

# Clifford T. Ward, Where Would That Leave Me?

Why don't you tell me you love me?  
Why don't you say that you care?  
I might do something extravagant  
Like play with your hair.

Where would that lead me?  
Up to your bedroom and into your arms  
Would you please me  
Or would your conscience save you?

Where would that leave me?  
Where would that leave me?

I won't pretend to be perfect  
If you won't pretend that I should  
We might do something indiscreet  
Ah, you know we could.

Where would that lead me?  
Up to your bedroom and into your arms  
Would you please me  
Or would your conscience save you?

Where would that leave me?  
Where would that leave me?  
Where would that leave me?  
Where would that leave me?