

Barenaked Ladies, One Week (Live) [Holmdel 7-1

It's been one week since you looked at me
Cocked your head to the side and said "I'm angry"
Five days since you laughed at me saying
"Get that together come back and see me"
Three days since the living room
I realized it's all my fault, but couldn't tell you
Yesterday you'd forgiven me
But it'll still be two days till I say I'm sorry
Hold it now and watch the hoodwink as I make you stop, think
You'll think you're looking at Aquaman
I summon fish to the dish, although I like the Chalet Swiss
I like the Sushi 'cause it's never touched a frying pan
Hot like wasabe when I bust rhymes
Big like Le Ann Rimes because I'm all about value
Bert Kaempfert's got the mad hits
You try to match wits, you try to hold me but I bust through
Gonna make a break and take a fake, I'd like a stinkin' achin' shake
I like vanilla, it's the finest of the flavors
Gotta see the show, 'cause then you'll know the vertigo is gonna grow
'Cause it's so dangerous, you'll have to sign a waiver
How can I help it if I think you're funny when you're mad
Trying hard not to smile though I feel bad
I'm the kind of guy who laughs at a funeral
Can't understand what I mean? Well, you soon will
I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve
I have a history of taking off my shirt
It's been one week since you looked at me
Threw your arms in the air and said, "You're crazy"
Five days since you tackled me
Well, I've still got the rug burns on both my knees
It's been three days since the afternoon
You realized it's not my fault not a moment too soon
Yesterday you'd forgiven me
So now I sit back and wait 'til you say, you're sorry
Chickity China, the Chinese chicken
Chickity China, the Chinese chicken
Chickity China, the Chinese chicken
Chickity China, the Chinese chicken
You have a drumstick
And your brain stops tickin'
Watchin' X-Files with no lights on
We're [Incomprehensible]
I hope the Smoking Man's in this one
Like Harrison Ford I'm getting frantic
Like Sting, I'm Tantric
Like Snickers, guaranteed to satisfy
Like Kurosawa, I make mad films
make films
But if I did they'd have a Samurai
Gonna get a set a' better clubs, gonna find the kind with tiny nubs
Just so my irons aren't always flying off the back-swing
Gotta get in tune with Sailor Moon
'Cause the cartoon has got the Boom Anime Babes
That make me think the wrong thing
How can I help it if I think you're funny when you're mad
And tryin' hard not to smile though I feel bad
I'm the kind of guy who laughs at a funeral
Can't understand what I mean? Well, you soon will
I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve
I have a history of losing my shirt
It's been one week since you looked at me
Dropped your arms to your sides and said, "I'm sorry"
Five days since I laughed at you and said
"You just"

Three days since the living room
We realized we're both to blame but what could we do?
Yesterday you just smiled at me
'Cause it'll still be two days till we say we're sorry
It'll still be two days till we say we're sorry
It'll still be two days till we say we're sorry
Birch Mount Stadium, home of the Robbie
[Incomprehensible]