

# Beatles, The, I want to tell you

Beatles, The

Revolver

I want to tell you

I want to tell you, my head is filled with things to say  
When you're here all those words they seem to slip away  
When I get near you the games begin to drag me down  
It's alright, I'll make you maybe next time around

But if I seem to act unkind  
It's only me, it's not my mind  
That is confusing things

I want to tell you, I feel hung up and I don't know why  
I don't mind, I could wait for ever, I've got time

Sometimes I wish I knew you well  
Then I could speak my mind and tell you  
Maybe you'd understand

I want to tell you, I feel hung up and I don't know why  
I don't mind, I could wait for ever, I've got time  
I've got time, I've got time