

Old 97's, What I Wouldn't Do

your cracking up on a radio in a tunnel below the city
and i'm losing you 'cause you move too slow
and i'm wishing you could keep up with me
i'm in love with you but i don't know why it gets so complicated
though you have not left you have said goodbye
and i'm wishing that we could have made it
what i wouldn't do to be friends with you
what i wouldn't do what i wouldn't do
what i wouldn't do to be friends with you
what i wouldn't do what i wouldn't do
you're bearing it up on a thunderstorm on a long red stretch of highway
and i'm wondering if i would be home
if it was anybody else's birthday
i'm in love with you but i kill myself trying to figure out how to do it
you're on a pedestal i'm on the edge of a shelf
you know i'm moving ever closer to it