

O.A.R. "Favorite Book Of Poetry"

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called her last night
and i read her a line from my favorite book of poetry
and i, i started to cry
she asked me what was wrong
don't worry, it's not you, it's me
i never knew
half the stories told to me
stories like the sun is blue
and i, i never knew
half the time i spent with her
i wish to god i spent it all with you

she called me last night
she read me a line from her favorite book of poetry
and i, she started to cry
i said what's wrong with you
she said don't worry, it's not you, it's me
well it's plain to see
every time you look at me
you wish to god it was her with you
well i never knew
all the time you look at me
i wish to god i gave her away from you
see my baby now
all the poetry is written about you somehow
and every time i read the little line of poetry
i just think about just you and me

she called me last night
and we talked for what seemed like the very first time
and we, we began to see
life is too short to run away from everything, she reads
i don't know what you've done to me
i don't care anymore, can't you see
i just want love, just want love
it's not hard, just let me know
because every time i read a line from the book
i realize the poetry, that poetry was written bout you
and me
all this poetry is written bout just you and me

