

Whoever Finds This I Love You

Brook Benton

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

"Whoever finds this, I love you!"
"Whoever finds this, I need you!"
"I ain't even got no one to talk to!"
"So, whoever finds this, I love you!"

The old man's eyes searched the orphan's home
And came 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

And they did spend the summer laughing at the rain, talking through the fence, exchanging little gifts they'd made for each other. The old man would carve toys for the little girl, and she would draw pictures for him of beautiful ladies surrounded by green trees and sunshine, and they laughed a lot. But then on the first day of June, the little girl ran to the fence to show the man a picture she had drawn, BUT HE WASN'T THERE! And somehow, the little girl knew he wasn't coming back. So she went back to her little room, took out a crayola and a piece of paper, and wrote:

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