

She stares into the mirror, youth fading with the sun.  
The hollows in her face like wishing wells.  
Scarlet as a paper-cut, and jewelled as the Orion,  
She'd never worn that jewellery as a girl.

She says 'the only thing I've ever found  
That's greater than it always sounds.  
Is love.'

He stares into the river, heart falling to the dri"  
An argument of cars moving full steam behind.  
Blood-shoot as a baby, and sulking like a valley  
Fishing in reflections, killing time.

He says 'the only thing I've ever found  
That's greater than it always sounds  
Is love.'

It's the bath that's getting cold  
While you're frozen to your bed,  
The milk that's going rancid on the table.  
The panic in the evening,  
The photos in the dustbin,  
The pointless items we forgot to label.  
It's the perfume on her wrists  
That stinks of easy Birthdays,  
The spare keys like asbestos on the side.  
It's the cross around his neck,  
For luck and not for honour,  
Like diamond over knuckle  
On a newly married bride.

She says 'the only thing I've ever found  
That's greater than it always sounds.  
Is love.'

He says 'the only thing I've ever found  
That's greater than it always sounds  
Is love.'

And I know the only thing I've ever found,  
That's greater than it always sounds.  
Is love.