

The Last of the Romantics

Rupert Holmes

We're gonna build a home
from stone instead of steel.
Our love will make it real:
It's a cottage down the lane.

We'll fill the fireplace
with logs and cracklin' sticks.
We'll lie nearby the bricks
as we hear the drizzlin' rain.

But 'til we build that home,
we'll lock our bedroom door.
Make plans and love
within this one room eight by four.
I'll never ask for much,
I'll only ask for more,
and as all lovers do,
I'll turn and say to you:

"We are the last of the romantics,
reaching for love before we lose it to the past
For at the last we are romantic...
Free from time and space,
We can build a place
Where all that is romantic can last..."

So close your eyes and see my clearing in the trees
Your face will feel the breeze
And the wind is laced with pine.
The sun will rise to where the hills embrace the sky,
A stream will wander by,
Like a rolling ball of twine.

You must believe I'll make it real, I can't say when.
But harder times than this have been, and even then,
A million loves have lived and love lives on again
As long as there are two
Who say the way we do:

"We are the last of the romantics,
reaching for love before we lose it to the past
For at the last we are romantic...
Free from time and space, we can build a place
Where all that is romantic can last..."