

Tabitha's Secret?

SONG LYRICS

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3AM

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

She says it's cold outside, and she hands me my raincoat
She's always worried about things like that.
She says it's all gonna end, and it might as well be my fault
And she only sleeps when it's raining,
And she screams, and her voice is straining,

She says baby,
It's 3AM I must be lonely,
When she says baby,
Well I can't help but be scared of it all sometimes,
Says the rains gonna wash away I believe it.

She's got a little bit of something, God it's better than nothing
And in her color portrait world she believes that she's got it all
She swears the moon don't hang as quite as high as it used to.
And she only sleeps when it's raining,
And she screams, and her voice is straining,

She says baby,
It's 3AM I must be lonely,
When she says baby,
Well I can't help but be scared of it all sometimes,
Says the rains gonna wash away I believe it.

She believes that life is made up of all that you're used to
And the clock on the wall, has been stuck at three for days
She thinks that happiness is a mat that sits on her doorway
And outside, it's stopped raining.

She says baby,
It's 3AM I must be lonely,
When she says baby,
Well I can't help but be scared of it all sometimes,
Says the rains gonna wash away I believe it.

It's 3AM I must be lonely,
When she says baby,
Well I can't help but be scared of it all sometimes,
Says the rains gonna wash away I believe it.

And Around

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley & Rob Thomas

You said adjust your heels girl
They stick out like an anchor
Don't touch the flowers
Cuz you can't hear them well
Couldn't last forever
Lord ya know it's gonna end sometime

This is not an order
You don't have to be here
Can you understand me
Screamin like the wind blows
Did I blow your mind
Leave you breathless

I guess I've changed ya couldnt you
Given all we've been through
Heaven knows I've been around and around

Eighty six the candles
I'm scared of the bright lights
Girl, try not to touch me
So you don't feel me
Or you can touch my shoulder
Put your lips to my ears
And scream is there anyone home
Won't you answer me

I guess I've changed ya couldnt you
Given all we've been through well
Heaven knows I've been around and around
I guess I've strained well how bout that
Here's my life, here's a doorstep
Heaven knows I've been around and around

I guess it's been a good year
For roses and aggressions
For flowers and freeways
I guess I'll put a smile on
Or get a new girlfriend
ya put a new hat on

This is not an order
You don't have to answer
Only need to listen
If only for a moment
Did I blow your mind girl
Did I leave you breathless I said

I guess I've changed ya couldnt you
Given all we've been through
Heaven knows I've been around and around
I guess I've strained well how bout that
Here's my life here's a doorstep well
Heaven knows I've been around and around

Cuz I've been around and around
Cuz I've been around and around
Cuz I've been around and around
I've been around and around

Dear Joan

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

Dear Joan
I've almost forgotten
The pane in the window
The blue dress in the doorway

Dear Joan
Help me remember
The face I forget
And the traps that I've sprung

I guess I've grown tired
It's just what's expected of me
To tear your heart
From the inside to the outside
You know I was wired
I just couldn't help it
The hundred thousand times I hurt you

Dear Joan I wanted to say
I'm sorry for the screaming last night,
And the nights before
I've wanted more from this
Than anything I've ever known
Dear Joan

Dear Joan
Your face has a brightness
That I've never seen
In the years that I've known you

Dear Joan
I'd pick up the pieces
But some scattered too far
They flew when I kicked them

I know you believed
When I said it was over
You stood by me patiently
Waiting and brooding
So deeply in love
With every face that I've shown

Dear Joan I wanted to say
I'm sorry for the screaming last night,
And the nights before
I've wanted more from this
Than anything I've ever known

Once I forget
Twice I'm a fool
Three times I wrap
My hands around your neck
(while your sleeping)
(so quietly sleeping)
(sleeping and dreaming)

Dear Joan
Don't walk out the doorway
Because if you did, I believe
I could honestly kill you... (repeat chorus)

Dizzy

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

And outside, the sky is falling
People dodging raindrops, staying dry
And inside, I never gave a damn about those outside people anyway
And it hurt me
They don't even know who I am

And inside, there's no rainbows
And inside, I try I try I try, I try to clear my head
And outside, the rain is drying
And inside, I'm dying

'Cause in here, I'm staring at the rings my coffee cup has made on the table
And in here, I know I know I know, that this is as good as it gets
And in time I hope to be the one that talks about the other half
Until then, I count the cracks on the wall
Until it's time to lay my head

And inside, I play with shadows
And inside, I know I know I know, that I'll feel this way all day, all day
And outside, there's hope for trying
And inside, I'm dying

You walk before me, lord knows I can't follow
You walk behind me and I don't think I can lead
You walk around me, please don't walk around me
'Cause you know how dizzy I get

Forever December

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

I reach within my isolation
I harbor it, I honor it
You say you'd like to see me closer
Of course you would, you have no choice

And I cry cause the weather has gotten to me
And I laugh at the people that I can't be all their lives
Silly pictures

Hey now now now, hey now hey baby
Baby's getting older
Hey now now now, hey now hey baby
The tide is turning, turning us away

You build the wall I'll build the fountain
We'll wrestle it, we'll conquer it
I think we'll live to see the mountain
Of course we will we have no choice

And I cry cause the weather has gotten to me
And I laugh at the people that I can't be all their lives
Silly pictures

Hey now now now, hey now hey baby
Baby's getting older, baby's getting older
Hey now now now, hey now hey baby
The tide is turning, don't turn me away

Version 1

And I can remember, forever december
The center of dying, the heart of the pain
The rose in the bottle, the thorns in the bottom
The stars surround me, the cold astounds me

Version 2

And it wont take long, we both knew this
Well I wasn't quite prepared
For my center of dying, the heart of your pain
All my words get lost and I cant speak
Got my head stripped down well I get weak
And the words fall out like forever december
But soon it won't matter cause she wont mean nothing

And I cry cause the weather has gotten to me
And I laugh at the people that I can't be all their lives
Pretty pictures

Hey now now now, hey now hey baby
Baby's getting older, baby's getting older
Hey now now now, hey now hey baby
The tide is turning, turning us away

Hey now now now, hey now hey baby
Baby's getting older, baby's getting older
Hey now now now, hey now hey baby
The tide is turning, turning us away

Hey now now now, hey now hey baby
Baby's getting older, baby's getting older
Hey now now now, hey now hey baby
The tide is turning, turning us away

Here Comes Horses

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

Help me to remember girl if you don't mind
Well I feel just like the jester when the music died
Haven't seen you lately,
But I know that nothing's changed

Feeling kinda shaky but the wounds have healed
There's a crack there in the doorway where the walls have peeled
And I still see the sun go down, on a clear day

Here comes horses
There goes the rain
Here goes nothing, here it comes again

I was thinking I was angry but I'll let it go
I was waiting on a miracle but nothing showed
And they say our new messiah is at the local bar

Greetings from the homefront have you heard the news
That daddy bet his paycheck on the horses shoes
And we won't feel that way for a long long time

Here comes horses
There goes the rain
Here goes nothing, here it comes again

Sitting in a taxi at the evenings end
I was trying to remember where it was I'd been and
Whether I've got someplace else to be

I ask you why you come here you say just because
I guess I could do without it if I knew what it was well
It really doesn't matter, when you look at me that way

Here comes horses
There goes the rain
Here goes nothing, here it comes again

Here comes horses
There goes the rain
Here goes nothing

High

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

She had said, don't cry
Said it only hurts forever and all we have is time
Yeah, she said she will never know
So close your eyes, turn down the lights,
And I can start this show

Yeah well I can't sleep so I believe
If the shades are drawn then the slate is clean
So don't look at pride, well there is no other way now

Don't try to make no sense of this scene, it's just between Caroline and me
And we keep changing
Yeah we can grow like a board on the shore
She says I'm restless just a little more time
Well you know damn well she wants to feel this high

Yeah we knew just who we were
Yeah well who we thought we'd try to be
And who it's gonna hurt
Oh but if I'd said, if I was strong at all
Well then I wouldn't be with someone else
I know where I belong

Yeah well I can't sleep, so I believe
If the shades are drawn, then the slate is clean
So don't look at pride, well there is no other way, yeah

Don't try to make no sense of this scene, it's just between Caroline and me
And we keep changing anyway
Yeah we can grow like a board on the floor
She says I'm restless just a little more time
Well you know damn well she wants to feel this high

Yeah well I can't sleep, so I believe
If the shades are drawn, then the slate is clean
So don't look at pride, well there is no other way, yeah

Don't try to make no sense of this scene, it's just between Caroline and me
And we keep changing anyway
Yeah we can grow like a board on the floor
She says I'm restless just a little more time
Well you know damn well she wants to feel this high

She wants to feel this high... high high... high high

Jesus Was An Alien

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

Elvis is alive at your local grocery store
And if you believe that well then sit down and I'll tell you more
Lee Harvey Oswald, well you know he acted alone
And Charlie Manson only wanted to make his house a home

Jesus was an alien
Flying through space
And God was an astronaut, who said "boy I like your face"
So the story began

Girl I love you and the check is in the mail
I found religion inside myself
I drank the blood the flesh was stale
Reach in your pockets, and give us all you can
You know the one that's going to heaven is gonna be the richer man

Jesus was an alien
Flying through space
And God was an astronaut, who said "boy I like your face"
So the story began

I see you shaking boy, do you find it hard to believe
That the one you been living for would cut your wrist to watch you bleed
You found that the truth is a lie and it makes you feel unwell
But the church of the almighty dollar is all we have to save us from hell

Jesus was an alien
Flying through space
And God was an astronaut, who said "boy I like your face"
So the story began

Jesus was an alien
Flying through space
And God was an astronaut, who said "boy I like your face"
So the story began

That's the story from my side, to your side

(Just Plain) Tired

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

You've been talking for an hour, and I swear to God that I can't hear a word you say
So would you come to me, come to me
I get caught up and the waves of conversation they wash over me
And they cover me, they cover me

Should I just pack my things and leave
Would I be a bigger man if I built a wall around your heart and dared you to come in
I could lie to you and say I didn't mean it
But hurts a funny thing and it makes you stronger

All is nothing in moderation
It's a dirty feeling and it makes you stronger
Well I believe I'm just plain tired

There's a funny way your lip shakes when I know that you've been lying, and it touches me
It comforts me, it comforts me
I guess I should be satisfied, did you say you love me half the time
Well let's settle there, we can build from there, build from there

Would you be happier if I was only half the man I am
You could shadow me and dare me to come in
I could lie to you and say I didn't mean it
But it really doesn't matter when you stop to think about it

All is nothing in moderation
It's a dirty feeling and it makes you stronger
Well I believe I'm just plain tired
The end is coming she don't even feel it
It's a strange sensation, I'm almost happy
Well I believe I'm just plain tired, I'm tired

Should I just pack my things and leave
Would I be a bigger man if I
Built a wall around your heart
And dared you to come in
I can lie to you
Say I didn't mean it
But hurts a funny thing, hurts a funny thing

All is nothing in moderation
It's a dirty feeling and it makes you stronger
Well I believe I'm just plain tired
The end is coming she don't even feel it
It's a strange sensation, I'm almost happy
Well I believe I'm just plain tired

All is nothing in moderation
It's a dirty feeling and it makes you stronger
Well I believe I'm just plain tired
The end is coming she don't even feel it
It's a strange sensation, I'm almost happy
Well I believe I'm just plain tired

Like Me

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

She's leaning on the mailbox
In someone else's driveway
And she laughs to herself cause she knows
That she's still here

She won't wait forever
God knows that she wants to
And you know that if it comes down
It's gonna be war

This ain't how we're supposed to be
And nothing changes between you and me, at all

Ain't it just like a loser
Ain't it just like this chip on my sleeve
Ain't it like me

It's raining down in Longwood
She heard it on the radio
And she laughs to herself cause she knows
That she's not there

Well some say I'm crazy
Some say I take this shit too hard,
But you know and I know it's gonna be war

She ain't how she's supposed to be
Nothing changes between her and me, at all

Ain't it just like a loser
Ain't it just like this chip on my sleeve
Ain't it like me

I know the distance between us is greater and stronger
Stronger than I plan to be
Ain't it like me

Like Roses

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

Please don't make me answer you
The world is big but my circles are small
And please don't try to shut me out
I'm in love that's all

I'm not afraid to listen, if you're not afraid to hear

And please don't laugh I just can't help,
Grinning when I'm giving it all
And please don't show you're face around my place
I've seen it all before

And I'm not afraid of dying, but sometimes I refrain,

I believe that life goes on like a hurricane
And you struggle through the pieces till you're not so sane
Anymore
And so you want and you suffer till you've had enough
And in the end there's a heaven in the cold clear bluff, only want

To come through like roses
To head fast like a clear stream, to feel soft like a freight train,
In the middle of a bad dream
All you wanted was to be proud,
Like a rough little
Soldier,
There's a place where the soul ends
Comes through like roses,
Comes through like roses

Looking down I see my cigarette is even,
With the horizon that my feet have made in the blanket,
Looking back I lost the fight it was uneven,
You never gave me time enough to say I was wrong
Or I was sorry,

I can see your head's still spinning like a merry-go-round
And you're glaring at the people like you've been shut down
Quarter time,
It's a war gonna win no matter what it takes,
And you can feel every second of the cold heartache
Coming down

To come through like roses
To head fast like a clear stream, to feel soft like a freight train,
In the middle of a bad dream
All you wanted was to be proud,
Like a rough little
Soldier,
There's a place where the soul ends
Comes through like roses,
Comes through like roses

To come through like roses
To head fast like a clear stream, to feel soft like a freight train,
In the middle of a bad dream
All you wanted was to be proud,
Like a rough little soldier,
There's a place where the soul ends
Comes through like roses,
Comes through like roses

Loss, Strain & Butterflies

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale, Rob Thomas & Paul Doucette

He got bad, and she got mad, and he lowered one more time
And she got even
No one heard a single word and as the clock ticked from next door
I could hear her breathing

And I said good morning Mrs. Sumner I would like you to meet my friend Mr. Jones
He has a house made out of butterflies
I can't sleep sometimes but I've been told
It's a lonely condition called growing old
Let me stumble sometimes

I'm looking for a soul to cling to
Girl what you think about that

This time, well it all comes down
To loss and strain and butterflies
Then it comes right down to me

Hello have you been alright
Did you find a piece of something wrapped around the light side of your life
To make you feel better
Did you get out with your sanity
Did you save a little something for the people in need
And did you know with the rain in your pockets
You can change the weather

I'm looking for a soul to cling to
Girl what you think about that

This time, well it all comes down
To loss and strain and butterflies
Then it comes right down to me

This time, well it all comes down
To loss and strain and butterflies
Then it comes right down to me

Is it just the total for the wages of our sins
And have you made yourself a victim
In a game that you can't win
And our we caving in
And does it all depend on loss and strain and butterflies
And does it come right down to me anymore

This time, does it all come down
To loss and strain and butterflies
Come on down to me

Million Miles

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

Can you roll down the window
Can I have a cigarette
Can I sweep you for forgiveness
Can I sweep you for regret
And can you drive a little faster, to clear my head

Can you see that I've been crying
Can you tell that I've been alone
Can we walk the streets at the same time, I don't mind
I'll be quiet and no one will know
And can you drive a little faster, take me home

These are the days that make up the lifetimes
These are the clothes that I wear
This is the only thing I wanted more than anything

I wanna fall at a million miles an hour
With people and little picture radios
And I'm smiling but I'm trying hard not to smile at all
And I crave for the little conversation
And the way you toss your hair back, you're beautiful
And it suits me fine

These are the days that make up the lifetimes
These are the clothes that I wear
And this is the only thing I wanted more than anything

I wanna fall at a million miles an hour
With people and little picture radios
And I'm smiling but I'm trying hard not to smile at all
And I crave for the little conversation
And the way you toss your hair back, you're beautiful
And it suits me fine

I wanna fall at a million miles an hour
With people and little picture radios
And I'm smiling but I'm trying hard not to smile at all
And I crave for the little conversation
And the way you toss your hair back, you're beautiful
And it suits me fine

These are the days that make up the lifetimes
These are the lifetimes that make up generations
These are the lifetimes that make up generations
These are the days that make up the lifetimes

Paint Me Blue

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

There's not enough of me well
There's way too much of you
I think I saw some happy people yesterday and that'll never do
There's never too much violence
Ain't it time we had a war
You leave on your shirt and I'll be skins
And we'll go flying through the door

These are violent times
And I only want to do my part
To sink to hatreds depths and smile at what we've all become

I need understanding
Just a pack or two
To help me with my troubles, and what to do's
I don't feel no raging
There ain't nothing new
Drop me in the ocean
And paint me blue

I don't have a worry
I don't have a care
I don't have a sound piece of mind
But I manage to fare
I don't like my neighbors
Well they're just not my kind
And I think it might be all for the whales
And I really don't mind

If these are the golden years
Then I think it's time to cash them in
To sit in our rocking chairs
And talk about the good old days

I need understanding
Just a pack or two
To help me with my troubles, and what to do's
I don't feel no raging
There ain't nothing new
Drop me in the ocean
And paint me blue

These are violent times
And I only want to do my part
To sink to hatreds depths and smile at what we've all become

I need understanding
Just a pack or two
To help me with my troubles, and what to do's
I don't feel no raging
There ain't nothing new
Drop me in the ocean
And paint me blue

Swing

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

Still don't mean nothin'
Was written on the concrete
The words weren't on my tongue
Cause we don't talk about it
Day or no evenin', fashion or superman
Just little warped people
With little black minds

Well I wasn't sure just what to think
Say the lights went out
Somebody, somebody swing

Don't wanna, don't wanna talk anymore
Somebody swing
Don't wanna talk no... no

What if we're tainted
Who can we lie to
What if we're dying
Would you just walk around it

Well I wasn't sure just what to think
Say the lights went out
Somebody, somebody swing

Don't wanna, don't wanna talk anymore
Bring boy, can you bring me down
Can you swing
Don't wanna, don't wanna talk anymore

Shut your violence, keep your head down,
Watch your anger boy, realize you could lose
This is violence, look for reason
This don't have to make sense to anybody at all
Then everybody, won't you swing

No still don't mean nothin'
Words written all over the concrete
All over the concrete
Rage gets you out, so you swing

Don't wanna, don't wanna talk anymore
Bring boy, can you bring me down
Can you swing
Don't wanna, don't wanna talk anymore

Don't wanna, don't wanna talk anymore
Bring boy, can you bring me down
Can you swing
Don't wanna, don't wanna talk anymore

The Only One

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale & Rob Thomas

I don't know what we're fighting about
When everyone can see that I'm not crazy
I only wanted to be the only one

A chance to be forgiven
A chance to be forsaken
Did I ever by chance cross your mind?
I only wanted a chance to see you shine
I only wanted a chance to see you shine

I don't have no worries
No and I don't need no answers
There's just enough to make it day by day
There's just enough to make you fade away

I don't know what we're fighting about
Everyone can see that I'm not crazy
I only wanted to be the only one
I only wanted to be the only one

I don't need forgiveness
I can't be forsaken
I'm only here to take back what is mine
I can't believe the dullness of your shine

Just enough has been taken away
To make me believe in it all and I pray
And I've only been on at the start to begin
Just enough that there seems to be no end
I only wanted to touch your face again
I only wanted to see your face again

I don't know what we're fighting about
Everyone can see that I'm not crazy
I only wanted to see the only one
I only wanted to be the only one

This Is Not A Love Song

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale, Rob Thomas & Paul Doucette

I'm running out of reasons for caring about the other half
I think my half wants a little more pride
I'm running out of reasons for sharing sometimes I can't think of one

I'm running out of faces that I can call familiar
Hey man I'm running out of friends
That I can call at all

How long have I been sleeping, why the hell am I awake
It seems just to stand here is overkill
If I bend any farther, I swear that I'll break
And I think you should let me

It all seems so perfect, yet

Some people, some people get lonely
Some people they just grow older and scared of a little pain
And we people, we cause a commotion
We didn't mean to be confused, we didn't mean to be alive
And we don't want to be standing here, standing here

How long have we been sleeping, why the hell are we awake
It seems just to stand here is overkill
If I bend any farther I swear that I'll break

We ask, and we burn what we hear on the water
And we speak, we burn what we say
But if you hold the rain

It's just a little further

Don't wanna scare you
Don't be unhappy
This is not a lovesong
This is not a lovesong

We ask, and we burn what we hear on the water
And we speak, we burn what we say
But if you hold the rain

Unkind

Lyrics by Rob Thomas

Music by Jay Stanley, John Goff, Brian Yale, Rob Thomas & Paul Doucette

Bring it on baby, what you getting into
Is living on pain the thing that's getting to you
Write my name, pin it up with my picture
And say it's the only thing cuz I'm not around to be around

I'm beating and battered
Hell if my dreams get shattered then
Pain gives me the right to be unkind

Bring it on baby, what's with sudden devotion
I trade a river of tears for just a little emotion
You can curse my name, pin it up with my picture
And say it's the last time that I'll be around to be around

Oh well I'm torn and I'm tattered
So the thoughts in my head they get scattered
And pain gives me the right to be unkind
And it set's me here

Right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, when I'm alone
Dig

Bring it on baby, what you getting into
I swear at once it was the little things that mattered
But it all seems true to you
Say the hell with my name and say the hell with my picture
Yeah but swear for the one time you need me around to be around
Well I'm around right now

And here I'll stand like it matters
Only once gets through then gets scattered by the rain
But pain gives me the right to be unkind
And it sets me here

Right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own

Right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, when I'm alone

Right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, when I'm alone