

Bob Lind, A Nameless Request

Take off your lies, they don't match with your eyes
You said you were conscious of fashion
You don't really want what you ask for in front
Status has no place in passion

You think you've lost if you give straight across
Without making deals for attention
Somebody taught you that love must be bought
From your pride with the coins of convention

Don't make bargains for the things I will give you anyhow
We won't have the time tomorrow to buy a ticket back to now

You only lose when you let yourself confuse
What you want with what you think you should try for
I'll give what I can but I'll keep what I am
Let's take what we don't have to vie for