

# Bettie Serveert, Lover I don't have to love

I picked you out,  
Of a crowd and talked to you.  
Said I liked your shoes,  
You said, "Thanks, Can I follow you?"  
So it's up the stairs,  
And out of view no prying eyes.  
I poured some wine.  
I asked your name;  
You asked the time.  
Now it's two o'clock.  
The club is closed,  
We are up the block.  
Your hands on me,  
Pressing hard against your jeans,  
Your tongue in my mouth,  
Trying to keep the words from coming out,  
You didn't care to know  
Who else may have been you before.  
I want a lover I don't have to love,  
I want a boy who's so drunk he doesn't talk.  
Where's the kid with the chemicals?  
I thought he said to meet him here,  
But I'm not sure.  
I've got the money  
If you've got the time.  
You said, "It feels good."  
I said "I'll give it a try."  
Then my mind went dark,  
We both forgot where your car was parked.  
So let's take the train.  
I'll meet up with the band in the morning.  
Bad actors, with bad habits...  
Some sad singers, they just play tragic.  
And the phone's ringing,  
And the van is leaving  
Let's just keep touching,  
Let's just keep...keep singing.  
I want a lover I don't have to love,  
I want a boy who's so drunk he doesn't talk.  
Where's the kid with the chemicals?  
I got a hunger and I can't seem to get full.  
I need a meaning I can memorize.  
The kind I have always seems to slip my mind.  
But you, but you...  
You write such pretty words,  
But life's no storybook.  
Love's an excuse to get hurt  
And to hurt.  
"Do you like to hurt?"  
"I do, I do!"  
"Then hurt me,  
Then hurt me,  
Then hurt me..."