

# Words

Jacob Whitesides

I wanna tell you you're beautiful,  
In a way that you have not heard before,  
But I don't think it's gonna work,  
Cause I'm not good with words.

I wanna tell you you're the reason why,  
The earth spins and the stars hang in the sky,  
But I don't think it's gonna fly,  
Cause I'm not good with words.

If only I could find a way,  
To say it like them poets say,  
Sing a sweet and simple serenade,  
Directly to your heart.

If only I could speak aloud,  
Just what I feel when you're around,  
I'd finally confess my love in verse,  
But I'm not good with words.

If I was just like Shakespeare,  
Whispering sweet sonnets in your ear,  
I'd tell you everything you want to hear,  
But I'm not good with words.

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To say it like them poets say,  
Sing a sweet and simple serenade,  
Directly to your heart.

If only I could speak aloud,  
Just what I feel when you're around,  
I'd finally confess my love in verse,  
But I'm not good with words.

Sentences or conversation,  
Oh words they only bring me complication,  
And when it comes to love,  
I'm useless just full of bad excuses,  
And confessions gone unheard.

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To say it like them poets say,  
Sing a sweet and simple serenade,  
Directly to your heart.

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Just what I feel when you're around,  
I'd finally confess my love in verse,  
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