

Robert Palmer, Maybe It's You

In the coldest night, can you feel it
Burning bright or do you want to?
I'm the same as you, not quite sure
Just what to do or what to feel like
But everytime I hear your name
I wring my hands and mumble
I guess I'll try and write a letter
Say goodbye and just forget her

Ah, but you know I can't forget her 'cos
Maybe it's you, maybe it's me
Maybe it's you who's always right
Maybe it's me who's doing time

Well you should know there's a place
Inside my heart that's always empty
Oh and I'm not blind though I wish
I were sometimes to ease the anger
But everytime I hear your name
I wring my hands and mumble
You know the woman drive me crazy
When she makes it seems so easy
But you know I can't give in
Because

Maybe it's you, maybe it's me
Maybe it's you who's always right
Maybe it's me who's doing time