

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