

# Rhett Miller, Our Love

Richard Wagner's letters to his lover Mathilde were a mess  
He should have quit before he had written the address  
They made love on the mezzanine her husband was his friend  
Vienna in a fugue-state working on a thing  
That when he finished it took almost seven hours to sing  
He still found time to write to her his heart-exploding words  
Our love surpassed our love so fast  
Our love's all wrong our love goes on and on  
Our love became our love by name when I wrote it to you in a song  
Our love goes on and on  
Our love our love  
Kafka in his letters to his lover Milena was alive  
But he was waiting for a love that never would arrive  
Their rendezvous was singular her husband was his friend  
She is a living fire she is a reason to live  
She is killing me burning only for him  
I'll spend my whole life loving her my heart exploding words  
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