The Lovers (Jonathan Ross 2007)

Arctic Monkeys

Up from the pastures of boredom
out from the sea of discontent
they come in packs like hungry hounds
Up seekers of the dark enchantment.They haunt the boulevards and bars
they pray to wishing wells and stars
they ride the hurricane of hope
not looking back but on they go
toward 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 lovers.And 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 night
and so the night is never ending
its made of distance and pretending
coz theyre special and apart
the lovers, the lovers of the heart... the lovers.And when love goes away
and when love goes...
goodbye...
catches in their throats like cotton
rises in their hearts like rain
the good times suddenly are all forgotten
the hunt begins again.They search the subways and the streets
their faces tired, like their feet
their bodies aching to be warm
and so they hide behind the moon
their 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...
rises from their throats like singing
catches in their hearts like wind
the good things
strangers in their arms are bringing
makes life all right again.They turn their faces to the light
no longer hiding in the night

so unashamed and unafraid
that they can face each others faults
and 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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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