They Might Be Giants, Concrete And Clay

You, to me Are sweet as roses in the morning You, to me Are soft as summer in that dawning love we share That something rare

The sidewalks and the street The concrete and the clay beneath my feet Begin to crumble But love will never die You know we'll see the mountains crumble Before we say goodbye My love and I will be In love eternally That's the way That's the way love was meant to be

All around I see the purple shades of evening On the ground The shadow's fallen, once again you're in my arms So tenderly

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