

# Tell Me the Answer

Texas

I doesn't feel right  
The lights are too bright  
I'm feeling uptight in my sensual world  
I need to be you  
I need to breathe too  
I need to see through life  
With these sensitive words

I could blame it on you  
I could blame it on my instincts  
I could blame it on the train to the plane  
The boat to the shore  
So tell me what's the answer

No trouble in my face  
There's not one anxious voice  
You know I can't listen  
I can't listen  
You say that you are everything  
Do you taste good  
So c'mon, c'mon, c'mon  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon

No air around me  
I need to feel free  
I'm private property  
In my sensual world  
No indecisions  
I have a vision  
There's no collision there  
With these sensitive words

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All from too much choice yeh yeh

I could blame it on the train to the plane  
The boat to the shore  
So tell me what's the answer

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C'mon, c'mon, c'mon