

## The Weeks

### "Gotta Have You"

Visit "[Gotta Have You](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

No amount of coffee, no amount of cry  
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 middle this  
year  
I'm the new chicken plucking open hearts and ears  
Oh, such a prima donna, sorry for myself  
But green, it is also summer  
And I won't be warm till I'm lying in your arms.

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.

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

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

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

