

Self, Busy Sending Me

I met you woman in a red raincoat and a beat-up car
You looked a mermaid in your water wings and a push-up bra
Maybe I was nervous, maybe it was fate but I called your phone
You said "Come over"; I said "Every day"; Now I can't go home

To the store
Up to the moon
You're so busy, you're so busy sending me
To the floor
Up to my room
You're so busy, you're so busy sending me

You introduced me to your neighbor Frank, said "He's a friend of mine";
He was a member of the truly insane and had done hard time
He said "She don't want no money, she doesn't want a date"; but my mind's all gone
I know I should run, I know I shouldn't wait, but I can't go home

To the store
Up to the moon
You're so busy, you're so busy sending me
To the floor
Up to my room
You're so busy, you're so busy sending me