

## 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