

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

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

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