

# There Are Maybe Ten or Twelve...

[A.C. Newman](#)

There are maybe ten or twelve things I could teach you  
After that, well, I think you're on your own  
And that wasn't the opening line it was the tenth or the twelfth  
Make of that what you will  
Make of that what you will  
Once there was a haunted loop of your deep, fallen tears  
A forehead resting on a record shelf  
Amid moving boxes stacked I'm still waiting for the right words  
Make of that what you will  
Make of that what you will  
And the eyes they were a color I can't remember  
Which says more than the first two verses  
And it is the devil you know that will slam the door harder  
Make of that what you will  
Make of that what you will  
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Make of that what you will  
Make of that what you will

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