

Lisa Loeb, Guessing Games

I could be trembling when I talk to you.
I could be making up all sorts of things that are not true.
I could tell a half truth, but I cannot tell a lie.
I could tell a story that is ten feet high.
My stomach flutters, and I feel sometimes ashamed,
I'm a castle with broken shutters, and this is not a guessing game.
Oh, I could make a plea so that you and I could be we,
I could say, "Oh, it's a must that you and I should be us,"
And all the answers I would guess and you would be so, so impressed,
But I would never get a "yes," cause I have not the guts to guess.
My stomach flutters, and I feel sometimes ashamed,
I'm a castle with broken shutters, and this is not a guessing game.
I could be listening, but this is not a guessing game.
I'd guess all the answers, but this is not the same.
I could be trembling, oh, I could be afraid,
I could be wallowing, wallowing when y'all think I've got it made