

Richard McGraw

"Following Love"

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Cannot find the company
To keep this heart alive
It's standards and requirements
Are of the strictest kind

And the local girls resistant's
Does not help me with my efforts
In fact I think they're here to torture me tonight

It's a fine night for torture
I'll supply the weapons
Like these old high school tools
That tells me that I need her
And this phonebook treatment
That tells me not to call her anymore

And all of my friends are rock star scholars
And they all seem to agree
That there is no love or comfort
In the presence of plain company

And though I question their intentions
And their claims to be scholarly
The half truths ring like full truths to me

And if I seem dissatisfied
With Mrs. Read Between the Lines
She's number 45
Or so numbers are labels they are given by angels
No that's not a blessing, no that's not a blessing in
disguise

Like these old high school tools
That tells me that I need her
And these football buddies
That tell me to go get her
And the oldest of men in me
That speaks to angelically
He asks her: "is it worth the effort"
And the time I'll spend alone with a woman I can not
see
Can be chalked up to the youngest or the oldest of men

in me

Yes I despise my coming to or falling on these notions
It's the life that stabs and stings of her perfection
She was close enough to perfection
You can check the records
She was not 17, she was not hanging off grocery store
machines

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