

Menomena, Weird

Say it again!
Say it again!
I know you love to
Hear yourself speak
words that you think.
I can't follow

And maybe that's the way
you and I will always relate.

You always had
The quickest wit,
The quickest quips,
And I can't keep up.
It's clear that you have
a rare gift of gab
And I'm just jealous.

Maybe that's the way
You and I will always relate.

But I won't let
How I sincerely
Feel, dear,
Stand in my way
'Cause there's
No love lost
That I can
Find again,
My dear friend.

You always
Said that we're friends
But that must depend
On which way the wind blows.
I swear that you have
Your own set of plans
And I just follow.

Maybe that's the way
You and I will always relate.

So I won't let
How I sincerely
Feel here
Stand in my way
'Cause there's
No love lost
That I can
Find again,
My dear friend.