

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
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
Make of that what you will
Make of that what you will

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