Tell Her This

Tell her this I don't like to kiss Ill know it was something ill miss And tell her that ill never be late Along as she will be there to Wait for me...

Tell her this my tongues in a twist I ran through a confident fist And tell her that the gypsy was real The sender is what makes the toe cramps and stomach aches Hard to heal

And it don't mean a thing If you can't try to be If you're always expecting From me

Tell her this ill never be rich And Christmas was always a bitch Tell her that I still feel the same But between me and you we see things better and...

And it don't mean a thing If you can't try to be But you're always expecting From me

Still in my underwear Watching some reruns of anything

(I can't forget)

Still with regrets

Tell her this I don't like to kiss Ill know it was something ill miss

And it don't mean a thing If you can't try to be But you're always expecting From me

No it don't mean a thing If you can't try to be What you're always expecting From me