

Married

Lisa Loeb

You said there's something about the way he says your name
when you're hanging, conversations in the front lounge
you discuss your favorite movies
he's never seen the Newsies,
but you both love anything Stephen King You see him watching from the corner of your eye
he's always good at pretending he's preoccupied
this is becoming so much more than you had planned
you're only friends he swears it oh, you're just a lousy liar
He's married
he's married
you don't know what you're doing You said he stares at you with the same eyes that squint in the
sun
and every morning he still wakes up beside her now
some silly papers made a love that once burned wild
into a joke that wasn't funny can't be funny when it hurts He's married
he's married
you don't know what you're doing
How are you supposed to heal this broken man,
put him together, fix him right up
you're such a tiny girl?
you say he's always loving you so well
but you can't be his yet He's married
he's married
you don't know what you're doing

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