

Puracane

"Call Me, Tell Me"

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Call me, Tell me

Call me, tell me we should meet tomorrow
I can't see things quite your way
But I think that I could show you
Things that lie below your thoughts and words
And your gardens and your stained glass day

Times you come to me and said you don't know why.
I think that there might be something wrong
You could change your thoughts before I go
But then you'd know that you were right where I wanted
you
And you didn't know

You were meant to worship and accuse (chose)
Anything you want but now it looks like you will lose
All the things you needed when you were the one
Can't be found you know they've just begun
To crumble all around you
And you see them tumble down without a thought or
care for you
Oh what you do

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