

Gotta Have You

The Weepies

Gray, quiet and tired and mean
Picking at a worried seam
I try to make you mad at me over the phone.
Red eyes and fire and signs
I'm taken by a nursery rhyme
I want to make a ray of sunshine and never leave home

No amount of coffee, no amount of crying
No amount of whiskey, no amount of wine
No, no, no, no, no,
nothing else will do
I've gotta have you, I've gotta have you.

The road gets cold, there's no spring in the meadow this year
I'm the new chicken clucking open hearts and ears
Oh, such a prima donna, sorry for myself
But green, it is also summer
And I won't be warm 'til I'm lying in your arms

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No amount of whiskey, no amount of wine
No, no, no, no, no
Nothing else will do
I've gotta have you, I've gotta have you

I see it all through a telescope: guitar, suitcase, and a warm
coat
Lying in the back of the blue boat, humming a tune...hmmmmmmmm

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I've gotta have you, gotta have you
I've gotta have you