

# The Ballad of Love and Hate

The Avett Brothers

Love writes a letter and sends it to hate.  
My vacations 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 hope. 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 as 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 2:55,  
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, eyes to the floor.  
He says "Love, I'm sorry", and she says, "What for?  
I'm your and that's it, Whatever.  
I should not have been gone for so long.  
I'm your's and that's it, forever."

You're mine and that's it, forever.