save face.
try to erase all you feel inside.

stand still,
i save face,
i misplace all the feelings i can't hide.

of all the rooms i've loved before, it's you i love inside this room.
they test me, can i train my evil eyes to see like they do -
sometimes, sometimes, sometimes.
of all the rooms i've loved before,
it's you i love.

this is how i meet my muse.