

Lost With You

Patrick Watson

The loves were playing in the yard
Giving goosebumps to all the Sunday summer trees
Our hands were tangled in the weeds
Moving so softly, nobody can see
Against your morning skin
Well, it's shy like two young lovers walking by
There's a soft strange kind of art
Giving company to all the lonely hearts

There's a hundred cigarettes on the ground
And our clothes are still hanging around
And it's nice to be ugly in each other's arms
So we can grow over all the things we were before