

Amy

Short Stack

Spent all last night on the telephone
just to tell you your favourite songs on the radio
And I hoped you might come home with my t-shirt on and nothing underneath
You said oh boy I'd rather leave
Oh Amy, it's what you do to me

I met all my friends on the interstate
blasting Billie Jean on the stereo
Talkin' 'bout in high school how we swore we'd never turn out like we did
We said we'd drown into the sea
Oh Amy, you're my favourite disease

And we sing!
It's what you do to me
that makes me feel so numb
We'll call it tragedy
we'll never see the sun!

Rise over New York City
Oh my god you look so pretty and, you'll say
It's what you do to me

Spent all my cash on comic books
so I took my VCR to the rodeo
Built a home of sticks and stones on a one way trip
to where I'd rather be
You said you loved all that you see
Oh Amy, it's how it's supposed to be

And we sing!
It's what you do to me
that makes me feel so numb
We'll call it tragedy
we'll never see the sun!

Rise over New York City
Oh my god you look so pretty and, you'll say
It's what you do to me

And I'm sinking like a stone a mile below the ocean
Cutting you name an inch into my chest (my chest)
And I wish I shook you up like a can of cherry soda
Wish I took a part of what could've been
Tell it like it is and always is
'Cause babe it never gets as good as this

It's what you do to me
that makes me feel so numb
(don't want it as good as this)
We'll call it tragedy
(don't want it as good as this)
We'll never see the sun!

Rise over New York City
Oh my god you look so pretty and, you'll say
It's what you do to me

Spent all last night on the telephone
just to tell you your favourite songs on the radio
And I hoped you might come home with my t-shirt on and nothing underneath
You said you loved me but you'd leave
(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!)

Oh Amy, it's what you do to me
(it's what you do to me!)

Oh Amy, it's what you do to me
(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!)

Oh Amy, it's what you do to me