

Harry Chapin, Mismatch

At first you seemed just like my dream
Of a finer better life
Much more than I could ask for
In a lover or a wife
Though I work with my body
And my work makes my hands rough
There are gentle things inside me
That are anything but tough
There are lessons you could teach me
Things I do not know
Things I've never done, girl
And places we could go
But you only wear your tailored suits
For me to rip and tear
Ah, can't I hold you quietly
And smell your perfumed hair?
I saw you as the answer
That I never dared to dream
I saw you as the window
Into a world I'd never seen
I saw you as the vision
Come to raise me from the mud
But you came to use my sweat to cool
The fever in your blood
I'm not Marlon Brando
On his motorcycle bike
When you call me your animal
It's a name I do not like
Please do not tear my back
Yes, of course I bleed
The violence you thirst for
Is not what I need
Your silken skin is armor
That begs for brutal hands
But why can't I be gentle
And tell you of my plans?
I know that you're using me
Not I just using you
And you're not so scared
Of losing me as I losing you
At first you seemed...