

# The Way That I Love You

[Peter Mulvey](#)

Well the leaves have gone away  
And the cold is here to stay  
And the wind picks up and calls my name And the gulls they cough and die  
And the buses drive on by  
And they shake my room the way you do And the way that I love you is just like the weather And the snow  
begins to fall  
And I lean against it all  
And it snows for me I don't need me (?) So I stand on the escape  
And the sky looks at my face  
And I decide I like just who, just who I am And the way that I love you is just like the weather

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