The Lovers

Aaron Freeman

Up from the pastures of boredom
Out from the sea of discontent
They come in packs like hungry hounds
The seekers of the dark enchantmentThey haunt the boulevards and bars
They pray to wishing wells and stars
They ride the hurricane of hope
Not looking back but on they goToward the distance and deceiving
And all the while they keep believing
That they are special and apart
The lovers, the lovers of the heart, the loversAnd when they pair off two by two
They feel they are the chosen few
And though their beds are made of straw
They feel like velvet in the nightAnd so the night is never ending
It's made of distance and pretending
That they're special and apart
The lovers, the lovers of the heart, the loversAnd when love goes away
And when love goes, goodbyeAnd it catches in their throats like cotton
And it rises in their hearts like rain
The good times suddenly are all forgotten
The hunt begins againThey search the subways and the streets
Their faces tired like their feet
Their bodies aching to be warm
And so they hide behind the moonTheir loneliness inside them growing
But they take comfort in just knowing
That they are special and apart
The lovers, the lovers of the heart, the loversAnd when love comes again and when love comes
Hello, it rises from their throats like singingAnd it comes up from their hearts like wind
The good things
Strangers in their arms are bringing
Makes life all right againThey turn their faces to the light
No longer hiding in the night
So unashamed and unafraid
That they can face each other's faultsAnd though the waltz will have its ending
There is no harm in just pretending
That they are special and apart
The lovers, the lovers of the heart, the lovers

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/