

If It Makes You Happy

Sheryl Crow (1996)

I've been long, a long way from here.
Put on a poncho, played for mosquitoes,
and drank 'til I was thirsty again.
We went searching through thrift store jungles.
Found Geronimo's rifle, Marilyn's shampoo,
and Benny Goodman's corset and fan.
Well, o.k. I made this up... I promised you I'd never give up.

If it makes you happy, it can't be that bad.
If it makes you happy, then why the hell are you so sad?

You get down, real low down,
You listen to Coltrane, derail your own train,
well who hasn't been there before?
I come round, around the hard way,
Bring you comics in bed; scrape the mold off the bread,
And serve you French toast again.
Well, o.k. I still get stoned... I'm not the kind of girl you'd take home.

If it makes you happy, it can't be that bad.
If it makes you happy, then why the hell are you so sad?

We've been far, far away from here,
Put on a poncho, played for mosquitoes, and everywhere in between.
Well, o.k. we get along... so what, if right now everything's wrong?

If it makes you happy, it can't be that bad.
If it makes you happy, then why the hell are you so sad?