

# Pure Prairie League, Call Me, Tell Me

Call me, Tell me

Call me, tell me we should meet tomorrow  
I can't see things quite your way  
But I think that I could show you  
Things that lie below your thoughts and words  
And your gardens and your stained glass day

Times you come to me and said you don't know why.  
I think that there might be something wrong  
You could change your thoughts before I go  
But then you'd know that you were right where I wanted you  
And you didn't know

You were meant to worship and accuse (chose)  
Anything you want but now it looks like you will lose  
All the things you needed when you were the one  
Can't be found you know they've just begun  
To crumble all around you  
And you see them tumble down without a thought or care for you  
Oh what you do