

The Muffs, Room With No View

You living your life in a room with no view
You thinking of me all the time and you do

Calling and calling and hoping and praying
That I will pick up and then maybe with
Luck will go out but you don't understand
It's out of your hands

You carry the weight of the world in your shoes
You thinking of me after all afternoon

Looking at me with those all searching eyes but
You're looking for something where you know
There's nothing you know that you're not
In my plan it's out of your hands

I don't want you, maybe you've noticed
Or maybe you're stupid and I don't like
It I want you out of my face

You living your life in a room with no view
You trying to talk about me and you

Calling and calling and hoping and praying
That I will pick up and then maybe with
Luck we'll go out but you don't understand
It's out of your hands

You're not my man
It's not in my plan
You're not my man