

## Call Me, Tell Me

Pure Prairie League

Call me, Tell me

Call me, tell me we should meet tomorrow  
I cant see things quite your way  
But I think that I could show you  
Things that lye below your thoughts and words  
And your gardens and your stained glass day

Times you come to me and said you dont know why.  
I think that there might be something wrong  
You could change your thoughts before I go  
But then youd know that you were right where I wanted you  
And you didnt know

You were meant to worship and accuse (chose)  
Anything you want but now it looks like you will lose  
All the things you needed when you were the one  
Cant be found you know theyve just begun  
To crumble all around you  
And you see them tumble down without a thought or care for you  
Oh what you do