

# Love to Love Me Back

Mandy Moore

I could handle your tortured heart  
Even piece it together whenever you ripped it apart  
But I could never be that kind of girl  
Who absorbs that kind of suffering and turns it in to some kind  
of pearl

I want love to love me back  
I want two-way conversations  
I want love to love me back  
One that can handle any situation  
I want love to love me back

A sky full of winter stars  
Light up the streets of Manhattan  
Wrapped in white linens and empty cars  
Stretching into the sun  
It's all out in the open; a California highway I don't want to  
run

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Listening to a distant train  
I wonder where it's going  
Maybe where it's coming from is all the same  
Took some time to find my place  
Where the coyotes are cryin'  
I don't want somebody filling up this space

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