

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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