

Lisa Loeb, Days Were Different

Days were different when you counted them in hours.
There were some things that she never wanted again.
In fragmented words, too weak to hear,
There were some things that she never wanted again.
Like: do you want to be the man she once knew?
Do you want to be the woman she knew too.
Days were different when you counted them in hours.
There were some things that she never wanted again.
Like, she won't talk of blocks, and of time,
And of clocks and how they bind.
And the days that have passed so fast that you might
Bring the past to the present, and say it is your future life.
I'm waking up from a bed of past lives lived,
'Cause I'm living my life "half-life, half-lived."
Days were different when you counted them in hours.
There were some things that she never wanted again.
In fragmented words, too weak to hear,
There were some things that she never wanted again.
Like: do you want to be the man she once knew?
Do you want to be the woman she knew too.
Do you want to be the woman
She was you.
Days are different now,
They are ours.
And days are different now,
They are mine.