

Blues Traveler, She And I

Tread upon me lightly
And take what you will
Cause it's yours anyway
You may have read up on me slightly
But if looks could kill
Then I died today
A challenge to you only
Can you remember my
Most honest face?
And I'd be less so lonely
Whenever I
Ordain to chase

The mystery
You bring from me
And I am persuaded
And from your eyes
Came a sweet reply
So utterly unmasqueraded

Morning rush hour I can see
She used her eyes but she saw me
Euphoric streaks upon the sky
They celebrate us she and I

Tread upon me deeply
And handle with care
Because I just might break
And if I put it less discreetly
Enter if you dare
But make no mistake
If I stop beneath your window
To ply my wares
And serenade
It wouldn't hardly dare begin to
Imply my prayers
I haven't prayed

In some time
I have been resigned
To have settled back and waited
But from your eyes
A sweet reply so beautifully paraded

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