

Hawksley Workman, What Could I Tell You

what could i tell you
that wouldn't just scare you
what could i tell you
that wouldn't send you packing

cuz nothing would be good enough for me
nothing would be good enough for me
last night i dragged out
all the old pictures,
hung up the crutches
and drew up the pages

and let a new world fascinate
and a simple structure radiate
and all thats left to tailgate
behind me is the new world

what could i tell you
the just wouldn't tear you
apart from all the movement
at night there is no movement

i passed on the papers
i snuffed out the candles
i jumped on a steam train
i lied to a lover

and let a new world fascinate
and a simple structure radiate
and all thats left to tailgate
behind me is the new world

but maybe if i told you slowly
that we are on our own
that we are the same
two falling now
it two falling far

nothing would be good enough for me
nothing would be good enough

and let a new world fascinate
and a simple structure radiate
and all thats left to tailgate
behind me is the new world