

# 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