

Anya Marina, Someday

Well, you don't ask about my birthday
Or my band-aid
(Talk about being a bore)
Let's talk about you some more

Well, I remember the time I would've sunk every dime and every hope into you
But now I'm well-rested and thoroughly invested in being through

And you say, someday, you'll be changed
And someday, someday ... just have a little faith

And like a heavenly body sitting in a lobby or a plane going down
I was wasting your time and you were wasting mine, going round and around

And you say, someday, you'll be changed
And someday, someday we'll have a little place

And you'll be a man of means
And I'll be someone far above in-between
But when I call you on the telephone
You apologize and put me right on hold
Talk about metaphor
Let's talk about you some more,
Let's talk about you some more,
Let's talk about

You say someday you'll be changed
Someday someday we'll have a little faith
Someday someday you'll be changed
But sometimes someday is too hard to wait for