

Maybe Not

Barenaked Ladies

Pretty soon you will be wanting me
To go.
And I will only be the enemy
I know.
Pretty soon you will be needing me
To leave.
But know that you and I will always be
Naive.

Maybe you'll forgive the things that I forgot.
Maybe you're forgetting all the times we fought.
Maybe we should divvy up the things we bought.
But maybe not.

Why don't we lay down on the kitchen floor
All that we say we had with us before?
We'll find our way to what we're looking for
By separating what is mine from yours.

Pretty soon I'll be the one you hold
At bay.
And then forever I'll be good as gold lamé.
I know your heart cannot be bought or sold
For much.
donder maar op, consider yourself told
In Dutch.

And we can argue 'till our throats are sore
About how far you take a metaphor.
You always deign to see the glass half filled
And now it seems to me the half glass spilled.

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