

Yo La Tengo, The Crying Of Lot G

What did I miss here?
What can't you take anymore?
Expecting a whisper,
I heard the slam of a door

You say that all we ever do is fight
Gee, I don't know that that's true.
then I wonder, am I right?
or is that part of our problem?
Maybe I'm out of my mind.
Maybe I'm blocking out the truth.
But it seems like just a little thing,
like you don't want to listen,
and I can't shut up.

You don't have to smile at me.
we don't have to talk.
all that I ask is you stop,
and remember, it isn't always this way.

You have the problem,
it comes with our private jokes.
when you're in a fury,
laughter gets stuck in my throat.

Sometimes I wonder why we have so much trouble
cheering each other up sometimes,
when one or the other of us is down.
Instead it's like, when you're in a bad mood
I look at you and I say, maybe she's knows something
I don't know, maybe I should be upset.

You don't have to smile at me
We don't have to talk.
All that I ask is you stop
and remember, it isn't always this way.

The way that I feel
when you laugh
is like laughing.
The way that I feel
when you cry
is so bad.