

Sitting in traffic on the Tappan Zee
Fifty million people out in front of me
Trying to cross the water but it just might be a while
Rain's coming down I can't see a thing
Radio's broken so I'm whistling
New York to Nyack feels like a hundred miles

It's not right
It's not fair
I'm still a mess
And you still don't care
I go to work
I come back home
But you're still gone
And I'm still alone
And the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
On my big black plastic Japanese cordless phone
Oh no

Stuck in a meeting on Monday night
Trying to get the numbers to come out right
I'm getting tired, I think I just might need a drink
And as I'm reaching in the bottom drawer
I'm dreaming 'bout the way it was before
Life was so easy I never really had to think

It's not right
It's not fair
I'm still a mess
And you still don't care
I go to sleep
When I wake up
The pain sets in
And it never stops
And the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
On the desktop mailbox of my big black laptop
Oh no

It's not right
It's not fair
I'm still a mess
And you still don't care
I go to work
I come back home
But you're still gone
And I'm still alone
And the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
No, no the little red light's not blinking
On my big black Radio Shack digital portable phone
Oh no

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