

Nobody But You

James Taylor

Everybody knows that I'm just a Joe
That likes to hang around
Talkin' about my problems
Bringing other people down
Well this may be so, but not long ago
I was sitting on the top of the world
Sure is strange how things can turn themselves around

When I'm in need of a little bit of consultation
Used to call on my Uncle John
Took a trip down to West Virginia
Found him dead and gone
And as some sort of silly little consolation
They gave me my ticket back
What you gonna do with folks like that?

You can talk about bands of angels
And you think you come with your soul in your hands
To set their children free
But you talk about little bit of understanding
Things that happen day to day
Some of you folks sure 'nuf have been good to me

You come on talkin' about angel bands
You think that you come with your soul in your hands
Just to set their children free
But you talk about a little bit of understanding
Things that happen day to day
Some one has been good to me, yeh.

Nobody but you, nobody but you, nobody but you, nobody but you
Nobody but you, nobody but you, nobody but you, nobody but you
Nobody, nobody but you
Nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody
Nobody but you