

Babette

Soak

You call me up
It's Saturday
For once I don't know what I'm supposed to say
You're surprised when I'm come out with it
That I don't know how I fit

I can't speak when I'm supposed to I'm sorry
I can't be any louder than I already try to be

You wake me up
It's 2 am
Once again you need something
But you know we can't prioritize
Each other in our separate lives

Pulled in two different directions constantly
I think we'll have to face it eventually
I promise I'll try
But who knows where it will leave me

I can't speak when I'm supposed to I'm sorry
I can't be any quieter than I already try to be