

## Diffuser "Tell Her This"

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Tell her this  
I don't like the kiss  
I know that it's something I'll miss  
Tell her that  
I'll never be raid  
As long as she'll be there to wait for me  
Tell her this  
I don't dare to twist  
I ran through a confident fist  
Tell her that  
The gypsy was real  
December is what makes the toe crams and  
stomachache  
Hard to heal  
And it don't mean a thing  
If you can't try to be  
But you're always expecting from me  
Tell her this  
I'll never be rich  
And Christmas was always a bitch

Tell her that I still feel the same  
For in between me and you we see things better  
And it don't mean a thing  
If you can't try to be  
But you're always expecting from me  
Tell her this  
I don't like the kiss  
I know that it's something I'll miss  
And it don't mean a thing  
If you can't try to be  
But you're always expecting from me  
Though it don't mean a thing  
If you can't try to be  
But you're always expecting from me

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