

Peter Hammill

"Dont Tell Me"

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You don't have to say a thing,
the silence is sweet;
we've been together today
in a way we might never repeat.
Oh, your head on the pillow,
the distance in your eyes -
already you might be
rehearsing the word "Goodbye".

When the evening comes of this perfect day,
when the shadows run will you look away,
will you slip away?
Don't tell me anything.

You don't have to say a word,
all too well I understand:
there's a nervous tension
in the touch of your gentle hand.
That makes me afraid -
I've seen you like this before...
the moment you find somebody new
you find yourself bored.
Oh, I don't want to lose you.

When the evening comes of this perfect day,
when the shadows run will you look away,
will you slip away?
Don't tell me anything.

Now the evening's come,
now I'm left alone;
now the passion's done
and you're going home...
oh, when will you telephone?
You don't tell me anything.
No, you don't even tell me
the bell won't ring.

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