

Alanis Morissette, Weekends

You like snow but only if it's warm
You like rain but only if it's dry
No sentimental value to the rose that fell on your floor
No fundamental excuse for the granted I'm taken for
'Cause it's easy not to
So much easier not to
And what goes around never comes around to you
You like pain but only if it doesn't hurt too much
You sit...and you wait...to receive
There's an obvious attraction
To the path of least resistance in your life
There's an obvious aversion no amount of my insistence could make you try tonight
'Cause it's easy not to
So much easier not to
And what goes around never comes around to you
To you to you to you to you to you...
There's no love no money no thrill anymore
There's an apprehensive naked little trembling boy
With his head in his hands
There's an underestimated and impatient little girl
Raising her hand
But it's easy not to
So much easier not to
And what goes around never comes around to you
To you, to you
get up get up get up off of it
get up get up get up off of it
get out get outta here enough already
get up get up get up off of it
wake up