

Tell Me the Answer

Texas

I doesn't feel right
The lights are too bright
I'm feeling uptight in my sensual world
I need to be you
I need to breathe too
I need to see through life
With these sensitive words

I could blame it on you
I could blame it on my instincts
I could blame it on the train to the plane
The boat to the shore
So tell me what's the answer

No trouble in my face
There's not one anxious voice
You know I can't listen
I can't listen
You say that you are everything
Do you taste good
So c'mon, c'mon, c'mon
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon

No air around me
I need to feel free
I'm private property
In my sensual world
No indecisions
I have a vision
There's no collision there
With these sensitive words

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All from too much choice yeh yeh

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