

Thompson Richard

"Read About Love"

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Asked my daddy when I was thirteen

Daddy can you tell me what love really means?

His eyes went glassy, not a word was said

He poured another beer and his face turned red

Asked my mother, she acted the same

She never looked up, she seemed so ashamed

Asked my teacher, he reached for the cane

He said, don't mention that subject again

So I read about love-read it in a magazine

Read about love-Cosmo and Seventeen

Read about love-In the back of a Hustler, Hustler,
Hustler

So I-know what makes girls sigh

And I-know why girls cry

So don't tell me I don't understand

What makes a woman and what makes a man

I've never been to heaven but at lest

I've read about love

My big brother told me when I was fourteen

it's time I showed you what love really means

Girls like kissing and romance too

But a boy's got to know what a man's got to do
He gave me a book, the cover was plain
Written by a doctor with a German name
It had glossy pictures, serious stuff
I read it seven times, then I knew it well enough
Read about love-now I've got you
Read about love-where I want you
Read about love-got you on the test-bed, test-bed, test-bed
So why-don't you moan and sigh
Why-do you sit there and cry?
I do everything I'm supposed to do
If something's wrong, then it must be you
I know the ways of a woman
I've read about love
When I touch you there it's supposed to feel nice
That's what it said in reader's advice
I've never been to heaven but at least
I've read about love

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