

Clark Anne, 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 then 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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