

Whoever Finds This, I Love You

Mac Davis

On a quiet street
In the city
A little old man walked along
Shufflin' thru the autumn afternoon
And the autumn leaves reminded him
Another summer's come and gone
He had a lonely night ahead
Waitin' for June

Then among the leaves
Near the orphan's home
A piece of paper caught his eye
And he stooped to pick it up with trembling hands
As he read the childish writing
The old man began to cry
'Cause the words burned inside of him
Like a brand

Whoever finds this I love you
Whoever finds this I need you
I ain't even got no one to talk to
So whoever finds this I love you

The old man's eyes searched the orphan's home
And came to rest upon a child
With her nose pressed up against the window pane
And the old man knew he'd found a friend at last
So he waved at her and smiled
And they both knew they'd spend the winter laughing at the rain

And they did spend the winter laughing at the rain
Talkin' thru the trees and exchanging little gifts
They'd made for each other
The old man would carve toys for the little girl
And she would draw picture for him of beautiful ladies
Surrounded by green trees and sunshine
And they laughed a lot
But then on the first day of June
The little girl ran to the fence to show
The old man a picture she had drawn
But he wasn't there
And somehow the little girl knew he wasn't coming back
So she went back to her little room
Took a crayon, piece of paper and wrote:

Whoever finds this I love you
Whoever finds this I need you
I ain't even got no one to talk to
So whoever finds this I love you