

## 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