

Fiction Family, Please Don't Call It Love

You were indifferent
I was young
We were both drinking fiction with greedy tongues
You were waiting for someone
Something to happen
Something irrational
Climbing the walls and falling in love

How do you find me here my dove
Where my sun also rises
Sure enough I was waiting for someone
Something to happen
Something ridiculous
Climbing the walls and falling in what I'm now would call your bluff

Please don't call it love

Screaming our screenplay off the cuff
We were both stuck pretending
Our drinks were enough
I awoke in the morning
Mourning the day
I thought I could have you
Miles away from falling in love
Truth finds tonic sweet enough

Please don't call it love