

## Jay Legaspi "Untitled"

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Verse 1:

Oh my  
Every time with those perfect lines  
And turns of phrase  
That turn my head her way  
But I kick up dust in frustration because  
I can't muster what I need to say

Verse 2:

She's why  
Lately I'm reduced to goofy smiles  
And that alone deserves a word of thanks  
But a forest's worth of crumpled paper is what's  
Come of writing what I need to say

Turnaround:

I guess I could tell her I love her  
But that borders on the absurd  
The haste could make this "crush" a "smother"  
And make "love" a 4-letter word

Turnaround 2:

I guess I could tell her I love her  
But chattering teeth keep me mute  
Could these clammy hands give her comfort  
And does she find stuttering cute

Verse 3:

Oh I'll  
Throw the towel on the mat tonight  
But tomorrow is my laundry day  
The rise of the sun brings another round one  
In the fight for all I need to say

I'll stick to my guns take my shot if it comes  
Fully aimed with all I need to say

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