## **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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