

Rising, The

"You Are What You Love"

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This is no great illusion
when I'm with you I'm looking for a ghost
or invisible reasons to fall out of love
or run screaming from our home
'cause we live in a house of mirrors
we see our fears and everything's our songs, faces,
and second-hand clothes
but more and more we're suffering, not nobody, not a
thousand beers
will keep us from feeling so all alone

but you are what you love
and not what loves you back
that's why I'm here on your doorstep
pleading for you to take me back

and the phone is a fine invention
it allows me to talk endlessly to you
about nothing disguising my intentions
which I'm afraid my friend are wildly untrue
it's a sleight of hand, a white soul band,
the heart attacks I'm convinced I have
every morning upon waking
to you I'm a symbol or a monument
your right of passage to fulfillment
but I'm not yours for the taking

but you are what you love
and not what loves you back
so I guess that's why you keep on
calling me back

I'm fraudulent, a thief at best,
a coward who paints a bullshit canvas
things that will never happen to me
and at arm's length, it's Tim who said
I'm good at it, I've mastered it
avoiding, avoiding everything

but you are what you love Tim
not what loves you back

and I'm in love with illusions so saw me in half
I'm in love with tricks
so pull another rabbit out of your hat

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