

## Weak Day

Lisa Loeb

Got a house on my back  
pushing me over  
making me weak on my feet

And a head on my shoulders  
makes me uneasy  
making me dizzy for weeks

You got me on a weak day  
you got me at a bad time to talk.  
A screw loose and rolling  
into a pile in the corner  
I thought I should warn you

I got a shark at my ankles  
hung by a tightrope  
I'm scrappy/unhappy again

And that I'll never last like this  
it makes me too tired  
I'm loaded on vodka, two straws and soda

You got me on a weak day  
you got me on a bad time to talk  
but you got me on a weak day  
you got me at the worst time of all

I'm on over  
filled up and far gone  
I tried to warn you,  
but that's not my job  
'cause somebody took me down  
from on the top shelf  
it couldn't get worse I say to myself  
and I've got my head screwed on so tight it hurts  
sometimes it don't work  
so I got the prescription  
to take the time off  
make it unravel  
go out and travel for days  
bring back my stories  
stopping your worries  
I'm trying to keep them at bay

You got me on a weak day  
it's such a bad time to talk  
you caught me on a weak day  
you got me at the worst time of all

Get me when I'm soft  
and my shoes falling off, and  
I'll make my way back again

But you got me on a weak day  
you got me at the worst time of all  
I'm not feelin' well  
I'm cracked like a bell

I'm shot like a shell to pieces.