

# Hawksley Workman, What Could I Tell You

what could i tell you  
that wouldn't just scare you  
what could i tell you  
that wouldn't send you packing

cuz nothing would be good enough for me  
nothing would be good enough for me  
last night i dragged out  
all the old pictures,  
hung up the crutches  
and drew up the pages

and let a new world fasinate  
and a simple structure radiate  
and all thats left to tailgate  
behind me is the new world

what could i tell you  
the just wouldn't tear you  
apart from all the movement  
at night there is no movement

i passed on the papers  
i snuffed out the candles  
i jumped on a steam train  
i lied to a lover

and let a new world fasinate  
and a simple structure radiate  
and all thats left to tailgate  
behind me is the new world

but maybe if i told you slowly  
that we are on our own  
that we are the same  
two falling now  
it two falling far

nothing would be good enough for me  
nothing would be good enough

and let a new world fasinate  
and a simple structure radiate  
and all thats left to tailgate  
behind me is the new world