

# Crass, Smother Love

The true romance is the ideal repression, that you seek,  
That you dream of, that you look for in the streets,  
That you find in the magazines, the cinema, the glossy shops,  
And the music spins you round and round looking for the props.  
The silken robe, the perfect little ring,  
Will give you the illusion when it doesn't mean a thing,  
Step outside into the street and staring from the wall  
Is perfection of the happiness that makes you feel so small.  
Romance, can you dance? D'you fit the right description?  
Do you love me? Do you love me? Do you want me for your own?  
Do you love me? Say you need me, say you know that I'm the one,  
Tell me I'm your everything, let us build a home.  
We can build a house for us, with little ones fellow,  
The proof of our normality that justifies tomorrow.  
Romance, romance. Do you love me? Say you do,  
We can leave the world behind and make it just for two.

Love don't make the world go round, it holds it right in place,  
Keeps us thinking love's too pure to see another face.  
Love's another skin-trap, another social weapon,  
Another way to make men slaves and women at their beckon.  
Love's another sterile gift, another shit condition,  
That keeps us seeing just the one and others not existing.  
Woman is a holy myth, a gift of man's expression,  
She's sweet, defenceless, golden-eyed, a gift of god's repression.  
If we didn't have these codes for love, of tokens and positions,  
We'd find ourselves as lovers still, not tokens of possessions.  
It's a natural, it's a romance, without the power and greed,  
We can fight to lift the cover if you want to sow and seed.  
Do you love me? Do you? Do you? Don't you see they aim to smother  
The actual possibilities of seeing all the others?  
Do you love me? Do you? Do you? Don't you see they aim to smother  
The actual possibilities of seeing all the others?