

# Mac Davis, Whoever Finds This I Love You

On a quiet street in the city a little old man walks along.  
Shuffling through the Autumn afternoon.  
And the Autumn leaves reminded him another summer's come and gone.  
He had a long, lonely night ahead waitin' for June.  
Then among the leaves near an orphan's home a piece of paper caught his eye,  
And he stooped to pick it up with trembling hands.  
And as he read the childish writing, the old man began to cry,  
'Cause the words burned inside him like a flame.

&quot;Whoever finds this, I love you!&quot;  
&quot;Whoever finds this, I need you!&quot;  
&quot;I ain't even got no one to talk to!&quot;  
&quot;So, Whoever finds this, I love you!&quot;

The old man's eyes searched the orphan's home,  
And cam to rest upon a child with her nose pressed up against the window pane.  
And the old man knew he'd found a friend, at last,  
So he waved at her and smiled.  
And they both knew they'd spend the winter laughing at the rain.

"{Spoken}"

And they did spend the summer laughing at the rain, talking through the fence, exchanging little gif

&quot;Whoever finds this, I love you!&quot;  
&quot;Whoever finds this, I need you!&quot;  
&quot;I don't even have no one to talk to.&quot;  
&quot;So, whoever finds this, I love you!&quot;