

# Clifford T. Ward, Next To You

Why do I talk to myself all alone

When I could be talking to you

And why do I spend all my evenings alone

When they should be spent with you.

I'm getting so claustrophobic yet frightened to move

Lest the telephone rings while I'm out

For as long as I'm not sure, that you're not really sure

That you've found someone who you prefer to me

And there's still just a trace of a doubt in your mind

I shall wind up the clock

Switch the T.V. set off

And sit right where I am

Next to you.

It always comes home to me

How much I need to show yer

How much I need you

Why don't you come home to me

And let me try to show yer

How much I need you.

Why don't you try to be more like yourself

Heaven knows that's what I meant

And why can't you see what you're doing to me

Is it worth all the time we spent?

I'm getting so indescribably slow in my thinking

I don't seem to know what to do

But as long as I'm not sure, that you're not really sure

That you've found someone who you prefer to me

And there's still just a trace of a doubt in your mind

I shall wind up the clock

Switch the central heat off

And sit right where I am

Where are you?