

I could be trembling when I talk to you.  
And I could be making up all sorts of things that are not true.  
And I could tell a half truth, but I can not tell a lie.  
Oh, I could tell a story that is ten feet high.

My stomach flutters, and I feel sometimes ashamed;  
oh, I'm a castle with a broken shutters, and  
this is not a guessing game.

My stomach flutters, and I feel sometimes ashamed;  
oh, I'm a castle with a broken shutters, and  
this is not a guessing game.

Oh, I could make a plea so that you and I could be we, and  
I could say, "Oh, its a must that you and I should be us."  
And all the answers I would guess, and you would be so so impressed,  
but I would never get a "yes", cause I have not the guts to guess.

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oh, I'm a castle with a broken shutters, and  
this is not a guessing game.

My stomach flutters, and I feel sometimes ashamed;  
oh, I'm a castle with a broken shutters, and  
this is not a guessing game.

I could be listening but this is not a guessing game.  
Well, I'd guess all the answers, but this is not the same.  
I could be trembling, or I could be afraid,  
I could be wallowing, wallowing when you'll think I've got it made.