Burt Bacharach, The Long Division

Did somebody try to catch your eye
And almost change your sad expression?
Did somebody's hand linger too long?
Must I now make my confession?
But you'll never know
What suspicion is
Until you lie awake

And every night you ask yourself
"What am I to do?"
Can it be so hard to calculate?
When three goes into two
There's nothing left over

How's it gonna feel? This time it's real
It's not a temporary fracture
This is what you get, the stage is set
For you and your attempted rapture

Is he gonna smile
That indulgent smile
When you come running home?

And every night you ask yourself,
"What am I to do?"
Can it be so hard to calculate?
When three goes into two
There's nothing left over

What am I gonna say? You turn away
And you leave me here despairing
What am I going to do? I look at you
You seem to be so long past caring

Did somebody say,
"Can we still be friends?"
Only to find out now that it's a joke

So ask yourself,
"What am I to do?"
Can it be so hard to calculate?
When three goes into two
There's nothing left over

Did somebody say,
"Can we still be friends?"
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