

# 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 word I'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 you The 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 you Still 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 you 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, no great Shakes At 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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