

# Maria Taylor, One For The Shareholder

The dance, a bid, a matinee  
It's a faint, a brief affinity  
It's a touch when it shouldn't be  
But it's all right  
And it's a step but you're too quick to fall  
Now a crash but it's just physical  
Not a point, except it's natural  
But it's all right

There's no burden that will agonize you  
No worry that will weigh you down  
Not the memories that hypnotize you  
You won't turn around

You can't love me  
You can't love me  
You can't love me  
You can't love me

A regret, it's undetectable  
It's a shy display, non-emotional  
It's a siren, barely audible  
But it's all right

And it's an angle of the paradigm  
It's a cold box of cheap red wine  
It's the thought that gets lost in time  
But it's all right

There's no burden that will agonize you  
No worry that will weigh you down  
Not the memories that hypnotize you  
You won't turn around

You can't love me  
You can't love me  
You can't love me  
You can't love me

It's a shade of what you could not be  
It's a shade of what you could not be  
It's a shade of what you could not be  
It's a shade, a shade

There's no burden that will agonize you  
No worry that will weigh you down  
Not the memories that hypnotize you  
You won't turn around

You can't love me  
You can't love me  
You can't love me  
You can't love me