

# I'll Come Too

James Blake

I'm gonna say what I need  
If it's the last thing I do  
I do, I do, I do  
I knew that kind of mood  
I've thrown my hat in the ring  
I've got nothing to loose  
With you, with you, with you  
I knew that kind of mood

I'll go under your wing  
I'll slow write in between the  
Cracks between you and him  
I don't wanna go home  
Shall we drive from zone to zone  
I wouldn't do this on my own  
But I'm not on my own tonight

Oh, you're going to New York?  
I'm going there  
Why don't I come with you  
Oh, you've changed to L.A.?  
I'm going there, I can go there too

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Oh, you're going to the brink?  
I'm going there  
Why don't I come with you  
You don't care what they think  
I'm getting there, I can get there too

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