

Regina Spektor

"Bon IdÃ©e"

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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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