

P:ano **"Tut Tut"**

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The closest place, neither here nor
Where I am right now
In the world is better than
Myself, these days
I spend too much time indoors

Now there's snow in the garden
There's slush on the road
Late and small hours on
The clock on the wall
And I'm feelin' it all
For a while

And I can't find fault
With all the things that you've been
Airing out with me
And the wind, it smells
Something awkward
And something old

Oh, baby, give me one more chance
Won't you please let me
Back into your heart
Oh, darlin', I was glad to let you go
But now I see you in

In a roundabout way,
It's the same thing
As listening to all the mistakes
Listening your crying
Listening your crying

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