

Amy Speace "Two"

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All the stars in the sky on this clear mid-May night
Far beyond the dark clay of the walls
They remind me of you and when our love was new
Everything's better with two

I have rolled out my bed alongside the red
Of Zion's great towering view
But the beauty so bold is lost all alone
Everything's better with two

A couple more drinks till they close
Then they'll turn out the lights and ask me to go
I'll sleep off the haze of my singular ways

And count the days till I'm back home with you
Some may swear by solitaire
Some like a group interlude
But with three or four it's hard to keep score
I keep it simple with two

A couple more shows till I'm through
Then I pack this guitar and head back home to you
And I'll cherish the nights I'll sleep holding you tight
Everything's better with two
Cause everthing's better with you

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