

WHOEVER FINDS THIS, I LOVE YOU

Mac Davis - 1972

On a quiet street in the city
A little old man walked alone
Shuffling through the autumn afternoon
And the autumn leaves reminded him
Another summer's come and gone
He had a long lonely night ahead waiting for June

Then among the leaves near an orphan's home
A piece of paper caught his eyes
And he stooped to pick it up with trembling hands
And as he read the childish writing
The old man began to cry
'Cause the words burned inside him like a brand

*"Whoever finds this, I love you
Whoever finds this, I need you
I ain't even got no one to talk to
So, whoever finds this, I love you!"*

Well, the old man's eyes searched the orphan's home
And came to rest upon a child
With her nose pressed up against the window pane
And the old man knew he'd found a friend at last
So he waved at her and smiled
And they both knew they'd spend the winter
Laughing at the rain

And they did spend the winter laughing at the rain
Talking through the fence and
Exchanging little gifts they've made for each other
The old man would carve toys for the little girl
She would draw pictures for him of beautiful ladies surrounded by green trees and
sunshine
And they laughed a lot

But then on the first day of June
The little girl ran to the fence to show the old man a picture she had drawn
But he wasn't there
And, somehow the little girl knew he wasn't coming back
So she went back to her little room
took a crayola, a piece of paper, and wrote:

*"Whoever finds this, I love you
Whoever finds this, I need you
I ain't even got no one to talk to
So, whoever finds this, I love you!"*