

Aaron Freeman

"The Lovers"

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Up from the pastures of boredom
Out from the sea of discontent
They come in packs like hungry hounds
The 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
It's made of distance and pretending
That they're special and apart
The lovers, the lovers of the heart, the lovers

And when love goes away
And when love goes, goodbye

And it catches in their throats like cotton
And it 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 lovers

And when love comes again and when love comes
Hello, it rises from their throats like singing

And it comes up from 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 other's 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

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