

Wendy Matthews, Maybe

Maybe it's time to swallow my pride
Maybe it's time to turn the tide
Maybe I'm a slow learner
A slow burner
Maybe I'm an only child

Maybe you're sublime
Maybe you'd be mine
Maybe you're the fortunate son
Maybe you're blind
Maybe you're unkind
Maybe you just won't see

There's one thing that I know for sure
I don't need this crowd anymore
You're the only one I want knocking at my door
So please come on, come in

Maybe you're the captain of a sailing ship
Maybe you're lost at sea
Maybe it's a shame
Maybe I'm to blame
Maybe it's just meant to be

Maybe you're the star of some downbeat show
Maybe I'm your only fan
Maybe I'm a siren ringing in your ear
Maybe you're a haunted man

There's one thing that I know for sure
I don't need this crowd anymore
You're the only one I want knocking at my door
So please come on, come in

Don't take pot shots at me, I'm innocent
Or target me for things I can't prevent
I'm not the author of your discontent

But there's one thing that I know for sure
I don't need this crowd anymore
You're the only one I want knocking at my door
So please come on, come in