

Staple, The Corners I'll Stand On

It's a wonderful concept, isn't it?
I see your beauty, you see my wit.
I'm fluent in fictitious debonair, you in that outfit...
Or lack thereof. Let's call it love.
And the boundaries that we cross won't count as a loss.

We're standing on corners. This much is true.
But now the red light is under the rug tonight keeping our dignity safe 'til we're through
Who says this 'love' can't be true?
This night breeds guilt like a staunch residue...
More true than I love you.

Come hold my hand, Lovely.
We'll drink our cocktails and forget what's right.
I'm so pleased to meet you!
The color of your eyes shines of linen, velvet, and white.
Tell me you love me. Oh, we need an excuse.
The sirens are wailing and it would be so impolite to refuse.
After all, love brought us together so that sex could spend the night

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Come here to me girl. There's no need to fight.
Let's leave our consciences home just for tonight!
Something about this just isn't right.

The corners I'll stand on for you.
Who says that true love takes more? Isn't that 'true love' inviting me in at the door?
This night breeds guilt like a staunch residue...
More true than I love you.