

Tell Her This

Diffuser

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