

The Legendary Pink Dots, Love Puppets

You offered me a cigarette, I pirouette... with silhouettes of statuettes.
We're ice behind a window. Would you be my widow? Would you even be my
wife? Life's not long enough for questions of sessions over cakes and
coffees. Therapy, I've had enough of - I want to change things overnight,
because I've been alone too long.. too long.. too long...

And you say you understand me when I hardly know myself.
So much talk so many theories - it's really such a bore for me.
The story stays the same - it goes on and on...
What gives you the right to analyze? You paralyze me with your probing.
In the end I just agree... Maybe we're just puppets after all.
Love puppets. (not glove puppets! Hearts of gold, souls on string.
My soul's on a string... Love Puppets! My heart's a shiny gold.)

Why the tricks? Why the teasers? Can't I even please you for an hour?
Won't you simply listen? I've got a lot to say
about us and plans and things that we could do...
(I need you NOW don't leave me...)