

# Lincoln, Taller

I confess  
In one-hundred words or less  
I come clean  
Yeah I'm a mess  
The qualities that I possess  
Are few and far between

I regret  
Next to you  
Yeah, I'm all wet  
And what you see is what you get  
And you ain't seen nothing yet  
And you're right next to me

Next to you I sorely pale  
Aspiring to no avail  
Next to you I'm not that deep  
I never look before I leap

I'm so small and getting smaller  
All and all  
You're much taller  
You're much taller

I admit  
I fall short from where I sit  
And your shoes never seem to fit  
And next to you I'm dimly lit  
And you're so very shiny

Next to you I sorely pale  
Aspiring to no avail  
Next to you I'm not that deep  
I never look before I leap

I'm so small and getting smaller  
All and all  
You're much taller  
You're much taller

You're much taller  
You're much taller