

The Tubes, Tip Of My Tongue

You somehow knew we'd meet again.
Now I understand.
If I look surprised don't be alarmed,
I've got you, in my arms.
I can almost taste it, and when I can,
(I won't waste the chance).
Just a lick away,
(Oh so close)
and baby there's one thing I know...
My heart speaks but the words play
on the tip of my tongue...
and no matter
what my lips say, you are still the only one.
Never been too cunning, I'm no linguist,
but I can tell you this ---
Ever since I left you I've been lost,
I'm walking in a fog.
We can lick this problem;
we can work it out.
Don't be impatient, and don't you run,
'cause I want you on the tip of my...
I can't find the words.
My lips are on their own,
and my speech is slurred...
can't even talk on the telephone.
I'll take a tip from you.
You say my french is pretty good,
so that's what I'll use...
If I could!