

Two Lovers

The Rural Alberta Advantage

Two lovers stuck in a sweet embrace,
Hoping to never move or change,
In the lost love and dust of a summer home,
Two people growing up and getting old. And in the light of a thousand eyes,
I never want to lose you tonight.
And all the lovers are civilized,
But they'll never be the one just to hold you tight.
And if I ever hold you again,
I'll hold you tight enough to crush your veins.
I hope your heart's good and strong,
If you find yourself in my arms.
I hope your heart's good and strong,
If you find yourself in my arms. Two lovers stuck in a sweet embrace,
Hoping to never lose the race,
As the wind travels into the little bones,
From a mouth speaking screaming in hushed tones. And if I fly away to the coast,
Your face it haunts me more than most.
And if I ever hold you again,
I'll hold you tight enough to crush your veins.
And you will die and become a ghost,
And haunt me 'til my pulse also slows.
I hope your heart's good and strong,
If you find yourself in my arms.
I hope your heart's good and strong,
If you find yourself in my arms.
I hope your heart's good and strong,
If you find yourself in my arms.

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