

## Regina Spektor

### "Bon id?e"

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Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love x2

Don?t tell your secrets to anyone  
Because ideas are vulnerable  
As soon as you say your idea out loud  
Then it can go and live on its own  
And you will miss it oh so much  
And you will wait for it?s return  
And you will wish it were your own  
But ideas that left never come back home

Don?t tell your mother that you are afraid  
Don?t tell your lover that your heart might break  
Don?t tell your gods you no longer believe  
Because as soon as you say it out loud they will leave  
you  
And you will miss them oh so bad  
And you will wait for their return  
And you will wish they were your own  
But gods that have left you will never grace your home

Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love x2

Don?t tell your secrets to anyone  
Because ideas are vulnerable  
As soon as you say your ideas out loud  
Then they can go and live on their own without you  
And you will miss them oh so bad  
And you will wait for their return  
And you will wish they were your own  
But ideas that left will never come back home

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