

And Lovin' You

Tom Paxton

That cold Chicago wind
Was howling down the street
The rain has turned to sleet
If I decide to go
It will commence to snow
It's overdue

Twas on a night like this
I blew in through your door
I asked for kindness
And you gave me that and more
You taught me how to do
The things that lovers do
Like coming through
And loving you

I've got my banjo tuned
But now I've lost the band
I must have missed the turn
I never learn it seems
My music is my dreams
Tis what I do
They close the hall
And put away the microphones

I'm all alone and I'd lay scratching at the strings
Then my banjo sings as banjos often do
I'm coming through, and loving you

We heard John Lennon play
He sang Norwegian Wood
We thought he hung the moon
The sunlight on your floor
You didn't work till four that afternoon
You took a stranger to an unfamiliar shore
Another country where he'd never been before
You taught him how to do the things the lovers do
Like coming through and loving you
Like coming through and loving you