

# Barenaked Ladies, Maybe Not

Pretty soon you will be wanting me  
To go.  
And I will only be the enemy  
I know.  
Pretty soon you will be needing me  
To leave.  
But know that you and I will always be  
Naive.

Maybe you'll forgive the things that I forgot.  
Maybe you're forgetting all the times we fought.  
Maybe we should divvy up the things we bought.  
But maybe not.

Why don't we lay down on the kitchen floor  
All that we say we had with us before?  
We'll find our way to what we're looking for  
By seperating what is mine from yours.

Pretty soon I'll be the one you hold  
At bay.  
And then forever I'll be good as gold  
If I may.  
I know your heart cannot be bought or sold  
For much.  
Darlin' I'd consider yourself told  
In Dutch.

And we can argue 'till our throats are sore  
About how far you take a metaphor.  
You always deign to see the glass half filled  
And now it seems to me the half glass spilled.

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Maybe we should divvy up the things we bought.  
But maybe not.  
Maybe not.  
Maybe not