

# You (Or Somebody Like You)

Keith Urban

Outside my window, I swear on my mamas grave,  
Faded out the street noise like an out of focus Polaroid,  
So I shot the moon, and I cursed the wind,  
Making me think that you were, here again,  
Smoke and mirrors, somebody stole you away,  
That's the biggest conspiracy since, JFK,  
So we combed the corners, and glass houses,  
Right directions, but, never found it.

Well I'd trade in all the rest of my days,  
Just the mere reflection of your face,  
For one shining moment

With you, or somebody like you,  
With you, or somebody just like you,

Called inspectors, the cops and the CIA,  
The drew chalk circles round, the place that we used to lay,  
But nobody testified, not a single witness,  
I swore I was crucified with, no forgiveness,  
The sheriff shined his light like I was drunk and dangerous,  
My hands were already tied, so he , put away his handcuffs,  
And in my blindspot, I saw the silhouette,  
Your crazy legs smoking a long black cigarette,  
But I'd trade in all the rest of my days,  
Your crooked smile, your wicked ways,  
I'd fill up all this empty space,

With you, or somebody like you,  
With you, or somebody just like you,  
Oh you, or somebody like you, oh

Now I should of learned my lesson,  
Done what I was told,  
Should of counted all my blessings,  
Like fingers and toes,  
And now I'm, tripping like a blind man,  
And searching high and low,  
For you, or somebody like you  
For you, or somebody just like you

For you, or somebody like you,  
For you, or somebody just like you, oh oh

Yeah, whoa somebody just like you  
Oh somebody just like you, oh