

Alanis Morissette, Gorgeous

Do you go to the dungeon.
To find out how to make peace
With your days in the dungeon?
Writing a letter to you didn't make me any more peaceful
Than how I felt when we weren't speaking.
Because I didn't cop to what I did.
I can't love you because we're supposed to have professional boundaries.
I'd like you to be schooled and in awe
As though you were kissed by God full on the lips.
I'm in the front row
The front row with popcorn.
I get to see you close up.
I'm too tired to recount the unpleasantries one by one one minutes I want to
banish you the next I want to be on a deserted island with you along with my
three favorite CD's ambivalent yet in your bed we've yet to acknowledge what
really happened.
Slid into the ditch.
I have this overwhelming loss of ambition
We said let's name thirty good reasons why we shouldn't be together.
I started by saying things like "you smoke"; "you live in New Jersey";
You started saying things like "you belong to the world";
All of which could have been easily refuted but the conversation was
hypothetical
I am totally short of breath for you why can't you shut your stuff off.
I'm in the front row,
The front row with popcorn
I get to see you see you close up.
And I laughed until my lungs hurt I love how you bust my chops you don't
always feel seen sometimes you feel erasable unfortunately I cannot
reciprocate in my current state I think we should be careful of how much time
we spend together.
For a while I'm speaking
You know how much you hate to be interrupted
Maybe spend some time alone fill up your proverbial cup
So that it doesn't always have to be about you
I've been wanting your undivided attention
I like the fact that you're nothing like me
Are you not burdened by the lack of perspective people
Have of your charmed life (seemingly)?
I'm in the front row
The front row with popcorn
I get to see you see you close up.
You never meant to be ungrateful nor held up to be whipped or wept for
certainly not analyzed prodded at more ways than one apparently you've been
misrepresented dealing with the concept of arrows being slung towards your
outrageous fortune.
Hey I'm not mad at you guardian
I'm mad at myself for spending so much time with you and your jeckyl and
hydeness
I'm glad I figuratively slapped you on the wrist
You laughed a wicked laugh and said 'come here let me clip your wings'
(I know he's blood but you can still turn him away you don't owe him anything)
"Raise the roof" he yelled "yeah raise the roof" I yelled back.
(unfortunately you need a health scare to reprioritize)
No thanks to the soap box.
Having me rile against them won't make an ounce of difference.
I'm in the front row the front row with popcorn. I get to see you see you
close up.
Oh the things I've done for you many a sitch a friend a man's been left for
you oh the books I've read for you the tongues I've bitten for you many a new
city for you many a risk taken for you (not a single regret).