

Call Me, Tell Me

Pure Prairie League

Call me, tell me we should meet tomorrow

I can't see things quite your way

But I think that I could show you

Things that lye below your thoughts and words

And your gardens and your stained glass dayTimes you come to me and said you don't know why

I think that there might be something wrong

You could change your thoughts before I go

But then you'd know that you were right where I wanted you

And you didn't knowYou were meant to worship and accuse

Anything you want but now it looks like you will loseAll the things you needed when you were the one

Can't be found you know they've just begun

To crumble all around you

And you see them tumble down without a thought or care for you

Oh, what you do

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