

# How We Love

Ingrid Michaelson

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 satisfied  
We hate the rain when it fills up our shoes  
But how we love when it washes our cars  
And we love to love when it fills up the room  
But when it leaves oh we're cursing the stars (Ooh)  
So 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 away  
We 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 stars  
Ooh ooh  
Ooh  
Ooh  
Ooh  
We 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, we're cursing the stars

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