

Butterfly Boucher, I Can't Make Me

All the things I wanna say but I can't
All the things I wanna do but I won't
Hold me tight
But not too tight
And I'm in knots, but you tie me in bows
I feel pretty, I know that you care
You're so sweet
You're so, so sweet

It's not a hurry that we're in
It's the pollen, it's the spring

But I can't make me love you
And you can't make me either
Patience, boy, I need it
I can't make me love you

Oh oh oh

Paper, pen and a piece of your heart
I can read it, but where do I start?
What to do?
What do I do?
And I am going but I'm gonna come back
And maybe then, maybe this, maybe that
Hold me tight
But not too tight

It's not a hurry that we're in
There's no problem, that's the thing

But I can't make me love you
And you can't make me either
Patience, boy, I need it
I can't make me love you

Oh...

Everyday there's something new to hold onto
A little more of you

But I can't make me love you
And you can't make me either
Patience, boy, I need it
I can't make me love you

Patience, boy, on strange days
I can't make me love you

Oh oh oh

It's not a hurry that we're in
It's the pollen, it's the spring
It's not a hurry that we're in
It's the pollen, it's the spring
It's not a hurry...