

Love It Dissipates

Mother Mother

If you were a country, I'd be your flag
If you were a smoke, I'd be your drag
And if you were a junkie, I'd be your fix
If you were a critic, I'd be your pick

I mean what I say
When I say I'd be your anything
Baby, if you were a picture, I'd be your frame
If you were the wounded, I'd be your pain

Ya ya ya

If you were so funny, I'd be your joke
If you had the money, well we both might be broke
And if you were a gun, I'd be your kill
If you were the party, I'd be the pills

I mean what I say
When I say I'd be your everything
Oh baby, if you were a convict, I'd be your cell
If you were a housewife, I'd be your living hell

I mean what I say
When I say
Love it dissipates