

Thea Gilmore, I Want To Tell You

I want to tell you
My head is filled with things to say
When you're here
All those words, they seem to slip away
When I get near you
The games begin to drag me down
It's alright
I'll make you, maybe next time around

But if I seem to act unkind
It's only me, it's not my mind
That is confusing things

I want to tell you
I feel hung up, but I don't know why
I don't mind
I could wait forever, I've got time

Sometimes I wish I knew you well
Then I could speak my mind
And tell you
Maybe you'd understand

I want to tell you
I feel hung up, but I don't know why
I don't mind
I could wait forever, I've got time
I don't mind
I could wait forever, I've got time
I've got time
I've got time
I've got time