

Rilo Kiley "You Are What You Love"

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This is no great illusion.
When I'm with you I'm looking for a ghost.
Or invisible reasons
to fall out of love and run screaming from our home.
Cause we live in a house of mirrors,
we see our fears and everything's
our songs, faces and second-hand clothes.
But more and more we're suffering
not nobody, not a thousand beers
will keep us from feeling so all alone.

But you are what you love,
and not what loves you back.
That's why I'm here on your doorstep
pleading for you to take me back.

And the phone is a fine invention.
It allows me to talk endlessly to you
about nothing,
disguising my intentions,
which I'm afraid, my friend,
are wildly untrue.
It's a slight of hand,
a white soul-band,
the heart-attacks I'm convinced I have
every morning upon waking.
To you I'm a symbol,
or a monument,
your right of passage
to fulfillment, but
I'm not yours for the taking.

But you are what you love,
and not what loves you back.
So I guess that's why you keep on calling me back.

I'm fraudulent, a thief at best
a coward who paints a bullshit canvas
things that will never happen to me.
And at arms-length it's Tim who said
I'm good at it, I've mastered it
avoiding avoiding everything.

But you are what you love, Tim,
not what loves you back.
And I'm in love with illusion
so saw me in half.
I'm in love with tricks
so pull another rabbit out your hat.

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