

# The Garden Rules

Snow Patrol

There's the river, there's your house and there's the church  
And there's us years ago  
Deep in your garden where the nettle met the rose  
Is where we'd hide ourselves

Yes, we were just kids  
But you couldn't tell us that  
These are the garden rules  
It's what you always said

Oh, you will never know how much I love you so  
Oh, you will never know how much I love you

You would call the garden rules, out like commands  
And we would all obey  
But you'd stifle giddy laughter as you spoke  
And puncture the pretend

And we would chase our tails  
Until the sun forgot to shine  
And our parents called our names  
Till just you and I were left

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From your house we walk the river  
To the church by the silent fields  
Amongst the lavender and headstones  
And the larks in our Sunday clothes  
Your father calls to you  
As he's looking at his watch  
You leave me with a kiss  
On my quickly heating cheek

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