

I'm the Man Who Loves You

Wilco

All I can see is black and white
and white and pink with blades of blue
that lay between the words I think
on a page I was meaning to send her
You I couldn't tell if it bring my heart
the way I wanted when I started
writing this letter to you

If I could you know I would
just hold your hand and you'd understand
I'm the man who loves you

All I can be is a busy sea of
spinning wheels and hands that feel
for stones to throw and feet that run but
they come back home, make no difference
ever known, make no difference
ever known to me

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