

# polite

Coleman Hell

I laid my jacket down  
On that puddle of my tears  
And if you turned the tables on me  
I'd pull out your chair

If you gave me the cold shoulder  
I would offer you my coat  
And I guess I never told ya  
Now I gotta let you know

Maybe I'm just crazy  
Maybe I'm too nice  
But I could never hate you  
It just wouldn't feel right  
It's not how I was raised so  
I'll just be polite  
And hold the door for you  
As you walk out of my life  
I'll be polite...

I'd give you my umbrella  
If you rained on my parade  
Cause I just want to see you shine  
Not tryin' to throw no shade

If I tried to buy you flowers  
Would you throw them at my feet  
Cause I know that things went sour  
But it still feels bittersweet

Maybe I'm just crazy  
Maybe I'm too nice  
But I could never hate you  
It just wouldn't feel right  
It's not how I was raised so  
I'll just be polite  
And hold the door for you  
As you walk out of my life  
I'll be polite...

I'll hold the door  
I'll hold the door  
As you walk out of my life  
I'll hold the door  
I'll hold the door  
As you walk out of my life

Maybe I'm just crazy  
Maybe I'm too nice  
But I could never hate you  
It just wouldn't feel right  
It's not how I was raised so  
I'll just be polite  
And hold the door for you  
As you walk out of my life

Maybe I'm just crazy

Maybe I'm too nice  
But I could never hate you  
It just wouldn't feel right  
It's not how I was raised so  
I'll just be polite  
And hold the door for you  
As you walk out of my life  
I'll be polite...