

Bryant Richard

"Damn Faint Love"

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Richard Bryant

I've been sweeping up but you're still on your feet
I'm damned with faint love by you
You can't spare me too much love
When there are others you are fonder of
I've been calling out but you hear half of the message
I'm damned with faint love by you
Have I been misinterpreting the handouts that you
hand me?
I start to think that it means a thing to you and you turn
up the blues
So is this love or some kind of joke?
If and when you get to the punch line let me know
Til then I'll take more of not nearly enough
Of this love that you ration
Your trickle-down passion
I've been calling out- you hear half of the message
I'm damned with faint love by you
I've been sweeping up but you're still on your feet
I'm damned with faint love by you
Damned with faint love by you

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