

# Clint Black, We Tell Ourselves

I oughta know the look in another's eyes  
When there's something on their mind  
I think I saw that look in a lover's eyes  
They were looking into mine  
Like we both had found the one we want  
But found the one we wanted just quit trying

So we tell ourselves that what we found is what we meant to find  
That's what we tell ourselves  
You won't believe the things A heart could tell a mind  
Somehow we sell ourselves on love  
I just don't think I'll believe my heart this time

I oughta know the language  
well I've heard me tell myself these things before  
I finally made my mind up  
My heart tells me to look for something more  
Determined not to wind up wondering was she the one  
Well, you never can be sure

Chorus