

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