

Five Room Love Story

Cowboy Junkies

I met her in a church on a Sunday evening
not late on Saturday night
She sang Ave Maria
a little flat and out of time
but that's what drew me to her
so that's alright
As she placed a nickle in the basket
that I held before her
I asked her to be my wife

And there's one cardboard heart
for every time you said ''I love you''
A painted star for every secret that we shared
A dried lima bean and small plastic birds
because you cared

I hear their talk and I watch them swap
their old black and whites
Bitter and beaten
they talk of life's cheatin'
like old boxers comparing scars

All I remember is a smile at the top of every working morning
and a shoulder always willing and able
and all those nights that we'd spend just sitting
and talking around our kitchen table

And there's one cardboard heart
for every time you said ''I love you''
A painted star for every secret that we shared
A dried lima bean and small plastic birds
because you cared

Five rooms made stronger by the breaking and the healing
of the two hearts they protected within
Now one heart left aching
just piecing and painting
these walls with the memories of all that is real

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