

Cloud Cult, May Your Hearts Stay Strong

He met her at a nightclub. She couldn't keep the beat.
She wore her grandma's prom dress, raccoon slippers on her feet.
He took a shot of something strong to make him feel less weak,
And so the story goes...

There's something to be said about trading stories of when you were 8 years old:
He had his first stitches when he bit an ice cream bowl.
She had her first kiss in a swimming hole,
And so the story goes...

And the days grew long, and the wine was overflowing.
And she knew she was in love, because nobody ever hugged her like that,
hugged her like that, hugged her like that, hugged her like that.

They moved into a school bus just because it seemed like fun.
She'd say "I like the way you touch me, it makes me feel like I have no skeleton,"
And so the story goes...

And I've seen photographs and video tapes
of that diesel home that loving place
And it's about time two minds entwined in such a fine, fine way.

May your lives be long,
May your wishes all be simple.
And may your hearts stay strong.

Tucked into bed, is she the ghost of your teddy bear.
Check under the covers just to make sure he's still sleeping there.
Turn wedding gowns to angel cloths for the baby to wear.
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She's rides him like the State Fair.
They make love like two solar flares
caring like they really care
that they're gonna make it.
He wants to die in the place where she first said "I love you."
Spread his ashes with the breath of the last kiss that she blew.
They decorate when featherless;
they celebrate through hungriness,
and it's about time two minds entwined in such a fine, fine way.

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