

Barenaked Ladies - One Week

[Spicy Filters from BeWellPlayed.com](http://BeWellPlayed.com)

[Verse 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 'til I say I'm sorry

[Verse 2: Ed Robertson]

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 wasabi when I bust rhymes
Big like LeAnn 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 stinking aching shake
I like vanilla, it's the finest of the flavours
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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 3]

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
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
And now I sit back and wait 'til you say you're sorry

[Verse 4: Ed Robertson]

Chickity China, the Chinese chicken
You have a drumstick and your **brain** stops tickin'
Watching X-Files with no lights on
We're dans la maison
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, 'kay, I don't make
films
But if I did they'd have a Samurai
Gonna get a set of 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 that cartoon has got the boom anime babes
That make me think the wrong thing

[Chorus]

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? You soon will
I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve
I have a history of losing my shirt

[Verse 5]

It's been one week since you looked at me
Dropped your arms to the sides and said, "I'm sorry"
Five days since I laughed at you and said
"You just did just what I thought you were gonna do"
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 'til we say we're sorry

[Outro]

It'll still be two days 'til we say we're sorry
It'll still be two days 'til we say "Wasabi"
Birchmount Stadium, home of the Robbie

[Lyrics from genius.com](https://www.genius.com)