

## **P.Y.T. "Tut Tut"**

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The closest place, neither here nor  
Where I am right now  
In the world is better than  
Myself, these days  
I spend too much time indoors

Now there's snow in the garden  
There's slush on the road  
Late and small hours on  
The clock on the wall  
And I'm feelin' it all  
For a while

And I can't find fault  
With all the things that you've been  
Airing out with me  
And the wind, it smells  
Something awkward  
And something old

Oh, baby, give me one more chance  
Won't you please let me  
Back into your heart  
Oh, darlin', I was glad to let you go  
But now I see you in

In a roundabout way,  
It's the same thing  
As listening to all the mistakes  
Listening your crying  
Listening your crying

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