

I Can Tell

Michael Penn

Whatever news you had
Whatever shoes you had
Whatever made you mad enough
On the promenade you can
Give it a rest
Give it a seat
Or in the glass you can cut your feet

Pop a knee
Flesh torn
And everything else seems
A little worse for worn
A simple thing, I admit
Out I never did figure it

I can tell that I'm about to
I can tell when I'm without you

I've seen you juggle
I've seen your best
I've seen you running out of luck you pressed
I've seen the scores on how far up you fessed
Until a thinner air is what you're breathing now
So catch your breath
Don't just stand there holding it
I've seen you die a little death
I'm pretty sure you were here
But lately things tend to disappear
Like the days I never got around to

I can tell when I'm without you

Psychic on the corner
'Palms and Runes, Tarot and Tea'
The proprietor gives matches to the girls in line
For Club Diplomacy

Be he's not on to me
Crossed Olympic to collect my fee
But there's no one in this neighborhood who
I can tell when I'm without you
I can tell when I'm without you
I can tell when I'm without you