No Great Shakes

Webb Wilder

Why you let me get this close I can't say
Close but no cigar, it's still too far away
If I reach for you, will you run?
If I tag along, will I spoil the fun?
If I play it cool, will you think I'm playin' dumb?My mind tumbles when I talk to you
You wouldn't think it would be so hard to do
You're a nightingale, I'm a mockingbird
Every song I sing is a song you've heard
When it comes to love, guess, I just ain't got the wordI'm no great Shakes at reading your mind
No great Shakes at sayin' my lines
Show me a sign, give me a clue
Tell me what it takes to get through to youThe crystal ball ain't all it's cracked up to be
The psychic hotline, hell, that's way too deep for me
But there's no lip service I won't pay
No cliche that I won't say
There's no rhyme that I won't lay on youStill I'm no great Shakes at reading your mind
No great Shakes at standin' in line
Give me a sign, show me a clue
Tell me what it takes to get through to youNo great Shakes at reading your mind
No great Shakes at standin' in line
Give me a sign, show me a clue
Tell me what it takes, no great ShakesAt readin' your mind
No great Shakes, no great Shakes
Bidin' my time, tell me, what it takes
'Cause I'm no great Shakes

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