

The Movement

"Love Is Dead"

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Love is dead. Love is dead, but I still can't get her out of my head, so she'll be gone from now on and I'll regret everything I've ever done. She wasn't coming close to what she was supposed to do. It really doesn't matter, still there's not a sadder lie than I love you. Singing la la la love is dead that's why I'm sighing and crying and shaking my head-- love is dead. Love is sad. Life is bad when you can't get what you could have had. Days are blue, nights are black. I'd do anything if I could have her back, but I'm just a sap and it's not gonna happen now. It's cold dark and stormy and there's nothing for me out there anyhow. Singing la la la love is dead that's why I'm crying and lying awake in my bed-- love is dead. Emotional vertigo was never supposed to happen this time, but if she ever were to go back to me there's nowhere I wouldn't climb. Still out on this limb there's only me, a damaged dim and lonely me, stepping on my own toes while I rattle my chain of woes.

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