

# Timothy B. Schmit, Tell Me The Truth

(t. b. schmit/b. gaitsch/g. sutton)

We were a match made with burning desire  
Who could have known we were playing with fire  
Now it's lights out baby you know why  
You couldn't play it straight even if you tried

Anyone who ever knew you  
Couldn't help but see right through you  
Go ahead look me in the eyes  
I'm so tired of your alibies

Oh I wonder  
Which way are you gonna go  
Just because you say it like you mean it  
Don't make it so

Tell me the truth baby tell me true  
This kind of love just won't do  
Tell me the truth baby tell me nice  
Better take my advice

One day you're gone baby then you're back  
Just like a train you jump the track  
Why don't you slow down you're gonna crash  
Ain't gonna get no second chance

Do you think that I believe you  
When you do the things that you do  
Go ahead look me in the eyes  
I'm so tired of your alibies

Oh I wonder  
Which way are you gonna go  
Just because you say it like you mean it  
Don't make it so

Tell me the truth baby tell me true  
This kind of love just won't do  
Tell me the truth baby tell me nice  
Better take my advice