

True

Rival Sons

When I build this bed
I did it with my own two hands
For I knew that one day
You would come along
And make this home
No longer alone

My own true love

When I come in
From the fields
You wash my body
And sit next to me
We will have two children
They will call you mama

My own true love

We will lift our voices
We will pray together

My own true love