

Like You

Custom

Sitting in an empty house
On a simple chair in the corner
Of an empty room, on a wooden floor
With nothing between hereAnd where I came from
Except for a girl waiting for a bus
With a leather knapsack
Over her shoulderAnd hope in her eyes
And enough beauty
To fill this empty room
A thousand timesLike you
Like you
Like you
Just like youLike you
Like you
Like you
Just like youShe ties her legs in a bow
And like butterflies
Her eyes close
Then her soul stretches
Like paint in the rainShe breathes
Her arms fall up
Stretching up reaching
She moves the sunLike you
Like you
Like you
Just like youLike you
Just Like you
Like you
Just like youLike you
Like you
Like you
Just like youLike you
Like you
Like you
Just like youLike you
Like you
Like you
Just like youLike you
Like you
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Just like youLike you
Like you

Like you
Just like you
Like you

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