

# Michael Penn, I Can Tell

Whatever news you had  
Whatever shoes you had  
Whatever made you mad enough  
On the promenade you can  
Give it a rest  
Give it a seat  
Or in the glass you can cut your feet

Pop a knee  
Flesh torn  
And everything else seems  
A little worse for worn  
A simple thing, I admit  
Out I never did figure it

I can tell that I'm about to  
I can tell when I'm without you

I've seen you juggle  
I've seen your best  
I've seen you running out of luck you pressed  
I've seen the scores on how far up you fessed  
Until a thinner air is what you're breathing now  
So catch your breath  
Don't just stand there holding it  
I've seen you die a little death  
I'm pretty sure you were here  
But lately things tend to disappear  
Like the days I never got around to

I can tell when I'm without you

Psychic on the corner  
'Palms and Runes, Tarot and Tea'  
The proprietor gives matches to the girls in line  
For Club Diplomacy

Be he's not on to me  
Crossed Olympic to collect my fee  
But there's no one in this neighborhood who  
I can tell when I'm without you  
I can tell when I'm without you  
I can tell when I'm without you