

Gotta Have You

The Weepies

Gray, quiet and tired and mean. Picking at a worried seam. I try to make you mad at me over the phone. Red eyes are fire and signs. I'm taken by a nursery rhyme. I want to make a ray of sunshine and never leave home. No amount of coffe, no amount of crying, no amount of whiskey, no amount of wine. No, nothing else will do, I've gotta have you. The road gets cold, there's no spring in the middle of this year. And I'm the new chicken clucking open hearts and ears. Oh, such a prima donna, sorry for myself. But green, it is also summer and I won't be warm 'til I'm lying in your arms. I see it all through a telescope: guitar, suitcase, and a warm coat.

Lying in the back of the blue boat, humming a tune....

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