

# Paul Westerberg, Things

Things I wanna tell you  
How you make me feel  
How you look to me  
And how good it feels  
Things I don't wanna tell you  
Every little thing's all right  
What I was before  
And where I was last night  
Always things  
All these things  
Always things  
Things I try to tell you but come out oh so wrong  
Seem to feel pretty good, seem to last pretty long  
Things I don't wanna tell you  
Now there ain't no doubt  
You lit a fire in me  
Can't seem to put out  
Always things  
All these things  
Things I long to tell you but I don't know how  
Things I don't wanna tell you but I have to now  
Packed my things  
Things I'm bound to tell you like that dress looks great on ya  
I could use some breathing room but I'm still in love with you  
Things I'd never tell you, down the line someday  
You'll be a song I sing, a thing I give away  
Pack my things today, I packed my things today