

Fear Of Pop, In Love

I remember
the night we met.
That night we sat
entwined
under summer skies
I looked into your eyes
and
you looked into mine
You said,

"Oleander holly"
"You're not like the rest";
And I nodded.
"Crimson feet of Collie"
"No-one understands me";
you said
And I nodded once again,
"Beautiful and lovely"
As if to agree that all men
are indeed the same
"My baby"
Somehow, you said,
"The only one"
I was different.

"Who really understands me
Floating hand in hand we
Whisper in the moonlight
And say that I'm
The things you want to see

Kody and her star child"
For months on end
I maintained
"Goddess of the moonlight"
A veneer of sincere interest
"Hold me in the morning"
As if I were listening
As you relived every page
"and tell me I'm"
of self-help and new age
"the only one alive"
That you'd read.
And...
"Who really understands you"
I went in for the kill.
I'd read the same books
"Tell me pretty stories"
I learned to ape the motions
of a "sensitive" human being
"Say you understand me"
And we were "oh-so-happy".
"My baby"
But you found things to fix
"The things you want to see"
And I knew it was time
To move on
"But I could never be"
"In love
In love"

So now you have me
completely figured out
You feel sorry for me

I can't express my feelings!
I can't tell the truth!
We are all alike

At puberty I was sworn to secrecy
by the International Brotherhood
of Lying Fickle Males
I can't tell you anything
and I can't commit!
You're right!
I can't commit!
To you.

"Hold me in the morning"
I will always treasure
our time together
"Tell me pretty stories"
I don't feel enough of anything
to harbor the kind of disdain
"Say that you're the only one"
that you'll maintain
You painted me into what you
"My baby"
wanted to see
That's fine!
"But I could never be"
But you will never know me.
"In love
In love

Oleander holly
Crimson feet of Collie
Beautiful to hold me
My baby
The only one
Who really understands me"