

Bonnie Pink, Not Ready

I couldn't enjoy my cappuccino
for fear of missing him
he always dives into casino
in spite of being out of trim
I'm a fool enough to wait for
him out of the crowd I hate
he wouldn't know that
somebody's wasting time
and caffeine for him out there
out there... out there...
the words of a drunken man
struck 5 to midnight
it's my birth time
new feelings fall and blame
my clyde
every 100 flakes of snow
* (chorus)
ready to read him
ready to seize him
ready to heal him
I'm ready I'm ready
ready to feel him
ready to kiss him
because
I'm not ready to hate him
at all... not at all
his empty promise skimmed
right now
over the freezing Houston
street
this corny winter made me doubt
whether he's within my reach
my blurry memory spans
a quarter of a century
but it's in tune now
he wouldn't know that
somebody else wants him to
wake up and feel a real blow
* (chorus)
because
I'm not ready to lose him
at all... not at all