

Rust.

Mon Rovîa

Morning light
Everything's new
Looking over the covers
Still by you

Coffee warm on the table
With a bowl of fruit
Headed out the door
Before you hit snooze

From afternoon till dusk
I'm loving you too much
Till desire turns to dust
Loving you till I
Rust
Loving you till I
Rust

Driving 45
Down
Burnt Mill road
Still wringing my rags
From the night before
Tired eyes
Distilled
Across these Tennessee hills
It's either rabbit holes
Or stronger wills

From afternoon till dusk
I'm loving you too much
Until desire turns to dust
Loving you till I
Rust
Loving you till I
Rust

Oooooo
Oooooo

Smell the wood fire burning
Taste of sweet home cooking
Look at you good looking
Finally found our footing

From afternoon till dusk
I'm loving you too much
Till desire turns to dust
Loving you till I
Rust
Loving you till I
Rust

(Rust)
(Loving you till I)
(Rust)
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