

## Twang, The "Twit Twoo"

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The best thing I can do right now is admit defeat  
But I know I won't as everything I say I feel I must  
repeat  
And if you ever was to ask me, I'd gladly come here  
again,  
Just do things a little different more accurate than then

Rain falls I ain't complaining helps to wash my blues  
away  
And though my puddles they've got stones in helps  
creates a private bay  
It's an open invitation, little balcony and a view  
And all the birds they keep on whistling for me and you

And all that advice you gave me I should've probably  
took on board  
But i never did ï¿½cause everything you say, I happily  
ignore.  
And if you ever was to ask me, I'd gladly come here  
again,  
Just do things a little different more accurate than then

Rain falls I ain't complaining helps to wash my blues  
away  
And though my puddles they've got stones in helps  
creates a private bay  
It's an open invitation, little balcony and a view  
And all the birds they keep on whistling for me and you.

I'll send a message through the stars tonight  
For me and you...

Rain falls I ain't complaining helps to wash my blues  
away  
And though my puddles they've got stones in helps  
creates a private bay  
It's an open invitation, little balcony and a view  
And all the birds they keep on whistling for me and you

Clouds are low, and it's freezing, but at least we can't  
be seen,

Now the corkscrew's gone a-missing but creates a  
funny scene,  
An open minded optimism, how a wall can become a  
screw,  
All the birds they keep on whistling, for me and you

I'll send a message through the stars tonight  
For me and you...

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