

Mother Love Bone

"Love It Dissipates"

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If you were a country, I'd be your flag
If you were a smoke, I'd be your drag
And if you were a junkie, I'd be your fix
If you were a critic, I'd be your pick

I mean what I say when I say I'd be your anything, baby

If you were a picture, I'd be your frame
If you were the wounded, I'd be your pain

If you weren't so funny, I'd be your joke
If you had the money, well, we both might be broke
And if you were a gun, I'd be your kill
If you were the party, I'd be the pills

I mean what I say when I say I'd be your everything,
baby

If you were a convict, I'd be your cell
If you were a housewife, I'd be your living hell

I mean what I say when I say: love, it dissipates.

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