You Will Love This Song

Amber Rubarth

You always loved the colors and the details, so here's mine: I snuck out down a dark 17th Street late last night. I took my little orange book lamp and the notebook with the stars on the front, the sleeping bag that my ex gave to me to keep me warm, and a black fountain pen to write the words that it was too late to say out loud.
And my eyes turned green, like they do when I'm crying, and my heart it went to blue 'cause you told me that I might not be what you need, you want to try more out, but you're the only thing I can't stop thinking about.
Yeah, I like you a lot.. and I think it's worse than that.
You said you love it when all the words in a song move really fast and your ears have to choose just one little phrase to hold on to. And you love it when all the chords are really simple so you can play it on the guitar, and then when it goes to a funny one at the end you like that too (insert funny chord here). And so I'll build you a song, and I know you're gonna love it 'cause I'm putting in all the pieces that you said you wanted in it and I'm writing it here in my room in just my underwear and an orange t-shirt 'cause I know that you'd think that was hot.
Yeah hot, like that day that you called sick for work because we'd stayed out too late at The Cheesecake Factory the night before and we held hands on the beach, and I found that crab in a funny shell, and you took video of me holding it up by the newly painted blue motel. And you said "I like you a lot" and I thought 'well, this couldn't get much better.'
You said you were so happy you met me when you did 'cause you were starting to think you didn't like people. And you told me that when I moved that I could still stay in your room for weeks. But now I'm wondering if I imagined it or if it was ever really there 'cause they say even in magic nothing truly disappears, it just gets stuffed up somebody's sleeve or behind their hand or on top of their head.. and you forgot to keep your eye on it, you were looking down instead.
So now I'm the fool up on stage at the magic show searching the deck for my card while everyone laughs because they know that it's in plain sight to see, yeah it's stuck on your forehead, but I can't think you're mean 'cause I volunteered to be misled.
Yeah 'cause I like you a lot.. but I don't know what to do with it now.
And I like you a lot.. but I didn't think it'd hurt this bad.
And I like you a lot.. and we both know that it's worse than that.

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