

The Verve Pipe

"barely if at all"

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When my love complained, every word
a breath on my last dandelion
and so lovers will leave and their tears
souvenirs for the very first time

I searched the world reluctant
to find a lover enthusiastic
speak to me barely if at all

When I was a boy, funny things
water wings kept you confident
a belly of wine, similar
to keep yourself indifferent

And I scraped the bargain basement
bought a lover less than fantastic
spoke to me barely if at all

Taste perfume that burns my throat
and i am free of envelope
squeeze an instant out of me

And she placed a hand between our lips
how could anything be so precious
she kissed me barely if at all

And she, with her hand between our lips
gave me what we now have in common
she left me barely if at all

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