

Christine Lavin, Attainable Love

He's not eighteen, he's not twenty-five
He's closing in on forty, look at those eyes
He's searching for something, he can not describe
He's not unhappy, he's not satisfied
He falls in love with covers of slick magazines
With serious actresses on the screen
All are unattainable except in his dreams
Where his heart and his soul reside
'Cuz he is afraid of attainable love
Afraid it will envelop him, swallow him up
All of his life he has resisted the tug
Of attainable love, attainable love
His dance card is full, he's so much in demand
He get's nervous when his partners try to hold his hand
He's got to keep his options open, he's that kind of man
The girls he cha-cha's with never understand
They wonder if he's gay but the truth is he's not
He just won't settle for whatever it is he's got
They want to Tango, he want's to Fox Trot
Don't even think about the can can, he can't can't
'Cuz he is afraid of attainable love
Afraid it will envelop him, swallow him up
All of his life he has resisted the tug
Of attainable love, attainable love
Add me to the list of women
Who think you'll be different with me
Add me to the list of fools
Who flatly refuse to see that just like me
He is afraid of attainable love
Afraid it will envelop him, swallow him up
All of his life he has resisted the tug
Of attainable love, attainable
He is afraid of attainable love
Afraid it will envelop and swallow him up
All of his life he has resisted the tug
Of attainable love, attainable
All of his life he has resisted the tug
Of attainable love, attainable love
All of his life he has resisted the tug