

Rem "Strange Currencies"

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(Berry/Buck/Mills/Stipe)

I don't know why you're mean to me
When I call on the telephone
And I don't know what you mean to me
But I want to turn you on, turn you up, figure you out, I
want to take you on

These words, "You will be mine"
These words, "You will be mine" all the time

The fool might be my middle name
But I'd be foolish not to say
I'm going to make whatever it takes,
Ring you up, call you down, sign your name, secret
love,
Make it rhyme, take you in, and make you mine

These words, "You will be mine"
These words, "You will be mine" all the time, oh
I tripped and fell. Did I fall?
What I want to feel, I want to feel it now

You know with love come strange currencies
And here is my appeal:

I need a chance, a second chance, a third chance, a
fourth chance,
A word, a signal, a nod, a little breath
Just to fool myself, to catch myself, to make it real, real

These words, "You will be mine"
These words, "You will be mine" all the time, oh

These words, "You will be mine"
These words, they haunt me, hunt me down, catch in
my throat, make me pray,
Say, love's confined, oh

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