

I WON'T TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU

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VERSE ONE

DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME
TIL YOU CAN TELL ME THAT YOU SEE ME,
TIL' YOU CAN TELL ME THAT YOU'D FREE
ME,
IF IT'S WHAT I NEED TO BE ME
I'M NOT LOOKIN' IN THE LONG RUN
HELL . . . I COULD BE THE WRONG ONE
MIGHT EVEN BE THE GONE ONE
IN THE MORNIN' BREEZE

CHORUS

WHEN THE MORNING BREEZE
IS COMING THROUGH THE TREES,
OUT AT THE EDGE OF MY OWN POSSIBILITIES
I SPY A TROUBLESOME KIND OF RIDER
AN OUTSIDER ON A WINNING STREAK

VERSE TWO

I WON'T TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU,
TIL I CAN TELL YOU THAT I SEE YOU,
TIL I CAN TELL YOU THAT I'D FREE YOU,
IF IT'S WHAT YOU NEED TO BE YOU
I'M NOT LOOKIN' FOR REDEMPTION
OR EVEN AN EXEMPTION
SO, WHEN YOU OFFER YOUR INTENTIONS,
OH WON'T YOU MENTION ME?

CHORUS

WHEN THE MORNING BREEZE
IS COMING THROUGH THE TREES,
OUT AT THE EDGE OF YOUR OLD
SENSIBILITIES,
THERE RIDES A SNEAKY KIND OF FELLA
WITH ONE HELL OF A ROMANTIC STREAK

INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

BRIDGE

I PUT MY TIME IN . . .
IN THE SADDLE
A LIFE FULL OF CANYONS;
A LIFE FULL OF ALONE.
SO SHOWER ME WITH
YOUR CRAZY OPINIONS,
CUZ I HAVE GROWN TOO DAMNED
ACCUSTOMED TO MY OWN.

VERSE THREE

I WON'T TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU,
TIL I CAN TELL YOU THAT I SEE YOU,
TIL I CAN TELL YOU THAT I'D FREE YOU,
IF IT'S WHAT YOU NEED TO BE YOU
I'M NOT LOOKIN' IN THE LONG RUN
HELL . . . WE COULD BE THE WRONG ONES
MIGHT EVEN BE THE GONE ONES
IN THE MORNIN' BREEZE