

# Five Room Love Story

## Cowboy Junkies

I met her in a church on a Sunday evening  
Not late on Saturday night  
She sang Ave Maria a little flat and out of time  
But that's what drew me to her, so that's alright  
As she placed a nickle in the basket  
That I held before her  
I asked her to be my wife  
And there's one cardboard heart  
For every time you said I love you  
A painted star for every secret that we shared  
The dried Lima beans and small plastic birds  
Because you cared  
I hear their talk and I watch them swap  
Their old black and whites  
Bitter and beaten they talk of life's cheatin'  
Like old boxers comparing scars  
All I remember is a smile at the top of every working morning  
And a shoulder always willing and able  
And all those nights that we'd spend just sitting  
And talking around our kitchen table  
And there's one cardboard heart  
For every time you said I love you  
A painted star for every secret that we shared  
The dried Lima beans and small plastic birds  
Because you cared  
Five rooms made stronger by the breaking and the healing  
Of the two hearts they protected within  
Now one heart left aching, just piecing and painting  
These walls with the memories of all that is real  
And there's one cardboard heart  
For every time you said I love you  
A painted star for every secret that we shared  
The dried Lima beans and small plastic birds  
Because you cared  
And there's one cardboard heart  
For every time you said I love you  
A painted star for every secret that we shared  
The dried Lima beans and small plastic birds  
Because you cared

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