

# Like I Can

Jordan Smith

He could be a sinner, or a gentleman  
He could be your preacher, when your soul is damned

He could be your lawyer on a witness stand, but  
He'll never love you like I can, can

A chance encounter of circumstance  
Maybe he's a mantra, keeps your mind entranced

He could be your silence in this mayhem

He'll never love you like I can, can, can

Why are you looking down all the wrong roads  
When mine is the heart and the soul that is sore?

Whoa, there may be lovers who hold out their hands  
They'll never love you like I can, can, can  
They'll never love you like I can, can, can

They'll never love you like I can, can, can

We both have demons, that we can't stand

I love your demons, like devils can

And I'm still seeking an honest man

Then stop deceiving, Lord, please

Please

Why are you looking all down the wrong roads  
When mine is the heart and the soul that is sore

Oh, there may be lovers who hold out their hands  
They'll never love you like I can, can, can

No, no, they will never love you  
They'll never love you like I can, can, can

Oh, they'll never love you like I can, can, can  
They'll never love you like I can, can, can