

Geraldine Quinn

"Love Is Lane"

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Picture this twelfth century couple: Abelard and Heloise
She was a pupil, he was her teacher when they
contracted love's disease
By play-lunch they'd had a pash and a medieval fumble
But when her uncle found out, their world began to
crumble
He banged up Heloise behind French convent walls
Then her family popped around to slice off Abelard's
balls
She died as a nun grinding rosary beads
And he turned monk scratching where his bollocks
used to be

That's happens to lovers, that's why love is blind
To overlook any gonads that you may leave behind
Love means catching diseases that I cannot spell
Love is overrated, what's the point of this love
When your in-laws have you castrated

Oedipus met a hot chick, her name was Jocasta
They couldn't get rid of her husband the king much
more faster
Rotten luck, the king was his dad and their regicide
fulfilled a curse
Typical of those zany Greeks, things got a lot worse
So the new king of Thebes takes his mum for a wife
Before blinding himself, and she takes his own life
The kids are left with a deformed family tree
A brother and gran where mum and dad ought to be

That's what happens to lovers, that's why love is jinxed
And that's what you get when you take romantic tips
from a bitch called the Sphinx
She's got the legs of the lion and wings of some bird or
other
I'd rather stab out my eyes than go shagging my
mother

(Would have thought he'd notice the resemblance.)

Antony and Cleopatra also suffered defeat
She was Egyptian queen and he had Rome at his feet

They were upwardly mobile, the Empire's number one
And then Tony got cocky and he lost the battle at the
port of Actium
Instead of raising their family for empirical quibbling
Fighting over the kingdom and marrying a sibling
Tony suicides, befitting the fall of the mighty
And the snake in his wife's undies got a bit bitey

That's what happens to lovers, that's why love is crap
You're forced to end your own life at the slightest
mishap
So Octavian won and and Rome threatened to plunder
What's the point of this love, when you're six feet or so
under

Now if you don't believe all that I say is true
Then guess what, I've got some more examples for you
Venus split her time between floating on a shell
And putting those poor Trojans through six decades of
hell
Rosetti buried Lizzie with the works of his pen
Then he got a publishing deal and dug her up again
Sonny and Cher were in love on TV
Before she turned into plastic and he ran into a tree
Cathy loved Heathcliff and they both wound up dead
William Burroughs loved his wife and shot a hole
through her head
Edward abdicated the British monarchy
Just to play hide the sausage with a Yank divorcee
Cruise and Kidman - malpractice from love's physician
He married Lolita, she a country musician
Isis and Osiris had a love like no other
Though it should be recalled they were sister and
brother

You see it seems to poor me that it all ends in grief
I'm not trying to be a cynic, but I would be as leave
To rub salt in my cuts and steel wool in my eyes
Than to shame myself further over beautiful guys
Maybe love has a point, the completion of soul
Though when I bake a cake, no one else licks the bowl
No help from a lover or partner or beau
Just me and my tongue and a chocolate gÃ¢teau
People say it will happen, you look for rejection
Don't presume love's more transient than an erection
But at least when I've failed or objected to marry
I'm not known as girlfriend or wife - I'm Gerry

Look what happens to lovers, that's why love is shite
All those pledges and pop songs and no one ever
requites

People mope or they make themselves ill, sometimes
die,
Because they've gone mental over some girl or guy
Don't you dare say I'm overreacting or zealous
You're all doomed! - but I might just be jealous

Said I'd stick to my word
Love will tear us apart
I will never back down
I will never give in
Oh, no no no

I believe in a thing called love
I believe in Santa too
Pop stars and cats have souls
Everything in the Bible's true
I believe in a thing called love

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