

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

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In case this is just a dream
I let my tired eyes loose
Lord help me float downstream
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

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