

Martha Wainwright, Baby Love

Baby love
Baby love is what we've got
Baby love
Baby love is what we've got

No good poetry coming from my mouth
No neat chords ringing out, ringing out, ringing on my guitar

Just baby love
Baby love is what we've got
Baby love
Baby love is what we've got

Leave behind your sadness
I'll leave behind my loneliness
Forget your hat
I'll forget my dress
Their'll only be time for us (?)

When you touch me
It ain't really baby love
It's a true love
An adult love
With all the complications of

There's a bridge in every song
To complicate things
And tell you what's wrong
But I'm too tired after my baby playing
Put your head on my lap & we could have some

Let's nauseate the people around us
Make 'em squirm, make 'em really, really jealous
"Pretty uncool," my brother says
"Lacking in decorum" & me & me & me
So well bred

Oh, we are not babies
I know that
We do not have babies
Thank God for that

But when you eat and sleep
You look just like a baby
And when you whine
You drive me crazy
You might as well be my baby

Oh, baby love
Teenage love
True love
Adult love is what we've got
Old love
Real love