How We Love

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I knew a man who was afraid to love
to lay his heart on the bathroom rug
he drank his coffee in the same old mug
and sat in silence 'til the world fell numb
until the day when a girl came by
she had eyes like the rising tide
he felt a sharpness deep inside
the kind of ache that can't be satisfiedwe hate the rain when it fills up our shoes
but how we love when it washes our cars
we love to love when it fills up the room
but when it leaves oh we're cursing the starsso he turned to the radio
and he went to a picture show
tried to find someone else who knows
all the hurt that a heart can hold
she smelled like cinnamon and winter clove
and sparked like firewood inside a stove
wanted to ask her just to sit and stay
instead he watched as she walked awaywe hate the rain when it fills up our shoes
but how we love when it washes our cars
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