

Lisa Loeb, Train Song

Won't you wait for me on the platform where the plaid coats wait?
Won't you wait for me on the platform where the plaid coats wait?
'Cause I've been with you, and in your state,
You're just a pliable, just a dead wait on me.
You know, once I liked you, I liked you a lot.
You were, you were everything, you were everything I'd got.
Now you're poke-faced, like in a parking lot, and
I could pay you a dollar just to hollar a lot.
Once I liked you, I liked you a lot.
And you gave wonderful hugs, when I was with you.
You gave wonderful hugs, when I was with you.
In the slow mist, it wasn't and admirable trait.
You were dancing with another and your standing so straight.
She was like a pipe dream, not a bad position.
She had long legs, had a big breast, she was an apparition.
With tempestuous eyes, we said our goodbyes.
Pulse stopped, was petrified.
I saw you as you sat down and cried.
Do you feel down under?
That's the end of your lies.
Can't you capture a cultivated whim?
No, you can stick in your toe, but you can't jump right in.
Cause you say you've happened, but I know better.
You can't right this wrong now, cause I've met her.
And you gave wonderful hugs when I was with you.
You gave wonderful hugs when I was with you.
When I was with you,
But now, she's with you.