

Loud Family

"Don't Respond, She Can Tell"

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I cross the room like a dancing architect
A daddy waltz on the tops of my shoes
A dealer in women's short attentions
I'll have a cousin who grew up in the same town as you

I'll joke around with an unloaded weapon
You drink until it's in line with your taste
Look out the window, they're burning the ricefields
I'll run for office some time
People's choice, foe of waste

Maybe I say the dull things I say
Maybe they reach her through the air
Maybe I'm thinking of it as a task
Maybe it really is a task, and I'm not up to the task
Maybe the answer is don't ask

Don't respond, she can tell
Don't respond, she can tell
Don't respond, she can tell
Don't respond, she can tell

Be prepared to play down first impressions
Respect the weight of the sounds in the room
Be on the prowl for a thoughtful provider
I'll hate for not giving me even more
Love in bloom

Maybe I see the things I look at
Maybe I look right past what's wrong
Maybe she thinks in terms of sets of boys
Maybe she knows the set of boys, and I'm not in the set
of boys
Maybe the signal is the noise

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