

Trembling Blue Stars, Maybe After All

So did we ever want the same things?
You want a love you could live without.
Maybe after all we're on different wavelengths.

Something's just eluding me, somehow.
But to have an opinion
is fraught with danger

Could you ever believe
there's no hidden agenda with me?

Applying the brakes may well protect you;
boundaries in place will keep a heart safe.
But I think love should come with madness,
that there is no road you should not take.
Surviving isn't everything:
I'd rather drown than not dive in.
But what does it matter what I think?
Why should I have to understand?
What gives me the right to judge you?
And what do I know anyway
didn't you always say I don't live in the real world?