

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**

