

# Jack Johnson, What You Thought You Needed

I'll can't give you  
Everything you want  
But I could give you  
What you thought you needed  
A map to keep  
Beneath your sit  
Your breath to me  
In time I'll get you there  
So fold it up so  
We don't find  
Our way back soon  
Nobody knows we are here

We could park the van  
And walk to town  
Find the cheapest  
Bottle of wine  
That we could find  
And talk about the rule  
Behind our get in love  
Is not a waste of time

The water moor  
Will take us home  
In the moment  
We will sing  
As the forest sleeps

So, for the sake  
Of arriving with you  
Well its all  
For the sake  
Of arriving with you

I'll make  
The table into a bed  
The candle is burning down  
It's time to rest  
Can't take back  
Things already gone  
I'll could give you  
Promises for keeps

Now it only take them back  
If they become  
Your only you give'em to me

So, for the sake  
Of arriving with you  
Well, it's all  
For the sake  
Of arriving with you  
We could make this  
Into anything  
We could make this grow  
And become what we'll be

This could make  
Our scent to anything  
It could make us become  
What we'll want to see

Mmmmmm  
It's just like it feels

