

Peter Hammill, If I Could

You must be crazy to stay here,
and I'll be crazy when you go;
though there's so much I want to tell you
all the words come out too slow.
I've been locked in my problems,
you seemed prepared to wait...
now that I know I'm going to lose you
all the words come out too late.

There's no promise I can give you
that you wouldn't know was fake;
though I just want to be with you,
there's no show that I can make.
And in the morning, when I wake and find you dressing
I can tell that it's on your mind to go for good;
I know that all this time I've kept you guessing,
but I'd tell you if I could.

If I now said that I loved you
how would that seem in your eyes?
Oh, may my voice fall into silence
if my words turn out to be lies.
I never meant to hurt you,
even though that's what I do
even though you might not believe this
all my words were meant for you.

There's no promise I can give you
that you wouldn't know was fake;
though I just want to be with you,
there's no show that I can make.
And in the evening, when we sit and watch the TV
I know that all this silence just won't do me any good
and I want to beg you, beg you, beg you to believe me...
oh, I'd tell you if I could,
I'd tell you if I could.

"You know, you know, you know she's going to leave you,"
"You know, you know, you know she's going to go,"
"You know, you know, you know she's going to leave you."

I'd tell you if I could.