

# Mr. T Experience, Lawnmower Of Love

I've got this drive to be eaten alive and that's the only reason I can see,  
cause we've made a fine art out of falling apart and that's always how  
it's gonna be.

I've thought of leaving you, but where would that leave me?  
I keep coming back to you.

I'm just dumb enough.  
I'm just numb enough.  
I'm just standing in front of your lawnmower of love.

You're not too sure just what you're looking for  
but you know you need a new referral,  
and you live your own life and you're nobody's wife  
just like any other Cosmo girl.  
In the rate-your-mate questionnaire, my score makes your hair curl,  
but you keep coming back to me.

You're just bored enough.  
You're just out of your gourd enough.  
You're just standing in front of the lawnmower of love.  
We're just dim enough.  
We're just out on a limb enough.  
We're just gonna get cut up by the lawnmower of love.

So welcome to the Love Capades  
where everything bleeds before it fades,  
and sometimes we get caught up in the blades.  
But it used to be okay.  
It used to be that all we had to spend was what attention we could pay.  
But now you're the queen of the horrible scene and we're both at  
our ropes' ends.  
We're cranky and glum and we know we've become an embarrassment  
to all our friends.  
They say we're on the rocks but it all depends.  
We keep coming back for more.

We're just lame enough.  
We're just the same enough.  
We're just standing in front of the lawnmower of love.  
We're just sad enough.  
We just haven't had enough.  
We're just gonna get cut up by the lawnmower of love.