

# Tom Odell, Go Tell Her Now

You write her a message,  
Then you press delete  
You're calling her up,  
But you don't wanna speak what you know

you see her by chance  
out on the street  
you wanna hold her, console her  
you can't find the right way to show

so you talk about the weather  
you talk about your shoes  
you're longing forever  
to tell her the truth

so don't wait up  
go tell her now  
don't wait around  
or you may never know  
you may never know how she's feeling

maybe she wants you  
maybe she's shy  
maybe her heart  
will always be blind  
to your love

so go take the roses  
you left in the sink  
strike all your poses  
and knock back a drink

I said don't wait up  
go tell her now  
don't wait around  
or you may never know  
you may never know how she's feeling  
don't wait up  
go tell her now  
don't wait around  
or you may never know  
you may never know how she's feeling

you've been learning all the little parts on the TV  
you've been singing like a bitter star that could have been  
so you'll be singing in a little bar in Beverley  
all about your broken heart  
so full of dreams

you're killing me  
you're killing me  
you're killing me

don't wait up  
go tell her now  
don't wait around  
or you may never know  
you may never know how she's feeling  
don't wait up  
go tell her now  
don't wait around  
or you may never know  
you may never know how she's feeling