

Mayer, John

"Tell Me What To Say"

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I know its early
and you hardly even know me but,
i want your love so bad, so bad
im bound to fuck it up
could you tell me what to say?

you must have heard that im about your eyes a million
times
and now your holding out to hear about your chin
i bet that that could get me in, let me in
could you tell me what to say?
tell me what to say...

when you were young and playing princess in your
mother's dress
into the mirror dreaming what your prince would say
i know you still remember to this day
could you tell me what to say?

and sure its not fair
i might lose all self respect
those who say i should be myself
they have obviously never met you yet

i can tell by the way your eyes roll
the way you stab the ice in your glass that its over
i can see you signalling to a friend
whispering make this end

you should have told me what to say
tell me what to say

(It's very primitive still)

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