

Don't Tell Me

Joel Crouse

Your door is locked girl and I deserve it
I've knocked, knocked till my hand is hurting sore
 It's just a quarter to four
 I'm only late by 8 little hours
 But I got a hand full of thirsty flowers
 Now baby can't we talk it out
 You can tell me I'm a no good thoughtless jerk
 That I'm a selfish, stupid loser
 And make it hurt, make it hurt
 Tell me I'm wrong and I'll say that you're right
 And the only way I will be spending the night is
 On this side of the door
 But don't tell me you don't love me anymore
 I ran into the guys on the way here
 They were all shooting pool
 And drinking cold beer hun
 They only offered me one
 Next thing I knew above` the crowd I heard last call
 They ran us out
 I left my keys and my phone on the bar
 I had to walk this far
 You can tell me I'm a no good thoughtless jerk
 That I'm a selfish, stupid loser
 And make it hurt, make it hurt
 Tell me I'm wrong and I'll say that you're right
 And the only way I will be spending the night is
 On this side of the door
 But don't tell me you don't love me anymore
 Open the door I'm beggin please
 I'm out here on my knees
 Baby, baby, I'm sorry
 You can tell me I'm a no good thoughtless jerk
 That I'm a selfish, stupid loser
 And make it hurt, make it hurt
 Tell me I'm wrong and I'll say that you're right
 And the only way I will be spending the night is
 On this side of the door
 But don't tell me you don't love me anymore
 But don't tell me you don't love me anymore

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