

The Avett Brothers, The Ballad Of Love And Hate

Love writes a letter and sends it to Hate.
My vacation's ending, I'm coming home late.
The weather was fine and the ocean was great.
And I can't wait to see you again.

Hate reads the letter and throws it away.
No one here cares if you go or you stay.
I barely even noticed that you were away.
I'll see you or I won't, whatever.

Love sings a song as she sails through the sky.
The water looks bluer through her pretty eyes.
And everyone knows it whenever she flies.
And also when she comes down.

Hate keeps his head up and walks through the street.
Every stranger and drifter he greets.
And shakes hands with every loner he meets
with a serious look on his face.

Love arrives safely with suitcase in tow.
Carrying with her the good things we know.
A reason to live and a reason to grow
To trust, to hold, to care

Hate sits alone on the hood of his car
without much regard to the moon or the stars.
Lazily killing the last of a jar
of the strongest stuff you can drink.

Love takes a taxi, a young man drives
As soon he sees her hope fills his eyes.
But tears follow after at the end of the ride.
'Cause he might never see her again.

Hate gets home lucky to still be alive.
He screams o'er the sidewalk and into the drive.
The clock in the kitchen says two fifty five
And the clock in the kitchen is slow.

Love has been waiting patient and kind.
Just wanting a phone call or some kind of sign.
That the one that she cares for who's out of his mind
Will make it back safe to her arms.

Hate stumbles forward and leans in the door.
Weary head hung down, eyes to the floor
He says, Love, I'm sorry. and she says, What for?
I'm yours and that's it, whatever.
I should not have been gone for so long.
I'm yours and that's it, forever.
Your mine and that's it, forever.