

Whoever Finds This, I Love You

Mac Davis

On a quiet street in the city
A little old man walks along
Shuffling through the autumn afternoon
And the autumn leaves reminded him
Another summer's come and gone
He had a long, lonely night ahead waiting for June
Then among the leaves near an orphan's home
A piece of paper caught his eye
And he stooped to pick it up with trembling hands
And as he read the childish writing, the old man began to cry
'Cause the words burned inside him like a flame
Whoever finds this, I love you
Whoever finds this, I need you
I ain't even got no one to talk to
So whoever finds this, I love you
The old man's eyes searched the orphan's home
And came to rest upon a child with her nose
Pressed up against the window pane
And the old man knew he'd found a friend at last
So he waved at her and smiled
And they both knew they'd spend the winter laughing at the rain
And they did spend the summer
Laughing at the rain, talking through the fence
Exchanging little gifts they'd made for each other
The old man would carve toys for the little girl
And she would draw pictures for him of beautiful ladies
Surrounded by green trees and sunshine and they laughed a lot
But then on the first day of June, the little girl ran
to the fence
To show the man a picture she had drawn but he wasn't there
And somehow, the little girl knew he wasn't coming back
So she went back to her little room
Took out a Crayola and a piece of paper and wrote
Whoever finds this, I love you
Whoever finds this, I need you
I don't even have no one to talk to
So whoever finds this, I love you

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