

Clifford T. Ward "Next To You"

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Why do I talk to myself all alone
When I could be talking to you
And why do I spend all my evenings alone
When they should be spent with you.

I'm getting so claustrophobic yet frightened to move
Lest the telephone rings while I'm out
For as long as I'm not sure, that you're not really sure
That you've found someone who you prefer to me
And there's still just a trace of a doubt in your mind
I shall wind up the clock
Switch the T.V. set off
And sit right where I am
Next to you.

It always comes home to me
How much I need to show yer
How much I need you
Why don't you come home to me
And let me try to show yer
How much I need you.

Why don't you try to be more like yourself
Heaven knows that's what I meant
And why can't you see what you're doing to me
Is it worth all the time we spent?
I'm getting so indescribably slow in my thinking
I don't seem to know what to do
But as long as I'm not sure, that you're not really sure
That you've found someone who you prefer to me
And there's still just a trace of a doubt in your mind
I shall wind up the clock
Switch the central heat off
And sit right where I am
Where are you?

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