

Tease

Sierra Ferrell

My heart well it falls like the leaves from trees
It's the season
And honey you can be such a tease
With the miles and the distance between

I don't know about the rain loves to accompany me [?]
Always when I'm in such grief
Oh honey, do you miss me?

But the rain, rain oh rain don't you fall on me
I'm-a begging please
Stay, stay oh now darling don't you stay with me
I'm-a begging

I keep spoon in my back pocket
'Case I might get fed
Yes I keep a spoon in my back pocket
'Case I might get fed

And its strange, strange
Oh its strange how I feel full
You, oh baby
Stay, stay
Oh darling don't you stay with me
I'm-a begging

I keep spoon in my back pocket
'Case I might get fed
Yes I keep a spoon in my back pocket
'Case I might get fed