

Susan Enan "Monoplain"

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Love is on the edge about as far as you can get
Waiting for the last goodbye that hasn't happened yet
We used to smell the fear when compromise was
hidden here

O

Love is good and stuck I'm just too tired to dig it up
Buried in a shallow grave, blamed upon bad luck
Blue has made it's bed and all the memories
underread

O

Love's a song to sing but love walks out when you walk
in

Home to the place I can't remember living in
Every word's the same a language on a monoplain

O

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