

# TV On The Radio, Poppy

I'm not looking for a mommy  
Don't seem like you need a poppy  
Plenty of time till you're an old lady  
And the same for me before I'm an old man

We could celebrate it monthly  
How we stayed individuated  
Oh kid, congratulations  
You held on to your dear dear dear identity  
Even while spending so much time with me

I see two blackbirds in the yard  
They are paired together  
They are feeding  
They are flying  
They are fucking

I see two dragonflies do the same in midair  
There is something  
Special in the air

We wake up in the same bed  
But with different bodies  
God bless our separate heads  
Oh desire will run about

That's what the geese were all roaring about  
The fact that our love  
Is not that kind of love  
Not that selfish love

Says what's yours is mine  
And what's mine is yours

I don't need to turn you out  
You don't need to turn me into your whore

We are not some rutting pair of wild boars  
We're just psyched so psyched  
So psyched so fucking psyched

That's what the geese are all roaring about  
That's what their hearts were all open about

Our love  
That kind of love  
Unselfish love