

Send My Best

Tina Dickow

I wouldn't put my bets on me if I were you
I bet you'd find I'm not as balanced as I seem
I need to redecorate at least a hundred thousand times a day
Can't let anything take root
And loving me you'd always be a slave to this confusion

So if I'm on the way to your heart
If I'm on the way to your heart
Send my best to your heart
If I'm on the way to your heart
Heaven help you

Some day you'll ask me what's the source of this despair
I might as well just turn my back on you and leave
'Cause it's the same damn thing every time I try to fill somebody in
Too many words is silence
And loving me you'd always be a slave to this frustration
And I would be the unknown quantity in your equation

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If I'm on the way to your heart
Heaven help you

I'd love to love you tomorrow too
But I'm unable to promise to be there for you
Reflecting's got me freaking
And you can't speed up the solving
I only hope
I hope to love you tomorrow too

Now you should heed these words if you care about yourself
And try to reason do you dare play this wicked game
If you get too involved then you know you've got an awful lot to lose
In the end you'll be alone
'Cause loving me you'll always be a slave to this frustration
And I will be the unknown quantity in your equation

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