

Dearheart

Dear Reader

I never wrote a love song that didn't go
"woe is me, everything is wrong"
I don't know where to start

There was a time before you
I kinda forgot what that was like
Life without you
Now you are the best part

Dear heart
Dear heart
Dear heart

And now I've woken up
The parts of me I did not think were working
A cog in something turning
You are the beginning

And this just seems so natural
So unrehearsed

So elementary simple
I'm jealous of myself

(she's such a lucky cow)

Dear heart
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Dear heart

It seems I wrote a love song that doesn't go
"woe is me, everything is wrong"
I feel I've made a start

We've joined the list of lovers
We are silly, we are star-crossed
We make other people hate us
But can you really blame us?

Dear heart
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Dear heart