

I Could Write Books

Enrico Rodriguez

MIKE: I could write books
'bout all the things you don't know about me,
page after page of all the things you didn't say.

I could write books
'bout all the things you didn't do,
And then write twice as much
about how much I still love you.
I drop hints about my birthday,
you forget it anyway.

I say pick me up at seven,
and you do, but the wrong day.
Is there something I should know about
that's going on inside?

What is wrong with me that there's
so much of you you hide?

I could write books
'bout all the ways you hurt me,
All the ways you didn't even know could destroy a person so.

I could write books
'bout all the things you took from me,
And then write twice as much
About how much you give back.
I could fill all the desert sands
With ancient scriptures from my hands,
Watch siroccos come erase them
And then write them all again.

I just can't understand why I do
all these things that don't make sense;
but love it seems has a logic
that defies all evidence.

I could write books
'bout all the things I don't know about you,
volumes one and two of all the doubt you've put me through.

And maybe I'll never know
why you do the things you do,
but I do know...I'll always love you.
'Cuz deep inside, I think you love me, too.

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