

Lowest Of The Low "Subversive"

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There's something subversive about you and me
'Cause there's a market-value on love and we're
getting something for free
I don't know why, but when we're apart something
makes me want to start...
Setting fires and kicking down doors
I hope we never have to resort to dividing what is mine
and what is yours

There's something coercive about the way some
people smile...
Wide open as if to say, "Come on in and browse a
while."
And some time when your resistance is low
Remember that I know...
Whose your favourite Pogue

There's a place in my soul where noone else can adore
you
And like the poet-soldier says, "I would spill my blood
for you."

There's nothing conclusive in this whole world
'Cause flags can change and martyrs die and there're
many towns left to burn
But somewhere between there and here, for one night,
hold me near
And sing my shallow tears
And we'll drink but not to forget
But to remember instead
All our happy years

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