

Pure Prairie League "Call Me, Tell Me"

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Call me, Tell me

Call me, tell me we should meet tomorrow
I cant see things quite your way
But I think that I could show you
Things that lye below your thoughts and words
And your gardens and your stained glass day

Times you come to me and said you dont know why.
I think that there might be something wrong
You could change your thoughts before I go
But then youd know that you were right where I wanted
you
And you didnt 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
Cant be found you know theyve 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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