

# How I Love That Man

Lori McKenna

Well I don't sugarcoat the truth,  
my mouth is full of bittersweet.  
The poison inside him  
fuels all the fire inside of me.  
He's a few drinks after work,  
The light over the basement door.  
Late for dinner every night,  
Work clothes on the kitchen floor.

With his arms around me  
I forget everything.  
Sometimes I wish my memory served me better.  
I know redemption is a powerful thing,  
But I don't give a damn,  
How I love that man....

He's a hell of a lot of work,  
sometimes just to hold in my gut.  
An empty box in the attic  
I'm sorry I ever opened up.  
He's 50 minutes of indifference,  
10 minutes of 'look-me-in-the-eye'.  
And it undermines all common sense  
that I wouldn't just say goodbye.

With his arms around me  
I forget everything.  
Sometimes I wish my memory served me better.  
I know redemption is a powerful thing,  
But I don't give a damn,  
How I love that man....

And every night that I cry  
He promises me that he'll try.  
And how he tries.  
And how he lies.....

With his arms around me  
I forget everything.  
Sometimes I wish my memory served me better.  
I know surrender is a powerful thing,  
But I don't give a damn,  
I don't give a damn.

I must not give a damn....  
cause how I love that man....

How I love that man.....