

The Difference

Mal Blum

Come on now, Emily, you oughta know
If the place that you went is not where you meant to go
If it's awkward and weird, if it's hostile and cold
Or something I said, well, I thought you were over me

Come on down, Emily, see the new me
I've been quietly writing and counting in three
Tell me, is it too loud or too fast or obscene?
Sometimes I think you just like to be mean

'Cause you
You don't care about anything
I don't understand 'cause I'm nothing like that
And I am trying to discern all my pride from my interest
Oh, what is the difference at all?

Oh, you moved to the city and cut off your hair
Then your confidence was like a hat you could wear
And you wore it even when nobody was there
Oh, you wore it even when nobody was there but me

Come on down, Emily, see the new me
Not quite as different as you'd like it to be
Maybe I didn't take the GREs, baby
But I know how I feel, and I know what I need

Not like you
You don't care about anything
You don't care about anything
Oh, you don't care
You don't care

But me, I know what you're not
So I watch you with her from afar
Don't you want what you got
And I got what I want, baby
And me, I know what you're not

'Cause you
You don't care about anything
At least you don't show it
And I'm something like that
And I can't help but discern all my pride, your resistance
And there is a difference there
A difference