

# Lover Of Mine

## Beach House

You hear my cry  
Lover of mine  
No tear in the eye  
Or fear in my mind  
The forest is thick  
And we don't reconcile  
We parted our lips  
And reached from inside  
In a wide open field  
We know we can feel  
Aware and unreal  
Off to nowhere  
Need more people  
To be satisfied  
No fear of a God  
And a prayer for the night  
You come into our minds and  
Rush through our lives  
We parted our lips and reached from inside  
The only thing you got  
You know you're better of without it  
Youngest fire, you decide  
You decide, what is right  
Youngest fire, who decides,  
We decide, what is right  
Near yet so far, isn't it

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