

Lisa Loeb, What Am I Supposed To Say?

Waiting for the super buzz, the second dose, the inspiration,
but something strange is going on.
I'm in the middle of another stupid conversation.
I can't believe so many days have gone by since I tried to talk to you,
but something strange is going on.
I've got both sides of it and I'm waiting for the other one to come.
(where's the messenger?)
You're too late, great,
What am I supposed to say?
That he's done something wrong, and he's gonna have to pay.
Late, great,
What am I supposed to say?
That he begs to be beside you?
Off and running.
It's stunning, you're caught off guard.
You feel forgotten, afraid of, in the dark.
This fixer upper's not my idea of what you should be after,
not much laughter when you're penciled in.
Sometimes the sun isn't bright enough in your apartment, the sun.
You have to lean towards the lamp, to get anything done.
But you're too late, great,
What am I supposed to say?
That he's done something wrong, and he's gonna have to pay.
Late, great,
What am I supposed to say?
That he begs to be beside you.