

How We Love

Ingrid Michaelson

E

I knew a man who was afraid to love
to lay his heart on the bathroom rug

A

he drank his coffee in the same old mug

E

and sat in silence 'til the world fell numb

A

until the day when a girl came by

E

she had eyes like the rising tide

C#m

he felt a sharpness deep inside

A

the kind of ache that can't be satisfied

Bm

E

we hate the rain when it fills up our shoes

A

But how we love when it washes our cars

E

we love to love when it fills up the room
but when it leaves oh we're cursing the stars

A

so he turned to the radio

F#

Bm

and he went to a picture show

E

tried to find someone else who knows

A

B

all the hurt that a heart can hold
she smelled like cinnamon and winter clove

C#m

A

F#

and sparked like firewood inside a stove

C#m

E

A

wanted to ask her just to sit and stay

C#m

A

instead he watched as she walked away

Bm

E

we hate the rain when it fills up our shoes

A

Bm

but how we love when it washes our cars
we love to love when it fills up the room
but when it leaves oh weâ€™re cursing the stars

C#m A D#m Am
we hate the rain when it fills up our shoes

B
but how we love when it washes our cars

A
we love to love when it fills up the room

E
but when it leaves oh weâ€™re cursing the stars