

Lisa Loeb

"Guessing Game"

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I could be trembling when I talk to you.
I could be making up all sorts of things that are not true.

I could tell a half truth, but I cannot tell a lie.
I could tell a story that is ten feet high.

My stomach flutters, and I feel sometimes ashamed,
I'm a castle with broken shutters, and this is not a guessing game.

Oh, I could make a plea so that you and I could be we,
I could say, "Oh, it's a must that you and I should be us,"

And all the answers I would guess and you would be so, so impressed,
But I would never get a "yes," cause I have not the guts to guess.

My stomach flutters, and I feel sometimes ashamed,
I'm a castle with broken shutters, and this is not a guessing game.

I could be listening, but this is not a guessing game.
I'd guess all the answers, but this is not the same.
I could be trembling, oh, I could be afraid,
I could be wallowing, wallowing when y'all think I've got it made.

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