

# Rare Hearts

## The Growlers

Could be under an old oak tree  
Over the canyon so wild  
All I see is her obsidian eyes  
They black out all of my sight  
So give the stars to the lonely city  
Give the ocean to the country  
Ain't seen anything so pretty  
As the girl who gives me all her loving  
Been so since the beginning  
She stopped my world from spinning  
Is it too much to dream  
That we can forever be  
Rare hearts that never disagree  
Is it too much to dream  
That we can forever be  
Rare hearts that never disagree  
In case this is just a dream  
I let my tired eyes snooze(?) loose on stream  
Sliding down the river of fools  
So let our rare hearts float together  
And disappear into the night  
Live or die in here forever  
Lost in obsidian eyes  
Where I don't care about living  
So let the world start spinning  
Is it too much to dream  
That we can forever be  
Rare hearts that never disagree  
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