

Like You

Custom

Sitting in an empty house
On a simple chair in the corner
Of an empty room, on a wooden floor
With nothing between here
And where I came from
Except for a girl waiting for a bus
With a leather knapsack
Over her shoulder
And hope in her eyes
And enough beauty
To fill this empty room
A thousand times
Like you
Like you
Like you
Just like you
Like you
Like you
Like you
Just like you
She ties her legs in a bow
And like butterflies
Her eyes close
Then her soul stretches
Like paint in the rain
She breathes
Her arms fall up
Stretching up reaching
She moves the sun
Like you
Like you
Like you
Just like you
Like you
Just Like you
Like you
Just like you
Like you
Like you

Like you
Just like you
Like you
Like you
Like you
Just like you
Like you
Like you
Like you
Just like you
Like you
Like you
Like you
Just like you
Like you

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