

Clumsy Lovers, Scarce

Scarce (Chris Jonat)

Love is a strange apparatus, a game
with rules that drift like the snow
You want to be heard, hell you want to be served
But you can't figure which way to go
Cause in love or not there's some things you forgot
Like love wasn't built in a day
Or a month or a year, yeah if love is here
It just happened by this way

Look up, look down
Love's been here before and it's coming back round
Back up, crouch down
Gotta make yourself scarce if you want to be found

I know what it means, why you need to be seen
I know that there's pride on the line
But you can't always take, always be on the make
Relax and you'll be doing fine

Now I do give thanks as I walk the plank
Preparing to give up what's mine
And strange as it seems to a man of my miens
Turns out I'm the loving kind
So thanks for the grief and of course for relief
Thank you for making me fall
From the ground I can see they weren't lying to me
When they promised that love conquers all