

Nobody But You

Serena Ryder

Everybody knows that I'm just a Joe that likes to hang around,
Talking about my problems, bringing other people down.
Well this may be so, but not long ago, I was sitting on the top of the world.
Sure is strange how things can turn themselves around.

When I'm in need of a little bit of consultation, used to call on my Uncle John.
Took a trip down to West Virginia, found him dead and gone.
And as some sort of silly little consolation, they gave me a ticket back.
What you gonna do with folks like that?

You can talk about bands of angels,
And they think you come with your soul in your hands to set their children free.
But you talk about little bit of understanding, things that happen day to day.
Some of you folks sure enough have been good to me.

You come on talking about angel bands,
And they think you come with your soul in your hands just to set their children free.
But you talk about little bit of understanding, things that happen day to day.
Someone has been good to me.

Nobody but you, nobody but you, nobody but you, nobody but you.
Nobody but you, nobody but you, nobody but you, nobody but you.
Nobody but you, say nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody but you.

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