

Wilco, I'm The Man Who Loves You

All I can see is black and white
And white and pink and blades of blue
That lay between the words I think
On a page I was meaning to send her
With you I couldn't tell if it bring my heart
The way I wanted when I started
Writing this letter to you

And if I could you know I would
Just hold your hand and you'd understand
I'm the man who loves you

All I can be is a busy sea of spinning wheels
And hands that feel for stones to throw
And feet that run but come back home
It make no difference, ever known
Make no difference, ever known to me

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