

# Lisa Loeb, Single Me Out

I'm stuck in my apartment on Eleventh Street, I push the pen around.  
Something made me think of you, I jump into a cab going downtown.

Do you know what I really want?  
I don't know what I really want.  
Do you know whats going on?  
Whats going on?

Single me out, you've got my number.  
(you've got my number)  
If you wanna be my number one, single me out.  
There'll be no other.  
(There'll be no other)  
If you wanna be my number one, single me out.

In a coffee shop on Sullivan, I pretend to read a magazine.  
While I look over my shoulder to see if you're there looking for me.  
Do you know whats going on?  
Cause I know whats going on.  
Yeah, I know what I really want.  
What I really want.

Single me out, you've got my number.  
(you've got my number)  
If you wanna be my number one single me out.  
There'll be no other.  
(There'll be no other)  
If you wanna be my number one single me out.

Tell me, can you hear me?  
Cause I'm thinking out loud.  
Tell me, would you pick me out of the crowd?

Yeah, I know what I really want.  
Cause I know whats going on.  
Yeah, I know what I really want.  
Whats going on

Single me out, you've got my number.  
(you've got my number)  
If you wanna be my number one, single me out.  
There'll be no other.  
(There'll be no other)  
If you wanna be my number one, single me out  
You've got my number.  
(you've got my number)  
If you wanna be my number one, single me out.  
So many numbers.  
If you wanna be my number one, single me out.