

The Weepies, Not Dead Yet

It's hard to say what you mean to me
Everyone is scenery
So you take a late-night drive alone
Trying to get home

Ohh come on come on come on
Give me a sign, a light
'Cause there's another way
That I'd rather be
If I could only get you alone
It's an inside joke that I never get
And I'm dying inside
But I'm not dead yet

Everyone is beautiful
Traffic like a funeral
And everybody tries to keep in touch
Through the radio

Ohh come on come on come on
Give me a sign, a light
'Cause there's another way
That I'd rather be
If I could only get you alone
It's an inside joke that I never get
And I'm dying inside
But I'm not dead yet

I guess you would say
You still don't mind
Nevermind the years
Of wasted time
I see you blush
Later on, after everybody
Else is gone...

Waste it on a Saturday
Join the great majority
All the ways I tried to keep in touch
You'll never know.

Ohh come on come on come on
Give me a sign, a light
'Cause there's another way
That I'd rather be
If I could only get you alone
It's an inside joke that I never get
And I'm dying inside
But I'm not dead yet, dead yet...
Ahhh, oooh (x3)