

# 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.