

The 88

"You Belong To Me"

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I treat it like a high school dance
waiting in the wings for my big chance
but I would only stare at my shoes
you belong to me I belong to you

I could tell an antique lie
full of all the things I want to hide
but that would only lead to the truth
you belong to me I belong to you

but I'm lazy and I'll pull you down
where you won't want to be
and I'm tasting what's pouring out of you
what am I supposed to do?

I could play a trick so strange
cover up my ears and pray for rain
but that would only give you the blues
you belong to me I belong to you

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