

The Garden Rules

Snow Patrol

There's the river, there's your house, and there's the church.
And there's us years ago.
Deep in your garden where the nettle met the rose
Is where we hide ourselves.
Yes we were just kids, but you couldn't tell us that.
These are the garden rules,
That's what you always said.
Oh, you will never know,
How much I love you so,
Oh, you will never know,
How much I love you.
You would call the garden rules out like a manse,
And we would all obey.
But you'd stifle giddy laughter as you spoke,
And puncture the pretend.
And we would chase ourselves until the sun forgot to shine.
And our parents called our names,
Until just you and I were left.
Oh, you will never know,
How much I love you so,
Oh you will never know,
How much I love you.

From your house above the river,
to the church by the side of fields,
Amongst the lavender of headstones,
And the larks on a Sunday close.
Your father comes to you as he's looking at his watch,
You leave me with a kiss on my quickly heating cheek.
Oh, you will never know,
How much I love you so.
Oh you will never know,
How much I love you.
Oh you will never know,
How much I love you so,
Oh, you will never know,
How much I love you.
Oh, you will never know,
How much I love you so.

Oh you will never know,
How much I love you.
Oh you will never know,
How much I love you so,
Oh, you will never know,
How much I love you.
Ohhh... I....

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