

# The Twang

## "Twit Two"

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The best thing I can do right now is admit defeat  
But I know I won't as everything I say I feel I must  
repeat  
And if you ever was to ask me I'd gladly come here  
again  
Just do things a little different more accurate than then

Rain falls, I ain't complaining, helps to wash my blues  
away  
And though my puddles, they've got stones in helps  
creates a private bay  
It's an open invitation, little balcony and a view  
And all the birds, they keep on whistling for me and  
you

And all that advice you gave me I should've probably  
took on board  
But I never did 'cause everything you say I happily  
ignore  
And if you ever was to ask me I'd gladly come here  
again  
Just do things a little different more accurate than then

Rain falls, I ain't complaining, helps to wash my blues  
away  
And though my puddles they've got stones in helps  
creates a private bay  
It's an open invitation, little balcony and a view  
And all the birds, they keep on whistling for me and  
you

I'll send a message through the stars tonight  
For me and you

Rain falls, I ain't complaining, helps to wash my blues  
away  
And though my puddles, they've got stones in helps  
creates a private bay  
It's an open invitation, little balcony and a view  
And all the birds they keep on whistling for me and you

Clouds are low and it's freezing but at least we can't be

seen  
Now the corkscrew's gone a-missing but creates a  
funny scene  
An open minded optimism, how a wall can become a  
screw  
All the birds they keep on whistling for me and you  
  
I'll send a message through the stars tonight  
For me and you

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