

It's hell out there,  
but where my feet stand; I'll never care.  
Only when I lay my weary head  
by you,  
thankful to be wrapped sheeted thread.  
I don't think anything could quite compare  
to how entranced I am in our quiet little affair.

It's hell out there.  
What a divine surprise, being caught in the glimmer of  
your eye.  
I wish you could tell me why the world simply can't  
abide by  
our quiet and lovely life.  
Rest my dreary pen, to slow dance, in our tiny one-room  
shack.  
Steam from our nightly tea, hands gently play along  
your back.

It's hell out there,  
Heaven is found in the nape of your neck.  
Let's never leave this bed, even if the cold world,  
attempts to beck.  
Try as the jaded might,  
life next to you doesn't carry quite as much spite.  
Here, in our tiny square,  
lies the perfect pair.