

Mary Jane Kelly "L-O-V-E"

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I guess the shows come to a close so tear the set down
and move on.
You're his little white pill full of disease
And you've never looked better on your knees.
He begs, one last taste for the road,
Cause after tonight he'll ignore you in a crowd.
I guess the morning afters always seem to cancel out
the night before's
This is so unpleasant and his damp hands are pleading
for mercy,
We'll all applaud them, as they brush it off and take a
bow.
They danced around that scene all night,
She finally had the guts to hike it up it and play it right.
Why are you still here next to me woven and entangled
in my bed sheets?
That's no excuse, this setting isn't clear.
I don't want to savor your taste and I'll try to disappear.
We've been designed to take the easy route,
We're festering in this cold dark cell again.
We've learnt so little in so damn long
Will we ever break through the lust to see the end?
It's a broken record that I made for me and you,
A collection of highs and lows, which neither where
acceded to,
You're the one who always gets my eyes all glazed,
From your halo and fluorescent lighting beating down
on me
Lust is the only thing that makes us do, pathetic things
like you.

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