

Lisa Hannigan, What I'll Do

What'll I do without you around
My words wont pun, my pennies won't pound
Oh and my Frisbee flies to the ground
What'll I do without you

What'll I say without you to talk to
No one to serve or volley the ball to
You write the words but I miss the volume
What'll I say without you

Oh I don't know what to do with myself
Now that I'm here and you're gone

What'll I do when you've gone away
My ball wont pin, my records won't play
And all of my hours limp into days
What'll I do without you

What'll I do now that you're gone
My boat won't row, my bus doesn't come
I have the fingers, you've got the thumb
What'll I do without you

Oh I don't know what to do with myself
Now that I'm here and you're gone