

# Odds, I Would Be Your Man

Could it be you're the one?  
Maybe I'm now the lucky guy  
Or should I turn and run?  
It's so easy to see that I  
Could wash your feet, and fill your womb  
And I would be your man  
But it hurts to know, but I don't think I can

Is it gonna hurt if we try?  
Is this the calm before the flood?  
Well we may skip like stones  
Or you could pull me from the mud  
And I would wash your feet, and fill your womb  
And I would be your man  
But it hurts to know, but I don't think I can

I will miss the songs and stories and the things you brought in  
Could it be it's been so long, I can't love you; I've forgotten how?

I'm shy, once bitten  
Though I'm desperate, I keep my place  
If nothing is written,  
Must you leave me without a trace?  
When I would wash your feet, and fill your womb  
And I would be your man  
But it hurts to know, but I don't think I can