

Busdriver

"Utilitarian Uses of Love"

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By chance are you free
Here's my room key and splayed limbs
When I do me I play to win - Yeah (...)
You'll need to go drink absinthe
Under trees that grow leaves of absence (I left your ass
alone)
While nursing hearts like leaking gaskets
This freedom it tastes funny
Dealing with utilitarian uses of love
To the ladies I'll be vague
Because I'm stretching my sea legs
Dipping my toe in the sleaziest cesspools above
My stage persona can be nude
Because the following day, it's renewed
And my subconscious is seafood - Yeah
When you invite me, I cross over
You'll smell burning and a waft sulfur
You've crashed along the soft shoulder
Yeah - This freedom it tastes funny
Dealing with utilitarian uses of love
To the ladies I'll be vague
Because I'm stretching my sea legs
Dipping my toe in the sleaziest cesspools above
Value sets and other moral imperatives
And frankly we don't give a fuck about them
- Yes, you do - No, I don't
- You do - No, I don't
We don't give a fuck about them (3x)
The sex drive stupefies
Makes you feel like you're in Junior High
My impulses go unsupervised - Yeah
I prow on foot and spin a yarn
When the crowd looks like wind farms
My defense mechanism's been disarmed
Yeah - This freedom it tastes funny
Dealing with utilitarian uses of love

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