

Tenterhook

Orange Juice

And though I stood on tenterhooks
I still took one last lingering look
And there was so much left unsaid
But as they say, you makes your bed
But as they say, you makes your bed
Yes, my sheets were always freshly laundered
Together, you and I have changed the world
As long as there was no blood spilt
On my fresh white sheets
I'm fit as a fiddle but so non-committal
It's all I can do to stifle a smile
It's all I can do to stifle a smile
When you tell me Old Mother Earth's turning senile
Mother Earth keeps turning and turning
While, of course, our young hearts are yearning
And when you tell me
You tell me
Oh when you tell me
You tell me
Don't make any bones about it
You just tell me

Songwriters

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Published by
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