

# James, Mother

---

Who are you dreamin' of now  
Is she flesh real  
Or is she part of 'dem memories  
Who are you dreamin' of now  
Is she flesh real  
Or bloodless fantasy  
from a film heroine  
There goes innocence fadin' away  
Here comes bitterness after you pay  
For believin in stories man made  
Yes we all want to be your next lover  
But we're scared so we're runnin you down  
Yes we all want to be your next lover  
But your beauty is too far above ground  
>From a film heroine  
We will laugh at the worst of your jokes  
Steal a kiss if we can  
Buy you gifts and flowers  
Every move is a plan  
You can measure this man  
By the depth of his laugh  
You can measure this man  
Yes we all want to be your next lover  
Yes we all want to be your next lover  
We are driven you can't feel  
Are we stealin' or are we the steal?  
So we lie like a priest  
To slide under and into and inside  
love is creul but looks seldom kind  
Yes we all want to be your next lover  
Yes we all want to be your next lover  
I can lie like the best of them  
Wait with the patience of man  
Seems so understand it  
While I'm makin' my plans  
I'm so full of desire  
I've frogotten your name  
I'm so full of desire  
I could burst into flames  
I'm so full of desire  
I can hope to control  
This desires that's closer to pain  
River runs where all rivers go  
This desire will not be contained  
Yes we all want to be your next lover  
Yes we all want to be your next lover  
Lover...  
I love her  
Lover  
Who are you thinkin of now  
Is she flesh real  
Or part of them memories