

Rory Gallagher, They Don't Make Them Like You

They don't make them like you anymore,
That's for sure,
And when they made you,
They made sure they threw away the mold.
It comes as no surprise to me,
That I want to be in your vicinity.

If I stand close to you,
I'm not sure if I'm really there.
With my feet on the ground,
But my head it's lost in the air,
Oh, how I wish you could see,
That I'd love to be in your vicinity.

Where would I go?
What would I do if you should run from me?
How does it show were I to lose?
Would you explain to me?
There's something growing,
There's something showing,
There's something won't let me be.
Yeahhh..

Where would I go?
What would I do if you should run from me?
How does it show were I to lose?
Would you explain to me?
There's something growing,
There's something showing,
There's something won't let me be.

They don't make them like you anymore,
That's for sure,
And when they made you,
They made sure they threw away the mold.
Oh, how I wish you could see,
I want to be in your vicinity.

Well I've heard that one day,
Everything comes to him that waits,
Well that may be so,
But you know it may be too late,
Oh, how I'd love for you to see,
That I want to be in you vicinity.