

# 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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