

Andrea Burns, Love Quiz

Thanks for playing my romantic lead
Even if only in the version I colorized
I fantasized you and me
On a porch swing in front of a sunset somewhere
I took a love quiz in a women's magazine
You failed two out of three areas
And you only passed the third
When my libido threw in a grading curve
Your eyes are locked, not our eyes
Your eyes locked from my eyes, not to them
I tried to like you less and less
Till I'd reach a point where
You liked me more than I liked you, you jerk
I can never feel little enough for that to work
And besides my eyes tend to give me away
And you can sense the huge energy of restraint
In my not touching you or slugging you
And you know how hard it is to keep from loving you
But your eyes are locked, not our eyes
Your eyes locked from my eyes, not to them
I know you always feel you've fallen short
Let me down, you're wrong
You've set me up in the fall, just rolled around
After a white hot summer that burned too short for me
Will this fall be short?
I guess I'll have to wait and see
And what about winter with the heat turned off
Will I huddle in a blanket of memories torn and tattered?
The window may be shattered but the door's not locked
The way your eyes are locked, not our eyes
Your eyes locked from my eyes, not to them
Thanks for playing my romantic lead
Even if only in the version I colorized
I fantasized you and me
On a porch swing in front of a sunset somewhere
And thanks for playing your part so well
I came out of it all with a bruised heart, but what the hell
I felt some things I must have needed to remember
All because your eyes are locked, not our eyes
Your eyes locked from my eyes, no key in sight
Your eyes are locked, not our eyes
Your eyes locked from my eyes, not to them