

Cake, Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps

You won't admit you love me.
And so how am I ever to know?
You always tell me
perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.
A million times I've asked you,
and then I ask you over again,
you only answer
perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.
If you can't make your mind up,
we'll never get started.
And I don't want to wind up
being parted, broken-hearted.
So if you really love me,
say yes.
But if you don't, dear, confess.
And please don't tell me
perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.
(Solo Section)
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we'll never get started.
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And please don't tell me
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perhaps,
perhaps,
per.haps