

# Anne Clark, True Love Tales

Love is all we need - you said  
As you held me in the confidence of your bed  
Tomorrow is not important - you said  
But tomorrow's turned to today instead  
And I wake each morning feeling so ashamed  
Having fallen to emotions that we both named  
How shallow now all that rubbish seems  
Hearts once full are bleeding dreams  
Dreams that were reality  
Have now brought out the worst in me

Love is just a paradox  
He loves me, he loves me not  
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He loves me, he loves me not

I don't want a part in this  
The stinging touch, the poisoned kiss  
The alibis to keep us close  
The lies you spit when I need you most

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A basic human need is such  
Being able to destroy with just one touch  
A stinking filthy trick I'd say  
One day the stalker, one day the prey

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Love is just a heart disease  
And no cure can make this aching ease  
But I'll tranquilise myself from that  
Let fit emotions turn to fat  
Let care and concern won't breed here  
I've had and seen them disappear  
Tear stained eyes will not be seen  
When to touch is nothing more than obscene  
To fuck it seems is the only word  
The ability to love seems so absurd  
Absurd because we know we lie  
Laughing at it all as someone cries  
One day I may find it quite amusing  
How touch and tongues make life so confusing

Tomorrow is not important - it's dead  
As the sheets grow cold on your big bad bed  
Love is not important - it's dead

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