

## The Church

### "Why Don't You Love Me"

Visit "[Why Don't You Love Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Sometimes you're dressed in Castillian vogue  
Other times you speak with a faux (false ?) Scottish  
brogue  
Ruthless, relentless, pursuing your defenseless quarry  
Now you say you've been following me through my  
lives and deaths  
From the very first tears to the last failing breaths  
You clean up the mess, you say "I must confess" you  
say "I'm sorry"

Some say they've seen you outside of my door  
On dark, rainy nights when the light is so poor  
Maybe they're mistaken, or maybe you're just faking  
evidence  
They think you're a man with the body of a libertine  
Skin that's so white, clean daylight has never seen  
I wonder if you're punishment, or prison or just  
providence

You say "Why, why, why  
Why, why, why  
Why, why, why  
Don't you love me?"

How you danced with the outlaws in the old, wild west  
Carried a derringer under your vest  
I know with a sneer you claim to have been Guinivere  
But I am not Lancelot, I was never King Arthur  
I say once again "I'm not the man that you're after"  
That was a different man, he ain't been here

You say "Why, why, why  
Why, why, why  
Why, why, why  
Don't you love me?"

You were there in Florence as I painted the ceiling  
On that old river boat, saw the hands I was dealing  
Were you there the night I discovered LSD?  
You held my hand through the straights of Magellan  
At the medicine shore, snake-oil you were selling

Wasn't that you? Wasn't that me?

You say "Why, why, why  
Why, why, why  
Why, why, why  
Don't you love me?"

On the brink of the moon, at the foot of the Andes  
The mouth of the river, as we washed in the Ganges  
Pulled the arrow out my eye at Hastings  
You washed my brow as I lay in a fever  
You were the fulcrum, I was the lever  
I'm not a believer, it's just all your time you are wasting

You're a prisoner in a tower, a damsel in distress  
Love hold us in thrall, my eternal mistress  
You've been wife, my lover, my sister, my mother, my  
maid  
My partner, my consort, my bit on the side  
My darling, my sweetheart, my hope and my pride  
And all because of some stupid lyrics on "The Blurred  
Crusade"

You say "Why, why, why  
Why, why, why  
Why, why, why  
Don't you love me?"

Visit [The Church](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.